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~ A/N ~

Hi guys! This here will just be some background info on the main/OG character for this Warriors fanfic! Also, minor detail, words like "colour" and "honour" aren't spelt wrong. For you it may be wrong if you're in the US. But personally I'm in Canada so the "ou" is right. Sorry for the inconvenience!

Her name is Rainsong (for now, >:3) she is a dilute tortie (tortoiseshell), but unlike most torties which are mostly black (grey in her case) with few splotches of pale ginger (a decently pale cream in her case), she's a good mix in between colours. She's like a calico without the base of white. Also unlike most torties, she's got a white muzzle, paws, tail tip, chest, stomach, her right ear also has a white tip and around her left eye is a random splotch of white. (Just btw, this KINDA changes mid-way of the fanfiction, I won't tell you guys why, you'll have to be patient, and when that happens I'll include another Author's Note with a more detailed description of her when the changes apply)

So in this kinda AU (I'ma stick to the canon plot as much as I can), Robinwing and Fuzzypelt had like 4 litters together instead of 3 litters plus that litter with Patchpelt. So the order of Robinwing's litters (Canon):
1. That first litter she had with unnamed cats (presumably with Fuzzypelt)

2. The Brindleface and Frostfur litter (with Fuzzypelt)

3. The Longtail litter (with Patchpelt)

4. The Dustpelt and Ravenpaw litter (again with Fuzzypelt)

Order of Robinwing's litters (In This AU):

1. That first litter she had with unnamed cats (presumably with Fuzzypelt)

2. The Brindleface and Frostfur litter (with Fuzzypelt)

3. The Rainsong and Skykit (deceased littermate) litter (with Fuzzypelt)

4. The Longtail litter (with Patchpelt)

5. The Dustpelt and Ravenpaw litter (again with Fuzzypelt)

Mkay, so I think an explanation should be included. I DESPERATELY tried to find the age gap between the Brindleface & Frostfur litter and the Lontail litter. Sadly I couldn't find it because I don't have the time to calculate how long in moons and seasons each book is, and Warriors Wiki isn't as helpful as you might think. Because, according to Bluestar's Prophecy, Whitestorm is older than Brindleface and Frostfur by HALF a moon. But according to Warriors Wiki, Brindleface and Frostfur are older by 3 moons, yet again here's the problem, they all had different times of death. Whitestorm and Brindleface died maybe max 2 moons apart, Frostfur however, died WAY into the second/third series! (undetermined bc yk she doesn't travel with the rest of the clans) Therefore it is IMPOSSIBLE for Frostfur and Brindleface to have the same age at the time of death, because their deaths are MOONS apart. So yea. But anyways back to Rainsong (XD).

So the reason I needed to find the age gap between Brindleface and Longtail is because I needed to know the time in between to see if I could fit another litter. From my presumptions and not so accurate calculations, I should be able to fit another litter. Plus, I did my research on cat pregnancies, cats are pregnant for around 2 months (moons) before they give birth. The disgusting part: they can get pregnant again only 2 days after they gave birth- (o-o) So yea theoretically I should be able to fit another litter in. That litter would be Rainsong and the deceased littermate's litter. So Rainsong is approximately 8 moons younger than her older siblings, therefore Whitestorm would be 8 and a half moons older than her.

!DISCLAIMER!

I am NOT an expert on feline genetics, I was merely having fun, so this MAY be incorrect. I'M ONLY AN INEXPERIENCED CHILD SO IF IT'S WRONG I'M SORRY PLEASE DON'T HATE ME

Now the next part, technically it's actually genetically possible for her to be a part of Robinwing and Fuzzypelt's family. So ahem, to get a calico

or tortie one parent HAS to have ginger and the other HAS to have black (or maybe one could have both? idk). Robinwing DOES have a ginger patch of fur on her chest, therefore having the ginger gene needed for tortie. Fuzzypelt is a SOLID black cat, meaning he has the black gene and definitely carries the dilute gene. So then a dilute tortie is possible. (Plus Brindleface and Frostfur both are dilute) NOW I MAY BE WRONG! This was merely what I was able to find through google (not wikipedia websites) and my own calculations. SO THERE YOU HAVE IT! If it isn't correct then just for the sake of Rainsong, genetics can go OUT THE WINDOW.

Oh, yea plus some extra drama stuff you'll figure out later. ONE LAST THING! This is VERY important so that you guys DON'T get confused. This fanfiction will be told from multiple POVs. It'll start like the normal book, but not word for word bc I don't want to get copyrighted. OnO

Enjoy!

LittleOwl

~ Prologue ~

It hurt. A lot.

It hurt so incredibly much, I couldn't possibly be able to find the right words to describe the pain.

That mouse-brain - well I guess not that much of a mouse-brain - heard me shuffling backwards from that bush. But that mouse-brain - again I guess not THAT much of a mouse-brain - decided it'd be best if he SHREDDED the bush. It just HAD to be the ONE cat who's got claws as long as the Great Cats themselves! Because not only did he shred the BUSH. THE NOT THAT MUCH OF A MOUSE-BRAIN SHREDDED ME!

Being the small thing I am, I squealed. I attempted to scrabble backwards back to the border. As I did so, his huge shape came into view as he stepped over the bu- well what used to be a bush. His gleaming amber eyes still had that evil and calculating glow to them. Refusing to let my spirit die in THIS wicked place, I hissed and spat at him before getting back on my paws in a rush. I was just about to start running when I felt that pain.

Gasping, I limped as fast as I could to the border, it was my only chance of not fading. Soon enough, I felt groggy and dizzy, through the pain and fuzziness I managed to crawl right to the border. But before I could make it over, I collapsed with spasms of pain running through me. Then everything went black.

Luckily, it wasn't dark for long, images started flashing before my eyes. No, not images. Memories.

They were all flashing before me, in reverse chronological order. The funny thing? I couldn't remember what memory it was after it flashed.

But then it reached my memories as a kit.

No. I couldn't let the best memories of my life be taken away from me like that. I wrapped every part of my soul possible around those precious moments. Then, all those memories quite literally soaked into me. Before I could take in what happened, everything flashed white.

~ Shortest A/N Ever ~

I decided starting from Rusty's dream is just gonna make it WAYYYY too long. So I'm gonna start from around right where Bluestar announces his arrival. Sorry!

Enjoy~

LittleOwl

~ That One Small Cat ~

Rainsong's POV

I was quietly cleaning my ears and waiting for Whitestorm to return. He hadn't told me very much, which was odd of him, only that he was going with Lionheart for a sort of patrol. When I finally caught his scent re-entering the camp, I looked up and was hit by a less pleasant kittypet smell.

As Bluestar called the meeting, I planted myself near the back of the crowd of cats, like usual. Bluestar was about to start talking when a familiar white puffy pelt pressed beside mine.

"Welcome back," I whispered

He merely gave me a twitch of the ear to acknowledge my words. I then turned around to pay attention.

Rusty's POV

I had firmly stayed seated where I was, Lionheart flanked me from one side. Whitestorm on the other paw, padded over to the back where a pale tortoiseshell and white spotted she-cat was seated. For a brief moment after she had murmured something to Whitestorm, her pale clear blue eyes met mine. Her eyes pierced me like a claw or even a tooth impaling my skin. I gulped, this would be one hard she-cat to prove myself to. But the next second, her eyes were on Bluestar, as if she had never looked at me in the first place...

As soon as Bluestar had announced that I was willing to become an apprentice, some pale tabby decided it would be nice to state that I was rather 'lucky' than 'willing'.

But Bluestar ignored the tabby and addressed all of her Clan. "Lionheart and Whitestorm have met this young cat, and they agree with me that we should train him with the other apprentices."

I looked up at Lionheart, then back at the Clan, to find all eyes were on me now. My fur prickled and I swallowed nervously. There was silence for a moment. I was sure they must all be able to hear my heart pulsing and smell my fear-scent. Now a deafening crescendo of caterwauling rose from the crowd.

All that caterwauling were protests and questions as to where I was from. I found myself looking at the pale tortoiseshell at the back. She was silent compared to all of her clanmates, but her eyes were piercing through me as if to look at my soul. I stifled a shudder as the pale tabby decided to finally remark that I used to be a kittypet.

Lionheart bent down and hissed into my ear, "That tabby is Longtail. He smells your fear. They all do. You must prove to him and the other cats that your fear won't hold you back."

But I couldn't move, how was I ever supposed to prove myself to these fearsome cats? Just that she-cat in the back would be hard enough to prove myself to!

The tabby continued to jeer at me, as well as the existence of my collar.

Lionheart hissed into my ear once more: "Do you back down from a challenge?"

I continued to stay still, but this time I was trying to find Longtail from amongst the many cats. I finally found him near a dusky brown queen. (lol that would be Robinwing, Longtail's mother, as well as Rainsong's, Brindleface's, Frostfur's, Dustpaw's and Ravenpaw's.)

I flattened my ears, narrowed my eyes and, hissed, leaping through the startled cats to fling myself onto my tormentor. Longtail was completely unprepared for my attack. He staggered sideways, losing his footing on the hard-baked earth. Filled with rage and desperate to prove myself, I dug my claws deep into the tabby cat's fur and sank in my teeth. No subtle rituals of swiping and boxing preceded this fight. We both were locked in a screaming, writhing tussle that flipped and somersaulted around the clearing at the heart of the camp. The other cats had to spring out of the way to avoid the

screeching whirlwind of fur.

Before I knew it, Longtail held on to my collar. I struggled to get out of his grip, or maybe even just out of the collar. I felt the collar tightening as I continued to struggle. Finding myself unable to breath, I started to struggle more, but that only made it worse. Finally I summoned all the strength I could and pushed forward, snapping that wretched collar.

At once, Bluestar leaped down from the Highrock and silenced the noisy crowd with a thunderous caterwaul. Longtail and myself remained fixed to the spot, gasping for breath. Clumps of fur hung from our ruffled coats. I could feel a cut stinging above my eye. Longtail's left ear was badly torn, and blood dripped down his lean shoulders onto the dusty ground. We stared at each other, our hostility not yet spent.

Bluestar stepped forward and took the collar from Longtail. She placed it on the ground in front of her and meowed, "The newcomer has lost his Twoleg collar in a battle for his honour. StarClan has spoken its approval—this cat has been released from the hold of his Twoleg owners, and is free to join ThunderClan as an apprentice."

I looked at Bluestar and solemnly nodded my acceptance. I stood up and stepped forward into a shaft of sunshine, welcoming the warmth on my sore muscles. The pool of light blazed bright on my orange pelt, making my fur glow. I lifted my head proudly and looked at the cats that surrounded me. This time no cat argued or jeered. The she-cat in the back even gave a brief nod. I had shown myself to be a worthy opponent in battle.

Bluestar approached me and placed the shredded collar on the ground in front of me. She touched my ear gently with her nose. "You look like a brand of fire in this sunlight," she murmured. Her eyes flashed briefly, as if her words had more meaning for her than I knew. "You have fought well." Then she turned to the Clan and announced, "From this day forward, until he has earned his warrior name, this apprentice will be called Firepaw, in honour of his flame-colored coat."

She stepped back and, with the other cats, waited silently for my

next move. Without hesitating, I turned and kicked dust and grass over my collar as though burying my dirt.

Longtail limped away growling, before any other cat moved. However before any other cat did, nearly all the cats swivelled their heads to the back. They were all looking at the pale tortoiseshell with expectant looks. The she-cat had no reaction whatsoever but to stare through me, it was like her eyes had never left my back throughout the battle. Seeing that she had no reaction, the other cats parted into groups.

Graypaw then proceeded to walk over to me excitedly. He excitedly congratulated me on my fight. Then a good amount of cats welcomed me, it satisfied me to see that I had proved myself to many. But an odd feeling washed over me, I looked above Graypaw's head to see that the she-cat was still staring, this time her eyes a little squinted. I shuddered.

"What's wrong?" Graypaw mewed as he saw my reaction.

Instead of answering that question, I asked him who the pale tortoiseshell was.

Graypaw looked over his shoulder to see who I had meant. "Oh her? That's Rainsong, she seems like a quiet and small cat who can barely fight but that really isn't true. Don't cross her, she can be really snappy. I also don't recommend fighting her, she seems truly easy to beat but she'll squash you like a bug. She doesn't talk much to just anyone, she only talks a lot to those close to her. Even though she's only almost qualified to be a senior warrior, she could qualify to be an elder."

She did seem just like how Graypaw described her, but to learn that she was exactly the opposite was terrifying. However, I was confused by Graypaw's last sentence.

"What do you mean she's quite young but qualifies to be an elder?" I questioned

"Oh you'll see when she takes you out for one of her training sessions." Graypaw replied, "Sandpaw, Dustpaw and Ravenpaw all

wouldn't tell me what they were like, only that they were really different from what they expected."

Not wanting to talk about this anymore, I looked around.

"Where did Longtail creep off to?"

"I think he was heading toward Spottedleaf's den." Graypaw tipped his head toward the fern-enclosed corner Longtail had disappeared into. "She's our medicine cat. Not bad-looking either. Younger and a lot prettier than most—"

A low yowl next to the two cats stopped Graypaw midspeech. We both turned, and I recognized the powerful gray tabby cat who had sat behind Graypaw earlier.

"Darkstripe," mewed Graypaw, dipping his head respectfully.

The sleek tom looked at me for a moment. "Lucky your collar snapped when it did. Longtail is a young warrior, but I can't imagine him being beaten by a kittypet!" He spat the word kittypet scornfully, then turned and stalked off.

"Now Darkstripe," Graypaw hissed to me under his breath, "is neither young, nor pretty...."

I was about to agree with Graypaw when I was interrupted by a warning yowl from an old gray cat sitting at the edge of the clearing.

"Smallear smells trouble!" Graypaw meowed, immediately alert.

I barely had time to look around before a young cat crashed through the bushes and into the camp. He was skinny and—apart from the white tip of his long, thin tail—jet black from head to toe.

Graypaw gasped. "That's Ravenpaw! Why is he alone? Where's Tigerclaw?"

I looked at Ravenpaw staggering across the floor of the clearing. He was panting heavily. His coat was ruffled and dusty, and his eyes were wild with fear.

I asked Graypaw in a whisper who Ravenpaw and Tigerclaw were. He explained to me quickly, as well as sharing that they had both gone on a mission with Redtail to Riverclan. That last part he had said with a hint of envy. I was now very confused with all these names. I quickly asked Graypaw who Redtail was. He quickly hissed that Redtail was Bluestar's deputy.

"Ravenpaw?" Bluestar spoke calmly, but a look of worry clouded her blue eyes. The other cats drew back, curling their lips with anxiety.

"What has happened?" Bluestar jumped onto the Highrock and looked down at the trembling cat. "Speak, Ravenpaw!"

Ravenpaw was still struggling for breath, and his sides heaved fitfully while the dust around him turned red with blood, but still he managed to scramble up onto the Highrock and stand beside Bluestar. He turned to the crowd of eager faces that surrounded him, and summoned enough breath to declare, "Redtail is dead!"

Rainsong's POV

As soon as Smallear had yowled, I was as alert as a threatened squirrel. Something made my ears perk up, so Smallear was right, trouble was coming. He wasn't the only one who could smell trouble, well I sensed it rather than smell it. Soon enough, Ravenpaw came crashing into camp. He was alone, odd, I was sure Bluestar had sent 2 **responsible** cats with him for the Riverclan mission. When he had announced that Redtail was dead, I was shocked. Sure we hadn't been the closest, but we were still friends, always offering to teach me battle moves when Whitestorm had been busy. Of course this was during kithood. Perhaps there had been an accident. Or some cat was being ambitious and not so noble.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Hey guys! Hope you enjoyed that first chapter. Lol it was so long. I'm sooo sorry about the length. For those who are curious, I started it from Chapter 3 of Into the Wild, but not the first page. It was like the third or fourth page of Chapter 3 actually. But yea, Chapter 2

coming soon!

~ Suspicions ~

Rainsong's POV

I paid attention to every little word the jet-black apprentice had to say. But before he could finish his story, he passed out. The poor thing, he was always a furball of nerves. I remember when he refused under every circumstance to go outside of the nursery. As Spottedleaf was patching up his cuts, the cat whom I had my suspicion on, came staggering through the gorse tunnel with our dead deputy.

The shock rippled through us like wind blowing from one side of the moor to the other. Personally, I was keeping my steady gaze on my first suspect. I let no emotion through my face as I observed the giant tabby tom.

"How did this happen, Tigerclaw?" demanded Bluestar from her position on the Highrock.

Tigerclaw let the scruff of Redtail's neck fall from his mouth. He looked steadily back at Bluestar. "He died with honour, struck down by Oakheart. I couldn't save him, but I managed to take Oakheart's life while he was still gloating over his victory." Tigerclaw's voice was strong and deep. "Redtail's death was not in vain, for I doubt we'll see RiverClan hunters in our territory again."

Hmmm, so Oakheart, now impossible to question because he is dead. Too bad Tigerclaw's pelt was giving him away. Sure it was laid flat on his back, but one could see - if they looked hard enough - that he was tensing his muscles. A sign of forcing the fur to lay on his back. There could be 2 reasons he was doing this. Firstly, he could be nervous and scared that he was lying to his clanmates. Or, he was being filled with pride because he thinks he'd be the new deputy. Knowing Tigerclaw, it was the latter. But of course we still have to put in the account that it may have been Oakheart.

I stole a glance at Bluestar, only now realising that cats were now

starting to sit vigil. I blinked, I should probably do that. But I couldn't shake the feeling of how Oakheart was a loyal and noble warrior. Not to mention Bluestar... Never mind that I have to investigate this. Then I saw Whitestorm walking towards me from the corner of my eye.

"Are you coming to sit vigil?" Whitestorm mewed softly

"I have to check something first," I replied in a whisper, "I'll come as soon as possible"

Whitestorm nodded and padded over to sit vigil himself. With that done, I trotted calmly out of camp. As soon as I was out of the view of other cats, I ran as fast as I could to Sunningrocks. When I got there, I noticed something new. Near the rocks and the river, were clumps of stones, a rockfall? I quickly walked over and started pushing rocks off of each other.

Underneath? I found a dead cat. I stifled a shriek and stepped back, my eyes wide in horror. It was Oakheart. So Tigerclaw had lied. Tigerclaw did not kill Oakheart, Oakheart died on impact from the rockfall. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I re-opened them and carefully dragged the body out. I took him by the scruff and over the stepping stones to Riverclan territory. I carefully laid the body in plain view, then leaped back to the Thunderclan side.

~ Magical Time Skip To Rainsong Being Back At the Camp~

I trotted out of the tunnel with a mask of calm and pain. Calm so I wouldn't raise suspicion, and pain because I had lost a friend. Evidently, it wasn't hard with the pain, Redtail had been a sort of brother to me. Some of the cats were still sitting vigil. Including Whitestorm. I quietly padded over and dropped down to sit vigil myself. I lay down and poked my small muzzle into Redtail's bushy fur.

Using my ears to make sure no other cat was paying attention to me, I closed my eyes and took a long inhale. I smelled rosemary and lavender, typical for a vigil. But underneath it was **covered** in Tigerclaw stench. Hmm well he had evidently brought the body back to Thunderclan. I decided to search for the next scent layer. I

was honestly expecting a variety of Riverclan warriors, or even Oakheart to see if Tigerclaw was telling the truth. Because maybe Tigerclaw had caused the rockfall? Who knows? Yet, instead of Oakheart, or Riverclan in general. I was hit by Tigerclaw's scent again.

Confused, I thought I had stuck to the scent layer previous of Tigerclaw carrying his body back. I retraced the layers till the previous one. Huh, how could there be 2 separate layers of Tigerclaw? With a jolt I sat up, I needed to smell the wound.

Forgetting this was a vigil, I disturbed the cats nearest to me. Casting apologetic glances to each of them, I stretched my nose to his neck where the wound surely was. Sure enough, Tigerclaw scent was stuck to it like honey sticking to fur. Carefully un-stretching myself, I lay down for a proper vigil. I could continue with my thoughts later, now was the time to say goodbye.

Soon enough, Bluestar moved from Redtail's body. Ah, it was time for the new deputy to be appointed. Giving Redtail's body a lick on the ear, I padded away to plant myself at my usual spot in the back.

"A new deputy must be appointed," Bluestar meowed from Highrock. "But first, let us give thanks to StarClan for the life of Redtail. Tonight he sits with his fellow warriors among the stars."

Everyone of us looked up at the sky, it was darkening by the moment. But soon we would see a new star.

"May you hunt well in Starclan." I murmured to the sky.

"And now I shall name ThunderClan's new deputy," Bluestar continued. "I say these words before the body of Redtail, so that his spirit may hear and approve my choice."

I kept one eye looking forward, while the other looked diagonally at Tigerclaw. Not many cats could do this, not many cats even knew I could do it! Through the eye looking at Tigerclaw, I watched his hungry and malicious amber eyes.

"Lionheart," meowed Bluestar, "will be the new deputy of

ThunderClan."

HA! THAT SLY CAT! Tigerclaw didn't show any emotion, but his eyes and pelt betrayed him once again! His eyes had just had the **slightest** hint of jealousy and anger before remaining neutral. His muscles were also tense again from keeping his fur down! Before I could do anything else other than think, he gave Lionheart a hard but congratulating nudge. Poor Lionheart nearly fell over. Knowing what was coming next, I pinned my ears back as far as I could.

The cheering was so loud, if I hadn't pinned my ears I would've been knocked off my paws. But before I could move to go and congratulate Lionheart, Bluestar opened her muzzle.

Bluestar spoke again. "Redtail was also mentor to young Dustpaw. Since there must be no delay in the training of our apprentices, I shall appoint Dustpaw's new mentor immediately. Darkstripe, you are ready for your first apprentice, so you will continue Dustpaw's training. You had a fine mentor in Tigerclaw, and I expect you to pass on some of the excellent skills you were taught."

Of course, prideful Darkstripe strode over to Dustpaw with a pompous trot. They touched noses like a new mentor and apprentice normally would.

Bluestar raised her voice. "I shall keep a vigil with Redtail's body tonight, before we bury him at sunrise." She jumped down from the Highrock and walked over to lie beside Redtail's body once more.

As other cats such as Smallear and Dustpaw went to join them, I decided I'd rather help Whitestorm with some things like the apprentices and then sit vigil again later.

I trotted at a quick but normal pace to the white warrior, he nodded when he saw me already knowing why I was here. We had just appeared behind his pale ginger apprentice - Sandpaw - when we heard her complain about our newbie's lingering kittypet stench.

"Hold on, youngsters." The deep voice of Whitestorm sounded right beside me, well behind the apprentices for them. "Sandpaw! As my apprentice, I expected you to be a little more welcoming to this

newcomer."

Sandpaw held up her head and looked defiant. "I'm sorry, Whitestorm," she purred, not sounding sorry at all. "I just didn't expect to be training with a kittypet, that's all!"

"Change is inevitable in life Sandpaw, so get used to it." I mewed to her sternly. "Or you could complain about it and get on every cat's nerves."

Sandpaw didn't look so defiant now.

"I'm sure you'll get used to it, Sandpaw," meowed Whitestorm calmly, giving the apprentices his own pep talk. "Now, it's getting late, and training starts early tomorrow. You three should get some sleep." He gave Sandpaw a stern look, and she nodded obediently. As he walked off, she spun around and vanished into the clump of ferns, sniffing once more as she brushed past Firepaw.

I then looked at Firepaw curiously, I could smell his scent from all the way here. Probably because his stood out compared to our clanmates. I took a good sniff at it. Hmm, four littermates, all kittypets I assume. Huh his scent also smelled of a kittypet who's meddled plenty with multiple clan cats. What was his name again? Oh right, the kittypet was Jake.

I only knew him because as a kit and apprentice I was awfully curious. I had spent multiple moons watching kittypets from their fences. I had encountered Jake from one of those sunhighs spent at the kittypet place border. He told me a lot. Including how one of Thunderclan's leaders Pinestar had become a kittypet. That was also the sunhigh I stopped visiting. I didn't want to betray my clan like Pinestar had. But I memorised nearly every scent I've ever come across. Making me one of the decent trackers of the clan.

While I was stuck in my thoughts, I hadn't realised Firepaw was meeting my gaze with hints of nervousness. I blinked.

"Sorry Firepaw," I meowed apologetically in my hushed voice. "I was stuck in my thoughts."

With that, Graypaw led our new apprentice into the den. Giving one last curious glance at the apprentice den. I followed Whitestorm who had already started making his way to sit the final vigil for Redtail. Whitestorm settled down first while I looked up at the sky that had darkened with stars slowly brightening the sky. I lay down next to Whitestorm as I grieved for Redtail. As I grieved, I let the memories of our dead deputy sweep me away.

It was just after moonrise when the elders finally told us to go rest so that they could bury his body. I gave Redtail a final lick on the ear as farewell, and stepped back to watch as the elders carried his body away. I hoped that tonight, he would visit me in my dreams.

I shooed Whitestorm to the warriors den, telling him to go to sleep and that I would be right behind him. He reluctantly agreed as I made my way to Bluestar's lichen covered cove. Once I reached the lichen, I just walked in. Bluestar would know I was coming.

"Bluestar? How are you doing?" I asked softly. "Did Redtail's death take a toll on you? Should I ask Lionheart to take care of things for a bit?"

"Rainsong, I am merely shaken and heavy with grief, I haven't come down with greencough," Bluestar replied in a teasing yet sad voice. "I think I can manage."

"Death is most indefinitely a part of life," I agreed sympathetically. "But Redtail was your deputy and has been since you became leader."

Bluestar looked at me with sad and exhausted eyes. "Yes and he was a good deputy, but his time had come," She practically choked out. " Let's just hope that Lionheart can be at least half the deputy he was."

I agreed with a nod and asked her: "Would you like me to stay a little bit? If you do, I'm sure Whitestorm wouldn't mind."

Bluestar just shook her head and nudged me out while telling me I couldn't take care of everyone if I didn't have energy myself. I huffed at her statement but reluctantly made my way to the

warriors den.

In the dark I found the familiar fluffy white pelt and carefully walked over. To do this, I had to step over many stray tails and paws. Luckily I made it without stepping on any cat. Planting myself next to Whitestorm, I curled up, putting my fluffy tail over my nose. Dreading what would happen next, I fell asleep.

Firepaw's POV

When Rainsong had rebuked Sandpaw, that had been the first time I had heard her talk. Her voice was like a wind, it was gentle, soft and in a way wispy. But she definitely could be harsh with her voice if needed, because again, it was like the wind. Wind could also be harsh in certain situations.

Sandpaw had pushed me aside and stalked into the den when I felt that bone chilling feeling again. I looked to see that Rainsong was staring right at me, her eyes slightly narrowed. I gulped, she was very intimidating from up close. Her clear blue eyes continued to stare at me for what seemed like moons when they finally blinked. She muttered an apology and just walked away. Forcing myself to stay calm to prevent my fear-scent from releasing, I padded into the den. Slowly I fell asleep dreaming of hunting prey.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Hey guys! Sorry for the EXTREMELY long chapter, but yea that's basically what it'll be like from now on. Lol, sorry. But I hope you guys enjoyed it! Umm, so basically you guys have seen that Rainsong isn't just some normal cat. You guys will get an explanation in the next chapter. That's all! (The temptation to make a warrior OC called Littleowl is unbearable.)

~ LittleOwl

~ Gifts ~

Rainsong's POV

Ah, flashback time! How enjoyable.

I was 5, nearly 6 moons old and sleeping. Suddenly and unexpectedly, an odd she-cat with stars in her pelt came to me. Not only her, but also a pine coloured tom, as well as a tom-kit as big as me. I gazed up with wonder.

"Am I in Starclan?" I asked in my squeak of a voice. "Am I dead? I can't leave Robinwing, Fuzzypelt, Brindleface, Frostfur and Whitestorm!"

The tom-kit that looked like me spoke first. "You aren't dead Rainkit!" He said in a voice resembling mine but more deeper in tone. "We're only visiting!"

Each of the cats introduced themselves, the odd she-cat with a pelt like Whitestorm's was Moth Flight, the first clan medicine cat, the pine coloured tom was Pinestar the leader before Sunstar.

My eyes widened, then I questioned why they were here.

~ Magical Time Skip Because I'm Super Lazy ~

"So you want me to train with Spottedpaw and under Featherwhisker as a medicine cat?" I asked my voice less squeaky from my bad mood. "But I don't want to."

Apparently, I was gifted according to these cats. I had also learned that the Starclan kit was my deceased littermate. Apparently, these gifts I had were more just talents, but there were a few exceptions that were pure gifts. Firstly, according to these cats, I had a sort of enhanced sense of smell and a less but still enhanced hearing. I had a very enhanced gut feeling as well. I could sense the truth and when trouble was near. Starclan themselves had even given me a gift, the ability to dream and talk with spirits as easy as a medicine cat. They also told me I had a

trait that very few cats had, and these cats all earned this trait through experience and age. An oddly intense wisdom. They informed me that they did not know where this sort of gift and/or talent came from, but that it was a good thing for me.

The downside? They said that I would be able to use these gifts and talents to help my clan best if I were to train as a medicine cat.

"Why don't you want to be a medicine cat?" My brother, apparently named Skykit, asked. "It's a big honour and it'll be a huge asset to the clan!"

*"Because that will only prove to everyone that they were right!" I snapped at him. "Everyone thinks that because of my puny and runt size, I'd only ever do my best as a medicine cat! What about what **I** want? Doesn't that matter? It IS my life! Plus even if being a warrior apprentice won't suit me, I can adjust things so that it does! Plus how would YOU all know how my gifts would best suit me? You guys can't see the future!"*

I was panting for air after my rant. I looked at them all, anger blazing in my eyes, they weren't allowed to choose my path for me. Then they did the unexpected, they all looked at each other with an uncertain look.

"Is that the only reason that you want to be a warrior?" Moth Flight asked me with a sharp look. "To prove that everyone's assumptions are wrong?"

I took a deep breath before answering, "No, that isn't the only reason. I also want to have a mate and kits because having a family will definitely make me happy." I said levelling my voice to not show any emotion. " Also because warriors don't only just fight out of brutality, they learn to be noble, loyal and that the clan matters above all else. Being a medicine cat wouldn't give me the knowledge I yearn for."

They all looked shocked and mildly impressed at my answer. I remembered what I said and realised it had some maturity and wisdom a kit wouldn't normally have. Then they all shared that 'look' again. I rubbed my front paw against the other, I was nervous, what would they say next? Would they punish me for being disobedient? I was sweating with worry now.

Moth Flight spoke again. "We hoped that it wouldn't come to this," Her tone and voice now soft and soothing. "We hoped that informing you of your gifts and what they could do for the clan would convince you. So now we deliver the bad news."

I swallowed, this couldn't be good.

Skykit, my littermate, came over to me and rubbed against me, we were the same height even though I had 5 moons to grow while he had died at birth. Proved to show how small I was when I was born, it was lucky that I had been born during Greenleaf. Skykit rubbed against me to reassure and encourage me. I took a deep breath.

Pinestar was the one who was to deliver the bad news. "I'm sorry child." He said this softly evidently not trying to scare me. "But you won't ever be able to have kits."

I blinked. "W-what do you mean? Of course I can!"

Moth Flight spoke again. "No child, you don't have the ability to be able to properly carry kits. I hope this will change your mind about becoming a medicine cat."

I was shocked, I couldn't ever have kits...? Then I processed her last sentence, and I was furious.

"You think that just because I can't have kits it'll sway my decision about becoming a medicine cat?!" I spat out these words too angry to say them calmly. "Absolutely not! Just because I can't doesn't make me incapable of being a good and loyal warrior!"

With that, I had padded away from the group, leaving them dumbfounded. They had, of course, continuously pestered me about it during my apprenticeship. But then it was too late once I had gotten my warrior name.

~ Flashback Ends Here ~

I shivered from that memory, I hated it. Moth Flight was still very angry at me about it, but Pinestar and Skykit had forgiven me. I looked around, ah yes Starclan's hunting grounds. Then I saw a familiar bushy ginger tail peeking out from behind a rock.

"Redtail?" I mewed, had he decided to visit me right away? "Please come out."

He did, I was genuinely shocked at the fact that he did. Most dead cats avoided the living for a bit until they were comfortable as a dead cat.

"Rainsong, you seek answers from me don't you?" Redtail asked.

Yep, same as always, get straight to the point Redtail. I nodded my head, surely he would remember if Tigerclaw had killed him or not.

"I do have these answers, but the new apprentice, Firepaw, is the one who is to find the answers." He meowed. "But do not fear or fret for you are correct."

With that, he disappeared leaving me in darkness.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Hey guys! I finally managed to write a short chapter! Hooray! But yea now it's all explained right there. Hope you guys enjoyed it!

~ LittleOwl

(also future LittleOwl here, I just re-read this and realised it was pretty cringe, well too bad, I don't have time to re-write ANYTHING right now. Let alone finish the chapter I've been on for two entire weeks-)

(Also just found out, THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR 56 READERS!!!! I know in honesty it's not a lot, but to me it means the world. T0T I think I may die of shock and pride. I've never been this proud of something I've done before.)

~ Family ~

Rainsong's POV (WARNING: Lots of talk about relationships and kits, as well as lots of cringe)

Wake up Rainsong, wake up! You're helping Lionheart and Tigerclaw train Firepaw and Graypaw today!

That voice sounded familiar, but I didn't want to wake up. But then I felt a hard jab to my side. Assuming it was the same cat, I yelped and jumped up hissing. Sensing that I wasn't in any real harm, I planted my bottom and tail down and blinked the sleep from my eyes. When I could see clearly, I realised half the cats in the den were glaring at me, and Whitestorm was staring at me with concerned eyes. Oh the voice had been his...

"Sorry, you all can go back to sleep." I muttered sheepishly.

Whitestorm led me out of the den then decided to ask: "Did you have a nightmare? You were shaking all of last night, and you weren't cold."

"Uhh yea, the dream wasn't so nice." I replied, I had decided keeping my gifts a secret was best.

Whitestorm nodded and gestured to the apprentice's den. I licked him on the ear thankfully and padded to the den where I could hear Graypaw hastily washing himself and a bleary Firepaw beginning to wake up.

When they finally exited the den, they looked around till I signalled them over.

"Lionheart and Tigerclaw are already at the ravine." I mewed before leading them to the ravine myself.

When we arrived, it seemed that there had been a change of plans.

"Sorry Rainsong, we've only just decided." Lionheart purred to me

apologetically. "We're going to show them the territory then go back to camp for a break. Sorry, we should have decided earlier."

I nodded to them and padded quickly back to camp. When I arrived, I saw that every cat was out or doing something. I leaned my ears towards Bluestar's den. Hearing nothing, I swivelled them to the nursery's direction. Ah, Bluestar was visiting the kits. I decided that it was also time that I visit the nursery myself. Afterall, Frostfur HAD kitted not too long ago. I had only visited her twice since.

I squeezed in from between the brambles.

"I apologise for not visiting Frostfur," I whispered as soon as I had entered. "I've been busy, but that's honestly no excuse for not visiting my sister."

Frostfur in response purred quietly and shifted so I could see her kits. Adorable! Cinderkit was a colour close to our father Fuzzypelt, both toms were the same gold colour as their father Lionheart, both of them tabbies, but Brackenkit being darker than Thornkit and lastly Brightkit a beautiful white she-cat with ginger patches. A slight stab of envy hit my heart, but I pushed it away, just because I couldn't, didn't give me the right to make Frostfur feel bad. Anyways, Frostfur didn't even know.

"Aren't you supposed to be helping with the apprentices Rainsong?" Bluestar asked from another corner of the nursery.

"I was, but Tigerclaw and Lionheart both changed plans that instead of fighting they would do boundaries today."

With that, we both started talking to the queens lightly. Gossip was heavy around the new apprentice. With both Bluestar and myself informing the queens that he would be fine and with multiple mentors would be caught up in no time.

After a little while, just before sunhigh, Whitestorm's, Darkstripe's, Sandpaw's and Dustpaw's scents wafted in, along with the smell of fresh-kill. Frostfur and I had been talking about her kits and the struggle with them when the scents had hit our noses. Frostfur then

gave me a teasing look.

"It looks like I'm going to be in here with my little sister soon!" Frostfur purred as she gave me a little nudge.

"Huh?" I meowed in a confused tone. "What do you mean? Did Brindleface get a mate?"

Frostfur rolled her eyes. "No! I meant you silly!" Frostfur mewed a little annoyed at my obliviousness. "You and Whitestorm have been quite close lately..."

She stated her last sentence with a sly undertone. My ears and face burning, I shook my head profusely.

"I'm afraid that won't ever happen Frostfur." I sighed, then I got up and went out to welcome the patrol back.

I padded up to the apprentices and their mentors, masking my sadness with a neutral and bored mood. I congratulated the apprentices on their kills and praised them, telling them that they would be the best hunters Thunderclan's ever had. As I was about to speak to Whitestorm because I had made a decision, I saw Bluestar padding up to me from the corner of my eye. She took a thrush and gestured for me to follow. She led me to her den and started eating, signalling me to share with her.

"I overheard your conversation with Frostfur" She began slightly hesitating. "I would like to know what you meant by the fact that you could never have Whitestorm's kits... That is if you wish to share."

I sucked in some air, she probably thought that I was misleading Whitestorm. I couldn't tell anyone this secret, I had vowed to keep that entire night to myself. But I knew I could trust Bluestar, she had been my mentor after Sunstar had died and had made sure that all my goals to be a warrior could be reached. She had taken me out for extra training multiple times, encouraged me every time I felt down and reassured me when I doubted myself.

"Oh Bluestar, I can always tell you anything." I purred gently. "I

honestly wouldn't want anything more than to have Whitestorm's kits... But, Starclan has told me long ago that I am not able to have any kits."

Bluestar had been stunned into silence. Quietly thinking to herself, she took another bite of thrush. She chewed and eventually swallowed, then shifted closer to me. Bluestar poked her nose to my flank and rubbed her tail up and down my spine, she was comforting me. I leaned into her reassuring gestures and sighed. It felt nice to finally tell some cat.

"I finally decided to tell Whitestorm." I stated after a while of silence. "He has got a duty to the clan to make sure we stay strong and have many warriors. I'm sure there are plenty of she-cats willing." I gulped at the stab of pain this put in my heart.

Bluestar stared at me, shocked and upset. "Are you sure? Is this what you really want Rainsong?" She mewed with a levelled voice. "A life of pain knowing you put your clan above even your own feelings? Sometimes this rule doesn't apply, Rainsong. You can have what you want as well as put the clan above all. This doesn't have to be the way."

I shook my head, my decision was made. I could wait till Starclan to not have to deal with pain.

I walked out of the lichen covered den. Bluestar also exited the den, climbing up on Highrock. I sat down below a stab of pain piercing my heart when Whitestorm trotted close to me to plant himself beside me. Bluestar started naming the cats that would attend tonight's gathering. She included both Whitestorm, myself, as well as my sister Brindleface and Willowpelt. She named many other cats but I didn't really keep track. Hmmm Brindleface and Whitestorm were already very close, that would be nice knowing he was in good hands. Plus Willowpelt was also very nice and would make an excellent mother and mate. They were both good choices for Whitestorm.

~ Magical Time Skip Because I Lack Motivation ~

At moonrise, our Gathering patrol got together and left the camp. I

immediately found Brindleface and matched her pace. I spoke to her in a rushed tone explaining my situation.

"Brindleface I'm so sorry for what I'm about to ask of you. But Starclan told me long ago that I am incapable of carrying kits. But Whitestorm is still able to provide new lives for the clan. So I ask you, no I beg you to become mates with him." I spoke in a rushed undertone to make sure no other cat heard. "I'm only asking you because I trust that he's in good paws with you. The only other cat would be Willowpelt but I trust you more. I know that you would be good to him and make sure that he doesn't get hurt."

Brindleface was stunned at this revelation. She hesitated before nodding.

"I know that you love him, Rainsong. Don't deny it, it's clear to every cat you were both destined for each other." She purred sadly. "Now I know that you love him very much and only want the best for him. In truth I have always had a bit of feeling for him, but I couldn't ruin your relationship. But you're begging me, and even though it hurts me to do what you ask. I'll do it."

Before pacing ahead, Brindleface licked my ear, reassuring me that everything would be fine. I stopped in my tracks, causing the other cats to grumpily move around me. I took a deep breath, reminding myself that this was for Whitestorm and the good of the clan. When I looked around, I realised we were already almost at fourtrees. Great, now I'd have to deal with even more heartbreak when I tell Whitestorm later on.

~ Timeskip Because I Couldn't Make Myself Care To Write the Gathering ~

As Thunderclan was leaving I desperately searched for Whitestorm. Being the small thing I am, it was a struggle. Good thing Whitestorm was as white as the snow and stuck out among the rest of our forest coloured pelts. I found him as we were all halfway to camp.

"Would you mind taking a short walk with me?" I asked in a soft tone, hopefully not letting pain leak into my voice. "I want to tell

you something."

"Of course, I'll just tell Sandpaw to go ahead and tell Bluestar for us." Whitestorm answered in his deep mellow mew.

When he returned, I led him into the forest. I didn't exactly have a place in mind but I took him in the direction of the Sandy Hollow. When we arrived, we climbed the fallen tree to sit.

"What is it you wanted to tell me?" He asked, worry seeping into his mew. "Has something bad happened? Did Robingwing or Fuzzypelt get sick?"

"No, it's much less worse." I reassured him before continuing. "I'm sorry Whitestorm I really am, but I have to say no to your question from a few sunrises ago."

He tried desperately not to look hurt, I could see it. "Oh... I'm sorry you don't feel that way about me, Rainsong."

I couldn't bear to see the hurt on his face. "Wait!" I half yelled. "It's not because of that... I do feel that way, Whitestorm. It's just that I was told a long time ago that I can't have kits."

"What do kits have to do with this?" Whitestorm asked me, clearly puzzled. "I don't need kits if it means I still get to be your mate."

"I know, but we all have a duty to the clan. Of course it's our choice, but I want for you what will make you happy." I informed him, this time not stopping the pain in my voice. "I know that you've always wanted a happy little family, I can't give you that. The clan also needs more warriors, I also can't do that. So please, just take some other cat as your mate. It won't hurt me if I know that you're being loved and taken care of."

He looked so hurt and angry, it broke my heart. "Why do you put the clan above everything you need and want?" Whitestorm mewed in a calm tone. "If you know that just one cat hasn't eaten yet, you'll offer them every piece of fresh-kill. You also won't eat unless you're sharing with others because you think that with your size you don't need as much as others. If you know some cat is in pain you'll stay

by their side even through the night. Meaning it sometimes causes you to not get any sleep yourself. And now this..."

I was trembling now. "I'm so sorry Whitestorm, but this is what I deem best for the clan and your own good." I replied, my voice shaking as much as I was. "Just know that I'll always love you and I'll wait till Starclan to be with you. But being with you in life isn't a possibility."

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Omg, I'm so sorry guys. I know this was kinda a bit too early because you guys didn't get to see their relationship much. But I had to because Ferncloud and Ashfur need to be born. OnO Also sooo sorry for the length! I'm also sorry if that made you guys cry, because personally, writing this was TORTURE. But I'm not sorry because this is part of the plot. Lol the amount of cringe in that chapter is unbearable. Thanks for reading!

~ LittleOwl

~ Pain ~

Rainsong's POV

I am embarrassed to admit that I had jumped off the tree and ran deeper into the forest with tears overflowing from my eyes. I had just left him there, stunned and deeply hurt. I couldn't bear the idea of hurting him. But that's exactly what I had just done. I then ran into a holly bush. Without thinking, I crept underneath the branches and curled up by the roots. How cruel I had been. Too upset to think about anything in general, memories swept me away into the past.

"Why won't she open her eyes!?" Complained the first she-cat's voice. "It's been 7 sunrises since she was born and she still hasn't opened her eyes!"

"Brindlepaw, be patient." The second she-cat scolded the first. "She'll open them when she's ready!" This voice was laced with worry which contradicted her advice.

So the first she-cat was Brindlepaw, the second voice had come much closer to me. I assumed this was my mother.

"Whitepaw? How nice of you to come visit!" Exclaimed the second voice. "I thought it was Frostfur when I saw that flash of white from the hole in the side of the bramble wall."

"Sorry Robinwing, I just wanted to see if the little one's eyes had opened yet." The third voice, Whitepaw said. He was a tom that much was presumable from his deeper voice. "Frostpaw just had to tell Bluefur that she wanted to visit before they left for training. But she's coming."

"Yep! I'm here! Has she opened her eyes yet?" A fourth voice came, this was Frostpaw. According to my mother she and Whitepaw both shared similar pelts of white? "I wonder what colour they'll be!"

Ugh, can't these cats just be patient!? I don't WANT to open them. But

curiosity was itching at me to open them now. I wanted to see what they all looked like! Squeezing my eyes I was about to open them, when some fur poked my nose. The fur tickled my nose causing me to sneeze and open my eyes at the same time. I then yawned and blinked. I was facing some fur, brown with a little bit of ginger on the chest. Oh this was Robinwing my mother! I turned around to see the other cats. Brindlepaw, Frostpaw and Whitepaw.

My eyes met two bright pure white pelts, one with amber eyes and the other with blue eyes. Squeezed in between was a gray she-cat with darker gray stripes.

"Oh her eyes are beautiful!" Frostpaw, the white she-cat with blue eyes exclaimed. "They look like that stone that I found in a bush! It was attached to a sort of loop the colour of Goldenflower's fur! The stone was really something! It was blue in a sense but clear at the same time! Like how water looks like it's got colour but it's actually clear!"

Brindlepaw nodded eagerly along with Frostpaw's words. While Whitepaw had an amused expression on his face, as he saw my eyes on him, he gave me a grin. I smiled at him, and I tried to remember the noise from the last few days. I was sure that I had smelled him come in every single day so far. I decided I would ask Robinwing later.

Soon Frostpaw and Brindlepaw had to leave for patrols, but Whitepaw had just come back so he got to stay. He even played with me! We played moss ball and fox attack, he was the fox, we also played Shadowclan invasion! He even offered me a few badger rides! But later I got tired and Robinwing told me I had to go to sleep now. I reluctantly agreed but fell asleep as soons as I curled up.

Everyday since that day, Whitepaw came to visit. He would always play with me or offer to watch me when Robinwing had to do something but I had to go to sleep. One time when Robinwing was talking with Bluestar, he even helped me clean my puffy fur! Soon he became Whitestorm, a full warrior now! He told me that it wouldn't be long till I was sleeping in the warriors den with him! I was ecstatic.

~ Rainsong's Apprentice Ceremony ~

I was now Rainpaw! And Sunstar was my mentor! He also said that

because he would be very busy with leader duties that Bluefur would help with my lessons! I was excited. For the first day, Sunstar just sent me out with Whitestorm and Bluefur for a tour of the forest. It wasn't very fun, I had to smell RiverClan and ShadowClan, but Whitestorm reassured me that the fun stuff would come later on.

~ Rainsong's Warrior Ceremony ~

I was now a full warrior! I was very proud I wouldn't lie, I only wished that Skykit was here with me. But Whitestorm made sure my mood was at its peak all day long. He congratulated me and even teasingly pointed out that I was still only slightly larger than the average new apprentice. I had snapped at him about that but to make up for it, he offered me a squirrel.

Not being able to stay conscious, I drifted off into an uneasy sleep filled with invisible pain.

Whitestorm's POV

I couldn't believe it, how is one cat able to be so selfless? It had honestly hurt a lot, but her reasoning was just pure mouse-brained. I didn't get it, but it did indeed make me feel better knowing that she did love me. What she said was true, I had always wanted a little family, to be specific Rainsong's and my family. But she couldn't do it, that did disappoint me a little but I still felt that unconditional love for her. She didn't understand.

Brindlekit and Frostkit had just become Brindlepaw and Frostpaw when Sunstar made another announcement. Robinwing was having kits again! I felt this sort of bubbly energy that made me smile in a way that I couldn't stop. I had no idea why I was so excited. I had come to the conclusion that it was because we hadn't had any new kits lately.

~ 2 Moons Later ~

Robingwing had just finished kitting and I had gone to visit. Sadly the firstborn, a tom, had died. Nonetheless Robinwing gave him a name, Skykit. She said she chose Skykit because he would watch his littermate from the sky day and night. The second born, a little she-kit was named Rainkit. This time Robinwing had named the she-kit after the blotch of

blue-gray that resembled a drop of rain. When I saw Rainkit for the first time, I felt really bad. The poor little thing was half the size of a typical newborn kit! But after that feeling of pity, I felt that bubbly warm energy again. This time I was very unsure of what it was and pushed it to the back of my mind.

~ Few Weeks Later ~

I visited the nursery daily, I always just felt a pull to the warm den. Every time I was even remotely close to the entrance of the nursery, a little tortoiseshell she-kit would poke her head out squealing: 'Whitepaw! You're here!' I found this funny because the way she said it, it seemed like I had been gone for moons! I also looked forward to my daily visits, the little thing was definitely a bundle of joy I loved having around.

One day when I was giving her a badger ride, she started squealing and laughing. Her laugh sounded so pure and innocent it made me freeze for a moment. Then I felt that bubbly warm energy for a third time. That was when I figured it out. I loved Rainkit. Since before I got to know her, I loved her. I had loved her since the moment I knew of her existence. And I was sure this would never change.

~ End Of Chapter A/n ~

Welp I hope that made up for not being able to show you guys much of their relationship. Instead, you guys got an entire chapter dedicated to their memories! Yay! This broke my heart writing this chapter. I hope you enjoyed Whitestorm's POV! Lol you guys are probably getting sick of not seeing other characters. I can promise that Firepaw and Graypaw will both be in the next chapter! Who knows, maybe even Sandpaw and Dustpaw! Idk yet hard to believe I've only done 5 chapters of the actual book. While here in this fanfic I've got 7 chapters. OnO And I planned on doing this to cover the first series, third and fourth. (You guys will find out why not the second) If requested I'll do the fifth and sixth series too! But I for now only plan on 1, 3 and 4. Minor detail: next chapter skips into Chapter 6 of the OG book.

Bonus: I should probably mention that Frostpaw was comparing Rainkit's eyes to a ring. So basically I'm just gonna say some two-leg lost their ring. This ring has a gemstone on it. This gemstone is

actually the colour of Rainsong's eyes, as well as my birthstone! Can you guys guess which stone it is? Comment down below your guesses! Hope you enjoyed that chapter!

~ LittleOwl

~ The Hunt ~

Rainsong's POV

It had been two moons. Since Firepaw had joined us, since I had made a decision I was sure I wouldn't regret it and since Redtail's death. Wait- It had been TWO moons?! Already!? Oh Starclan!

I quickly sniffed the air. Yes, thank Starclan. Rain was coming. When it comes, I would take out either Graypaw or Firepaw. Hmmmm, I think I'll take the latter. Afterall I don't have a lot of patience and Graypaw talks too much. I'd have to build up my patience for him.

Deciding that I wanted to go hunt, I was about to go tell Lionheart, when his scent started coming closer and closer to me. I turned around to meet our oh so high deputy. Before he could say anything, I hastily mentally reminded myself that Frostfur had asked me to be kinder to Lionheart. In reality I just found the golden tom annoying.

"Rainsong, Tigerclaw and I assigned Firepaw for a solo hunting mission." Lionheart started.

Frankly, not knowing how this applied to me I responded. "Yes, well what? I don't see how this matter concerns me." I snapped.

"Well, you know how solo-hunting missions don't really work out well." He continued, evidently used to me interrupting him. "So I need you to lead a small hunting patrol. Tigerclaw, Bluestar and I are going to check out the Shadowclan border later, so don't stay out too long."

Ah, right. He wanted to make sure there were enough warriors back at camp to defend it if needed. I briskly nodded and went around asking cats if they were up for patrol. In the end, I only had Longtail, Brindleface, Willowpelt and myself for the patrol.

We decided to split into pairs. Longtail and Willowpelt went to try at Snakerocks, while Brindleface and I decided to try nearby the stream. When we got there, we parted separately not really wanting to talk to one another. Afterall, we weren't on speaking terms much. Or more like Brindleface knew she couldn't talk to me without making it weird. It honestly hurt a little that I couldn't talk to my closest kin, but it would be very awkward if we did.

The moment I had returned back to camp after I had told Whitestorm my decision 2 moons ago. I saw Brindleface comforting Whitestorm. I had to desperately remind myself that this was for his good. Brindleface knew, and she was keeping her word. She also knew that it had hurt me. Every cat did. The moment that Whitestorm had come back without me, everyone knew there had been some sort of fallout in between us.

I shook my head, clearing the memory away. The pain was still raw, I couldn't risk breaking down. Bluestar and the clan needed me. That was the entire reason I had made that decision in the first place. Taking in a deep breath, I smelled the air for nearby prey and swivelled my ears around for signs of movement. There. Inside the old tree stump. I could just scarcely hear a wood mouse shuffling about inside. It was eating something.

Walking to the tree stump with light paws I pinned my ears back and withdrew a breath. Holding my breath and lowering myself gently, I stuck my paw into the hole in the stump as fast as a monster. I heard it squeal in surprise and run around the interior of the stump. Using the vibrations in the earth as well as my ears, I tracked its movement inside the stump. Finally, I pinned the mouse and snapped its neck. I pulled it out, grinning in delight. I continued my hunt.

Firepaw's POV

I was sniffing for prey scent, when I caught the scent of a cat. Turning around, I found Rainsong creeping up on a stump. Huh? What was she doing? Catching the stump? Curious, I continued watching.

The small tortoiseshell she was slowly crouching down as she crept

forward. Her paws were barely touching the forest floor, as if she were floating. When she was only half a mouse-length away from the hole in the stump, her front paw shot out and into the hole. What in the name of Starclan was she doing? It seemed she was struggling for a bit, her paw scrabbling around the inside of the stump. When her paw stopped moving, a triumphant grin lit up her face. With that, she pulled out a dead wood mouse.

I was stunned. Hunting the prey in their own dens! That was brilliant! She had evidently scented the prey in the stump and trapped it. It was a bit peculiar, why hunt the prey in their own dens when they come out plenty of the time? Shrugging it off, I went back to sniffing around for prey.

Suddenly, I was hit by the scent of a fox. It was everywhere! But the scent was stale, a fox had drank from the stream earlier. I didn't need to worry about it now, so I attempted to search for prey. It was a struggle screening out the fox stench for prey scent.

Rainsong's POV

I was sniffing around for some more prey to hunt when my nose met the awful stale scent of fox in the air. Frustrated, I concentrated on separating the layer of old fox scent for the newer layer of fresh forest scent. Triumphant, I took a good sniff, there was a water vole nearby, but Firepaw was already on its case. I couldn't scent anymore prey nearby, so I padded away deeper into the forest.

~ Timeskip Because I Don't Have Any Motivation ~

Surprisingly, I was decently content. Longtail and Willowpelt had caught a thrush as well as 2 squirrels, Brindleface had caught a mouse and vole, and I had caught 2 wood mice and an entire litter of mouse pups. There were 3 of them in the nest and they had all been sleeping. The other wood mouse was their mother. I had guessed that the pups were about 13 sunrises old, they already had fur and weren't dependent on the mother's milk. We each dropped our catches and separated into the vast population of cats.

I ventured into the nursery to visit Frostfur again. I had finally decided to tell her about a moon and a half ago. She had cornered

me and the fresh-kill pile and insisted we took a walk so that we could talk. Brindleface on the other paw, went over to Whitestorm. Looking away quickly, I began chatting with Frostfur.

Soon, there was noise outside. Frostfur shooed me out to go see what it was as she attempted to soothe her kits that had woken up. Walking out of the nursery - not many cats could say this, but I was small enough - I decided to find out what the commotion was. Coming in were Bluestar, Firepaw, Graypaw, my least favourite cat Tigerclaw and the Shadowclan medicine cat.

Bluestar walked up onto Highrock, Tigerclaw following her like a kit and its mother. I perked my ears towards them to hear their whispers.

Tigerclaw's yowl sounded impatient. "It's just too dangerous to bring an enemy warrior into the heart of ThunderClan! Now that she knows the camp, even the youngest ShadowClan kit will hear of it. We will have to move."

"Calm down, Tigerclaw," Bluestar purred. "Why should we move? Yellowfang says that she is travelling alone now. There is no reason for ShadowClan to hear of it."

"Do you really believe that? What on earth was that foolish kittypet thinking of?" Tigerclaw spat.

"But think for a moment, Tigerclaw," mewed Bluestar. "Why would the ShadowClan medicine cat choose to leave her Clan? You seem to be afraid that Yellowfang will share our Clan secrets with ShadowClan, but have you thought about how many ShadowClan secrets she might share with us?"

Pffffft, I thought Lionheart was the deputy. And why did Tigerclaw care? He wouldn't care if the clan was filled with filthy Shadowclan warriors if he was leader. Did Bluestar really expect Yellowfang to give the secrets that easily? She still has kin in her now former clan!

Bluestar then jumped off Highrock and walked towards the nursery. As she approached, her eyes were a bit cloudy with distant thoughts.

"Frostfur!" Bluestar yowled as she neared the nursery.

Frostfur squeezed out - quite gracefully - from the brambles.

"Hush, kits," She purred reassuringly. "I won't be long." Then she turned to her leader.

"Yes, Bluestar? What is it?"

"One of our apprentices has seen a fox in the area. Warn the other queens to guard the nursery carefully. And make sure all kits less than six moons stay inside the camp until our warriors have driven it away."

Frostfur nodded. "I will pass on the warning, Bluestar. Thank you." Then she turned and squeezed back into the nursery to quiet the crying kits.

Bluestar then padded to the fresh-kill pile, took a plump looking wood pigeon and went over a clump of senior warriors. I then followed her with my own wood mouse and sat beside her. Whitestorm was on her other side, Brindleface with him. I ignored the pair and listened to the discussion.

Many of the senior warriors bursted out with questions. Was Yellowfang going to stay here? Or was she going to be kicked out soon? Would she join Thunderclan? Or go off as a loner? Questions and tensions were high around this cat. Bluestar however silenced every cat with a flick of her tail.

"Those are her decisions, but we will keep her here till we deem not to." She responded, it was a simple but set decision.

Everyone's heads flicked to me, of course other than the pair I was ignoring. Swallowing the piece in my mouth, I sat up and pondered for a minute.

"I say that we keep her here." I started. Everyone stayed quiet knowing there was more. "I think we should keep her here till we have no use for her and till she decides what to do. It's frankly her choice to stay and or to join. This isn't our decision. If Starclan wills it, then she will stay, but I honestly think that Starclan will leave

this up to her."

Nearly every cat was nodding at this. Tigerclaw on the other paw seemed to be masking his anger. Bluestar nodded approvingly at my words.

Firepaw's POV

I had given the mouse to Smallear and wandered to Graypaw and Ravenpaw.

Graypaw saw me approach, and paused in his licking. "Has Bluestar mentioned your punishment yet?" he asked.

"Not yet," I replied gloomily.

I looked over at where Bluestar was sitting. I could make out Rainsong right by her side. This stirred up a little conversation in my memory from when I had first joined.

"Didn't you say Rainsong isn't a senior warrior yet?" I asked in a puzzled tone.

"She isn't." Graypaw confirmed.

"Then why's she sitting with Bluestar and the senior warriors?" I mewed, I was very curious. I hadn't seen Bluestar inviting her.

"Think of Rainsong like Bluestar's most trusted warrior." Graypaw replied.

"She's also very wise." Ravenpaw mewed. "Lots of the warriors, senior and younger, go to her for advice. Even Bluestar sometimes confides in her. When things like big decisions come up, a majority of warriors will look for her approval in the decision. If she approves of the decision, the decision usually works in the clan's favour. Almost as if she sees the future and voices her opinion."

I was impressed. A warrior as wise as an elder? Wiser than the senior warriors! And BLUESTAR confides in her? That she-cat must be the whole of Starclan as a living cat. This honestly amazed me. Maybe I would go to her in the future for some advice.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Mkay, so I'ma assume you're all mad at me for not finishing the whole of the actual chapter. But instead shortening it to my pleasure for MY book. I'm sorry! I really am! It's just that I have no motivation to continue in Firepaw's POV. I also don't have anything exciting planned for Rainsong till I can find a part in the book. That's why I did this. I AM SO SORRY! Don't hate me! :') But anyways, I'll TRY to get to the more exciting parts as soon as I can. (Gosh that'll take a while, I'm not even done book 1 yet. OnO) ALSO the next chapter will be the night in between chapter 9 and 10. Sorry I'm skipping so much, I honestly just want to get to the exciting parts and have no patience to do the boring stuff you'll find in the actual book. But I hope you enjoyed the chapter nonetheless!

~ LittleOwl

~ Songs In the Rain ~

Rainsong's POV

The rain had come. Err, more like it was almost here. Every cat could smell it in the air. It was time to take Firepaw out. I looked around for the young fire-coloured tom. I found him tending to Yellowfang. I padded to Bluestar's den first to tell her I would be taking him out. Afterall, she wasn't only just a leader to him, but his mentor as well. I remembered when she had announced that. I was honestly surprised, it had been many, MANY moons since she last had an apprentice. To be specific, I had been her last apprentice. I wondered about her reasoning for this. Yes she had stated that it was to speed up training. But I wondered if she had more than just that reason.

I reached the lichen covered cave and peeked my head in.

"Bluestar, I'm going to take Firepaw out." I mewed. "It's time I took either him or Graypaw for a training session. I chose Firepaw because I have to build up my patience for Graypaw."

"Alright, then." Bluestar purred back in response. "Make sure you let him eat a little before you go out. I can't tell if this one will take you long or not."

I nodded at her instructions and silently agreed with her last sentence. I wasn't sure how long this one would take.

As soon as I had reached Firepaw and the grumpy Yellowfang, they were both looking at me expectantly.

"Firepaw, go ahead and eat a little something." I purred softly. "I'm going to take you out for a training session tonight. And yes you're allowed to go tell Graypaw." I added the last sentence because he had opened his mouth, and it was obvious what he would ask.

"What about Yellowfang?" Firepaw asked gently.

"I'll take care of her, you rest a little before we go." I reassured him. "I'll ask Frostfur to take care of Yellowfang when we leave." I snapped when I saw him open his muzzle again.

With that he finally trotted off to the fresh-kill pile. I turned to the old orange-eyed she-cat. We just watched each other before some cat spoke.

"You can feel the pain of others can't you?" I meowed gently. "I'm only asking, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

Her orange eyes widened in shock, but she nodded.

"And what about you?" Yellowfang rasped. "I'm sure a wonderful cat like you has been gifted by Starclan."

"I have." I responded curtly. "So then I'm not the only one who has been told by Starclan to become a medicine cat?"

Yellowfang nodded again. "They told me it would be better for me if I did. I was stubborn and told them I wouldn't." The old-she cat rasped. " But the heat of the battle was too much to stand. That is what convinced me in the end."

"I'm sorry." I apologised in advance. "But, Brokenstar's your son, isn't he?"

Yellowfang hissed, a low raspy sound. Her eyes were wide in shock but she was angry.

"I won't tell any cat." I promised. "It's just that..."

Yellowfang looked at me curiously. "Has Starclan given you the gift of seeing others' kin?"

"I don't believe so." I replied in a soft mew. "But I have an enhanced sense of smell and hearing. If I smell through the layers of scent in your pelt, I can smell milk and Brokenstar's scent. I know Brokenstar's scent from briefly talking to him at a gathering."

Yellowfang was shocked, impressed even. "Is this a gift from Starclan? Or something you just developed as a kit?"

"I believe it is the latter, Starclan merely made me aware of this gift." I replied.

Then a splat of water hit my nose. I looked up, rain was falling very slowly. But that was enough for a training session. When I looked at Yellowfang I realised she was hissing at the rain.

I fetched Frostfur from the nursery, and together she and I moved Yellowfang's nest underneath a rock that jutted out the side of the camp. She limped into it and settled down, thanking us both in turn. I walked with Frostfur to the nursery and bade her goodnight. Then I trotted to the apprentice den.

"Firepaw, we're leaving now." I purred into the dark of the den. "It's time for the training session."

I saw his flame-coloured pelt rise up with a grunt as well as a gray one. Then both cats emerged. Graypaw said goodbye to Firepaw and watched as the latter and I walked out of camp. He evidently looked as if he were itching to join us. But I preferred these sessions one on one.

When we got out in the forest, Firepaw didn't say anything, at least not until halfway to our destination.

"Where are we going?" He finally blurted out. "And what are we doing?"

"We're going to Sunningrocks." I answered him and left his second question with no answer.

When we finally reached our destination, I sat down a few fox-lengths away from the treeline. I signalled him to come sit next to me.

"What we're going to do is let our exterior selves rest and let our interior selves come out." I mewed, knowing he would be confused.

"What do you mean?" Came the expected question.

"We're going to let our spirit do this activity." I explained. "You and I are going to listen to the sounds around us. So tell me the things

you hear."

I waited as his ears went from direction to direction listening to the environment.

"I hear a monster on the Thunderpath..." Firepaw started hesitantly. I gave an encouraging nod. "I also hear the river moving about."

"Go on." I purred encouragingly.

"I can hear the rain hitting the rocks and leaves of the trees non stop." Firepaw ventured. "I can also hear the occasional bird chirping. And I hear the rustle of the leaves when they shake the water off because of the wind."

"Very good!" I praised him. "Now try to listen to it all. A bit of advice if I may?"

Firepaw gave me a nod. "Try not to think about it, just close your eyes, breathe slowly and just listen."

Firepaw did exactly as I said. I then waited for his reaction. Unlike Sandpaw, who had opened her eyes wide, Dustpaw who had started giggling and Ravenpaw who opened his eyes completely at ease, Firepaw kept listening for a bit. When he eventually opened his eyes, his emerald orbs were sparkling with amazement.

"I assume you heard it?" I asked softly.

"Yes I heard it! It was like a thunderstorm! Or even a fire!" Firepaw told me enthusiastically. "It was loud and yet soothing with the occasional burst of noise!"

I nodded at his description, I could hear it too. "That would be your song. Something that represents your soul. I believe that everyone has a different song, because we all perceive things differently." I explained. "Not many cats can hear the songs of another, they'll usually hear the same song every time, their song. Of course it may be slightly different each time, but they are still generally the same."

"Sandpaw had a song similar to yours, like a thunderstorm but not

quite like a fire according to her. More like an overflowing river. Dustpaw had a surprisingly rough song, like a dog or wind howling and a monster rumbling along a thunderpath." I informed him. "Ravenpaw had a nice and soothing song, light drip drops of rain hitting puddles and rocks with some crickets chirping too."

"How'd you know most cats can only hear their own songs every time?" Firepaw asked.

"I did a bit of an experiment. I took 3 different pairs of cats out on separate rainy days. They described to each other their songs and attempted to listen for it. They were unable to do this, but they were able to find their own song every time. Of course they told me that sometimes the rain sounded heavier in their song compared to other times, but that's evidently because rain comes down harder sometimes and lighter other times." I responded in my hushed voice.

"How are you able to hear every cat's different song?" Was Firepaw's next question.

I merely shrugged, I honestly didn't know.

"Why do you do this as a part of an apprentice's training?" Firepaw asked, catching me off guard.

"Ermm well..." I pondered a moment before answering. "I find that it helps most cats connect with their inner selves. For example, if you can't decide between 2 options and you feel that one part of yourself yearns for one option and the other part of yourself yearns for another option. It often will signify that your exterior self, the brain, wants one thing, while your interior self, the heart, wants another thing. I discovered that listening to our own song helps us connect our exterior as well as our interior selves. Helps you listen to what your heart has to say and not just your brain. Or if you're torn in two, it can help you reconnect to be at peace again."

Firepaw seemed to turn my words over in his head. "That makes sense." He finally meowed when he seemed to have contemplated my words.

I then noticed him shiver as a raindrop fell on him. I smiled softly at him, then got up and led him to a cove in the ground by the river. There I sat down and gestured for him to sit as well.

"Would you mind if I gave you a wash?" I offered gently.

Firepaw gave me a suspicious look as if to ask 'What for?'

I gave a mrow of laughter. "I found that it calms apprentices down. It also helps build trust bonds." I reassured him.

"Why would an apprentice be wary of you?" He asked.

"Well if you didn't know, a lot of apprentices seem to find me like a mysterious back to life Dark Forest cat." I teased lightly.

That finally got him to accept my offer. So I kneeled down gently beside his flank and started to lick his pelt clean. I told him that he was free to ask questions when he just sat there awkwardly in silence.

"Why do you hunt the prey in their dens when there are plenty just roaming the forest?" Firepaw seemed to blurt out.

"Huh? What do yo- OH" I blabbered with confusion. "So you saw me hunting by the stream?"

The ginger apprentice nodded. "How did you know I saw you hunting by the stream?"

"I smelled your scent nearby as I was hunting." I replied simply. "Now about your question. I hunt prey in their dens instead of the prey roaming the forest because it's easier that way for me. Because if you haven't noticed, you're nearly my size."

My whiskers twitched at my last sentence. It was only the truth, Firepaw had been significantly smaller when he first joined us. But now, he had grown to nearly my size.

"It's easier for me to track down the prey and kill it when it's at peace." I explained. "Instead of running around everywhere. Plus my legs are pretty weak so to be able to pounce on prey I'd have to be

so close it's likely the prey could scent me."

"Well I guess that makes sense." Firepaw mewed wonderingly. "Have you always had such a good sense of smell?"

I nodded at his question then peeked my head out to check if it was moonhigh. It nearly was, so I led him back to camp.

~ Timeskip to 2 days later at the Gathering ~

I had been listening to Runningnose and the surrounding cats talk about the Great Clans when I heard Graypaw mixing up LeopardClan as SpottyClan. I padded up to the apprentices just as Lionheart came up to correct Graypaw.

"Lionheart!" Graypaw greeted his mentor with an affectionate touch of his nose.

Lionheart shook his head in mock despair. "Don't you youngsters know your history? LeopardClan are the swiftest cats, huge and golden, spotted with black paw prints. You can thank LeopardClan for the speed and hunting skills you now possess."

"Thank them? Why?" asked a little tabby Shadowclan apprentice.

Lionheart gazed down at the little apprentice and answered, "There is a trace of all the great cats in every cat today. We would not be night hunters without our TigerClan ancestors, and our love of the sun's warmth comes from LionClan."

"Lionheart, stop being so dramatic." I scolded him teasingly. "They're going to think that you're a descendant of the Great Cats themselves if you go on acting so offended!"

I turned around to look at the Shadowclan apprentice. "You're an apprentice aren't you? Rather small for an apprentice."

The tabby stared awkwardly down at the ground. "S-six moons," he stammered, not meeting my eyes.

I narrowed my eyes, he was pretty small for an apprentice...

"Don't be so intimidating Rainsong." Lionheart's mew broke through my thoughts. "You were just as small when you first became an apprentice."

I gave a dignified huff. "We both know it was because I had trouble forming before I was born." To prove my point, I sent one eye to stare at him and the other to watch the small apprentice slowly backing away.

Graypaw and Firepaw had their mouths open in disbelief.

Lionheart on the other paw gagged. "I forgot you could do that. Do us all a favour and stop it, Rainsong."

I stuck out my tongue and stopped sticking my eyes in two separate directions. I then padded away to find a nice place to sit for the gathering.

The clan leaders were finally about to start the gathering. However, I noticed the absence of Tallstar. Was this allowed? Surely they wouldn't start till he arrived. A murmur of voices ran through the crowd, everyone remarking the absence of WindClan.

On top of the rock, Bluestar stepped forward. Her gray fur glowed almost white in the moonlight. "Cats of all Clans, welcome," she meowed in a clear voice. "It is true that WindClan is not present, but Brokenstar wishes to speak anyway."

As Brokenstar was about to talk of the needs of ShadowClan, voices interrupted him.

"Where is Tallstar?" cried one.

"Where are the WindClan warriors?" yowled another.

Brokenstar stretched up to his full height and lashed his tail from side to side. "As the leader of ShadowClan, it is my right to address you here!" he growled in a voice full of menace. The crowd fell into an uneasy silence.

I hissed at his words. As leader of ShadowClan, he only had the right to update every cat about how his clan had been doing the last

month.

Brokenstar yowled again. "We all know that the hard time of leaf-bare, and late newleaf, have left us with little prey in our hunting grounds. But we also know that WindClan, RiverClan, and ThunderClan lost many kits in the freezing weather that came so late this season. ShadowClan did not lose kits. We are hardened to the cold north wind. Our kits are stronger than yours from the moment they are born. And so we find ourselves with many mouths to feed, and too little prey to feed them."

We all listened to what he would say next. However I had a few guesses.

"The needs of ShadowClan are simple. In order to survive, we must increase our hunting territory. That is why I insist that you allow ShadowClan warriors to hunt in your territories."

Sounds of shock rippled through the crowd. Tigerclaw and a Riverclan queen both voiced their opinions openly.

"Should ShadowClan be punished because our kits thrive?" yowled Brokenstar from the Great Rock. "Do you want us to watch our young starve? You must share what you have with us."

I was done. That was taking it too far. "Why should we all have special care for you? Every cat in the forest knows that you couldn't care less if every cat in your clan, much less every clan ceased to exist!" I yowled at this so-called 'leader'. "Are you sure it's the lack of prey that is causing your kits to die so young? Or the fact that you apprentice them before they're weaned!? You are making some outrageous demands for a not so noble leader!"

"Rainsong..." Lionheart hissed warningly in my ear. I could feel the eyes of every cat on me, but my anger was too much.

"What will you do if we deny you the right to hunt on OUR grounds? Chase us out like you chased out WindClan? I don't think so, Brokenstar, you underestimate every cat. You could have a badger in front of your face and not have fear! You're too proud but not even a lion can escape death! You don't even care about your

clan, you only want power!" I spat out these words, I was much too angry to say them calmly.

Without thinking, I lunged. I didn't get very far because Lionheart held onto my scruff. I was fuming and continued to struggle, I wanted to claw that mange ridden pelt's face off. I nearly got out of Lionheart's grip when Robinwing was nudging me back with her shoulder. Then Frostfur came, nosing my chest to get me to sit down. Lastly came a tom-cat I didn't want to see, Whitestorm, he was helping Lionheart pull me by the scruff to prevent me from pouncing. Knowing I couldn't get out of their grip any time soon, I lowered myself onto the floor. Each of their grips relaxed but stayed.

Brokenstar was glaring furiously at me. His eyes glinted dangerously as he stared at me with fury. I snarled and met his gaze, no other cat spoke. They were all mostly shocked that a very small warrior had dared to challenge a twice as big leader.

"Brave words for a mouse-sized warrior." Brokenstar hissed, goading me on.

The cats holding me back shared knowing glances as they tightened their grip.

"You take that back you fox-hearted, mouse-brained flea-pelt!" I growled as I leaped at him.

Despite the cats holding me back, I was able to jump. But before I was able to actually harm that piece of fox dung, some cat decided to jump me and pin me down on the floor. I turned my head around snarling, my eyes met a white pelt. Claws piercing my heart, I turned back around.

"I'll get you back." I promised the 'leader' with a snarl.

I was still bristling with anger, my eyes glaring with hatred at that 'Oh so mighty ShadowClan leader'. I would get him back, I would make sure of it.

I didn't pay much attention to the gathering at that point. But I did

catch that Brokenstar was so 'graciously' willing to tell every cat that we shouldn't offer shelter to a rogue in the forest because that cat would harm our kits. Pffft, he was evidently talking about Yellowfang. And every cat was actually believing his words. I snorted, as if it were true. I looked up to see Whitestorm looking at me questioningly as if to say 'What's so funny?'. Ignoring the pain in my heart, I looked away and rolled my eyes. This so-called leader was a complete mouse-brain and was full of lies.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Hey guys! I really hope you enjoyed that chapter! I really hope that you guys liked being able to see Rainsong's talent and her fierce side. If it isn't clear, Rainsong is very small and doesn't enjoy it when she's insulted about it or looked down on because of it. Lol I know that was also very long sorry! Also from now on, my chapters may be around 5 cannon chapters apart. But anyways, I hope you guys enjoyed the chapter!

~ LittleOwl

~ Star, Moon, Sky and Storm ~

Rainsong's POV

I wasn't going to lie, I tried to hunt down that foul cat once ThunderClan had left Fourtrees. However, Bluestar must have put some cats on my tail guessing that I would've done exactly that. Because as I was sneaking away, Lionheart and Whitestorm flanked me. I could tell both were exchanging worried glances as well as staring at me worriedly, but I ignored them. Growling and muttering curses to Brokenstar, I let them lead me back to camp against my will.

The moment we had returned, everyone launched into protests about keeping Yellowfang in Thunderclan. When Bluestar yowled for silence from Highrock, we all gathered before her, me in my usual spot at the back. Instead of beside Bluestar, Lionheart sat behind me. Probably on Bluestar's orders making sure I didn't sneak away.

Frostfur was being over paranoid about Yellowfang, Darkstripe was suggesting to kill her. Of course, Bluestar asked what Yellowfang had done wrong.

"You were at the Gathering! Brokenstar said she—" Darkstripe began.

I snorted and started to laugh. It may have been louder and more maniacal than intended, because I got some worried looks. Lionheart looked like he was debating whether to send me off to the Dark Forest or leave me be.

"Something you'd like to say Rainsong?" Bluestar questioned me in a calm voice.

Clearing my throat, I sat up. "Yes, thank you Bluestar." I spoke loudly knowing my normal voice wouldn't carry far. "I'd just like to point out that Brokenstar is a cat filled with lies. Plus Yellowfang

wasn't even mentioned by name, we're all just assuming that Brokenstar was talking about her. When in reality, he could be talking of another cat. The kits are also safe, if Yellowfang were to harm the kits, she'd have done it as soon as possible rather than wait till later. You can also clearly see she was sleeping till we arrived."

"Thank you Rainsong." Bluestar meowed while nodding her head. "For as long as Yellowfang is in my Clan, she will not be harmed in any way."

No other cat spoke. Yellowfang did however say that she would leave right now if Bluestar wished it.

"There is no need," Bluestar replied. "You have done nothing wrong. You will be safe here." The ThunderClan leader lifted her gaze to the crowd of cats that surrounded Yellowfang and meowed, "It is time we discussed the real threat to our Clan: Brokenstar. We have already begun to prepare for an attack by ShadowClan," Bluestar began. "We'll carry on with those preparations, and patrol our borders more frequently. WindClan has gone. RiverClan has given hunting rights to ShadowClan warriors. ThunderClan stands alone against Brokenstar."

"Then we're not going to agree to Brokenstar's demands?" meowed Tigerclaw.

"Clans have never shared hunting rights before," Bluestar answered. "They have always managed to support themselves in their own territories. There is no reason why this should change." Tigerclaw nodded approvingly.

"But can we defend ourselves against a ShadowClan attack?" asked Smallear's tremulous voice. "WindClan didn't manage it! RiverClan won't even try!"

Bluestar met his old eyes with her steady gaze. "We must try. We will not give up our territory without a fight."

"If they try, they'll lose their precious leader." I hissed bitterly under my breath, I had said I would get him back. I didn't ever go back on

my word.

Lionheart looked a wee bit nervous, casting me with anxious and worried glances. Even Whitestorm was, I didn't meet either of their eyes.

"I shall travel to the Moonstone tomorrow," Bluestar announced. "The warriors of StarClan will give me the strength I need to lead ThunderClan through this dark time. You must all get some rest. We have a lot to do when daylight comes. I wish to talk with Lionheart now." Without another word, she turned and strode toward her den.

Lionheart didn't leave his spot till he had made sure that I was in the den. I peeked my head out as he passed and stuck out my tongue, going back in before he could retaliate.

When he came back and into the den, he told Tigerclaw and I that we would be accompanying Bluestar, Firepaw, Graypaw and Ravenpaw to the Moonstone. I told him a simple "fine" before turning away from the den entrance in my nest. Over the course of 2 moons, I had found myself on one of the outer rings of nests. Brindleface had taken my old spot. I had told her to and she had agreed against her will. She insisted I keep it so I could stay warm, but I told her I didn't want it and I would be warm nonetheless in my new spot.

I pretended to sleep for a while. When I was absolutely sure every cat was asleep, I got up from my nest silently, barely daring to breathe. I stepped over stray tails and paws, I nearly tripped on Longtail's tail. Silently apologising, I made it out. I let out a breath and silently made my way over to the tunnel, the cats that were probably sitting guard would either be asleep or awake. If they happened to be awake, I would simply tell them I was going to make my dirt.

Turns out Darkstripe and Mousefur were on night duty. Darkstripe was asleep and Mousefur was awake. This was predictable. I had a short chat with Mousefur and quickly excused myself. She bought it, I went in the direction of the dirtplace. I went in, wrinkling my nose. I lingered there for a moment before dashing straight out. I found a patch of ferns and a holly bush. I rolled around in some dirt

then rubbed myself against both plants in turn. Catching a bright colour in the side of my eye, I turned around. Seeing nothing, I set out towards the ShadowClan border.

I was so close to the Thunderpath that I could hear it, when a much larger cat's body hit me like a monster. The breath was knocked out of me as I thumped uselessly onto the forest floor. I thrashed trying to shake my attacker off, the mystery cat wouldn't budge. I tried to smell who it was, but they had disguised their first scent layer. As I was about to reach into the second layer of scent, a giant white paw smacked my muzzle.

"Ow!" I protested with a whine. It really hurt! My poor nose was probably bruised, it was useless for a bit. I tried to turn around to look at the mystery cat who was on my back. I couldn't, their grip was too strong. Defeated, I huffed and splayed out my legs and tail, just laying there with my limbs shooting straight out. My nose was still recovering from the hard blow and I couldn't look at the mystery cat.

"You mind telling me who you are? Because I can't smell you or see you. And it's actually quite creepy if you ask me." I was babbling, it usually annoyed most cats when I just didn't stop talking.

A low deep chuckle was coming from the mystery cat. Oh great, so it could either be a stranger, or most and possibly any of the tom warriors!

I gave an exasperated sigh. "So you probably know that I can tell who you are by your voice. Oh and you knew that- OH WAIIIIIT"

I whipped my tail upward hitting the mystery cat with a *whoo-TA!* The mystery tom was surprised and jumped upwards with a surprisingly high-pitched squeal, giving me time to get up and out.

"WHITESTORM?" I practically screamed when I saw the white tom. "What're you doing pouncing on me like that? It scared me ¾ of the way to Starclan! How long have you been following me? How did I not see you!? You've got a pelt as white as snow for Starclan's sake!"

The white warrior was sheepishly licking his right hind-quarter,

where a straight line disturbed his smooth fur. So I had hit his hind-quarter, huh, welp I couldn't see where my tail hit anyways.

"Since camp." He replied with a small grin.

I slapped my tail on his face, not as hard as on his hind-quarter.

"OW!" Whitestorm practically whined. "Could you not do that?"

"What were you doing following me!?" I questioned him impatiently. "No cat gave you the right to stalk me like a piece of prey."

"I think I have that right if my clan mate were to go off in the middle of the night and get rid of a clan leader." He replied simply.

I hissed angrily. "That foul mongrel deserves it. And any-..." I broke off, my eyes widening.

Whitestorm noticed my reaction and knew why I had reacted that way. I started slowly backing away, my tail between my hind legs. He did the opposite, slowly approaching me.

"Please don't go Rainsong..." He pleaded. "Please?"

"You have Brindleface now... You don't need me." My mew was shakier than I would have liked, but I ran off into the forest all the way back to camp. Mousefur was very confused as to why I dashed in such a longtime later. But I didn't linger, I just dashed straight into the tunnel.

Whitestorm's POV

I was awake. Knowing Rainsong since before she could remember, she would go hunt down the ShadowClan camp and kill Brokenstar. She would just come back before dawn like nothing even happened. So I had to make sure she didn't do what she planned. Around halfway after moonhigh and halfway before dawn, she got up and stealthily made her way out of the den. I followed once I knew she would be at the tunnel.

When I got outside the tunnel, I didn't acknowledge Mousefur but

instead followed Rainsong's scent. I caught up to her when she was in the dirtplace, clever cat. She lingered there for a moment while wrinkling her nose. I had to quickly duck away as she came out and hid in a bush while she masked her scent. However, I forgot to tuck in my tail and I did so in a rush, Rainsong nearly saw me. She was suspicious, but driven by her anger against Brokenstar, she didn't bother to smell for any cat.

I quickly rubbed myself harshly against a bramble bush and followed the tip of her tail. I had to move quickly, that clever cat could move like a mouse when she wanted to. I could only ever keep the tip of her tail in view. When she finally took a break, she was only 2 fox-lengths away from the thunderpath. This was my chance, I crouched down low, bunching up my hind-quarters to pounce. I saw her eyes flash momentarily as if she knew something was coming, knowing I wouldn't get another chance, I pounced. My forepaws hit her smack in the back, my weight forcing her to lay flat on the floor with a thump. Rainsong first attempted to thrash around and throw me off, then she went completely still, only her nose twitching a little. She was trying to scent me, my instincts kicked in and I ended up smacking her in the muzzle with a lot of force.

"OW!" Rainsong protested with a whine. Whoops, I must have hit her too hard. But that made her give up, she splayed her limbs straight out and lay flat on her stomach.

"You mind telling me who you are? Because I can't smell you or see you. And it's actually quite creepy if you ask me." She babbled, Rainsong must've thought I was a stranger and would get annoyed from her babbling. Frankly, I was used to her babbling. I honestly couldn't help but chuckle at her words.

With an exasperated sigh, she continued to babble. "So you probably know that I can tell who you are by your voice. Oh and you knew that- OH WAIIIIIT" I had wondered why she cut off all of a sudden when I heard a *whoo-TA!* Something whipped my right hind-quarter, and it hurt! I think I squealed, but I definitely jumped up in surprise, letting her slip right out from her spot beneath me.

"WHITESTORM?" She screamed. "What're you doing pouncing on

me like that? It scared me ¾ of the way to Starclan! How long have you been following me? How did I not see you!? You've got a pelt as white as snow for Starclan's sake!"

I licked the spot where her tail had smacked me. There was a straight line of disturbed fur exactly where the tail had hit. "Since camp." I replied to her question, giving her a small grin. At least she was talking to me.

At that, she slapped the grin off my face with her tail. "OW!" I whined. "Could you not do that?"

She proceeded to ask who had given me the right to stalk her like a piece of prey. I decided I'd give her an answer. "I think I have that right if my clan mate were to go off in the middle of the night and get rid of a clan leader." I said it simply, because it was the truth.

Rainsong hissed angrily. "That foul mongrel deserves it. And any-..." She broke off, her beautiful clear blue eyes widening.

Uh, oh. She just processed that she was talking to me. I didn't want her to leave, I missed being able to interact with each other like how we would when we were younger. Play fighting, despite her being so much smaller than me, talking as if there were absolutely no troubles in this world. I missed it too much. She was starting to back away her tail tucked between her back legs, she was even making a little whimpering nose. I didn't want her to leave...

"Please don't go Rainsong..." I was begging her, I really missed this, why did she have to go? "Please?"

"You've got Brindleface now... You don't need me." Her mew was shaky, then she flew off into the forest. Leaving me alone by the thunderpath. Truth was, I did have Brindleface, and she was a great cat. I loved Brindleface, but I don't think I could ever love another cat the way I love Rainsong.

~ Timeskip To the Morning ~

Rainsong's POV

I had barely slept. A few moments later after me, Whitestorm had

appeared at the den entrance, he was very clearly disappointed and padded sadly to his nest. As he passed mine, I avoided his gaze, turning my head away. I shook my head, coming back to the present.

It was a little past dawn and we were on our way to Fourtrees. The herbs had been bitter, like usual and Firepaw had been curious, like usual. I was trying to convince myself that last night had absolutely not happened. And it didn't work.

When we were close to the Fourtrees, my poor - *ahem* recovered nose - was hit with the stench of ShadowClan. I had stopped dead in my tracks and nearly passed out from that stench.

"Rainsong, are you alright?" Bluestar came up to me, her voice anxious. "What is it?"

"ShadowClan's crawling about the moors" I gasped my words, I was trying not to breathe in through my nose.

We travelled through the moors and finally reached Highstones. When we were crossing the Thunderpath, Tigerclaw had suspiciously told Ravenpaw to go first. It was like the giant tabby wanted his apprentice to be run over, it was the black apprentice's first time! Luckily Bluestar said she would go first. Poor Firepaw was nearly run over when the monster veered off slightly.

I waited with Bluestar as the others went to hunt. We shared tongues and light gossip. I also apologised to her about my behaviour at the gathering. She brushed it off telling me it was alright. She had opened her mouth again when the others had returned.

I ate a mouse that Ravenpaw had caught, I thanked him and told him it was a great catch. Afterall, he was my brother, I should spend more time with him and Dustpaw. I used to spend so much time with Longtail, I should be doing the same for these two.

When we finally went in, Bluestar instructed Graypaw and Ravenpaw to guard from the entrance, while Firepaw, Tigerclaw and myself would accompany her to the Moonstone. The tunnel was

dark, but I didn't really mind. I could quite literally smell Starclan from where we were in the tunnel. Tigerclaw on the other hand was giving off a fear-scent. I snickered at the thought but I stifled my laughter. I looked at Firepaw to see how he was doing, evidently he also smelled the Tigerclaw's fear scent. I gave the apprentice a gentle nudge and pointed an ear at Tigerclaw. We both silently shook with laughter.

As we walked along the tunnel, I swore I saw Skykit. My deceased littermate was a blue-ish gray tom with a pale ginger splotch on his chest like our mother, he also had a white splotch around his left eye like me. When we were halfway to the stone, I felt fur brushing up against my leg and I squealed and nearly fell on my muzzle.

"Are you alright Rainsong?" Bluestar asked.

"Yes, I just stepped on a spot I didn't expect to be so bumpy." I mewed back. In reality, it was probably Skykit. Maybe I would get to play with him tonight in my dreams.

As we entered the cavern of the Moonstone, Tigerclaw's fear scent was growing by the moment. When the moon light hit the stone, everything flashed brightly. The Moonstone was glowing, the light was so pure and silver, it even gave a silvery sheen to Firepaw's ginger coat. Then Tigerclaw's fear scent overpowered every other scent. My nose wrinkled and I gagged. Before I could recover, the warrior practically flew past me. I nearly fell over, luckily, he took his fear-scent with him.

"Firepaw?" Bluestar's voice was quiet and calm.

"I'm still here," he answered nervously.

"Bluestar?" Firepaw mewed again when she didn't answer. His heart was beating fast.

"It is all right, young warrior; don't be afraid," Bluestar murmured. Her calm voice settled him a little. "I think Tigerclaw was surprised by the power of the Moonstone. In the world above, Tigerclaw is a fearless and mighty warrior, but down here, where the spirits of StarClan speak, a cat needs a different kind of strength. What do

you feel, Firepaw?"

Firepaw sniffed the air deeply, and forced his body to relax. "Only my own curiosity," he admitted.

"That is good," Bluestar replied.

I didn't pay much attention to their conversation, my eyes were stuck on the stone. Slowly, cats glittering like stars were coming out of the Moonstone and sitting on and around it. I took a couple paw steps forward, my eyes wide as it took in the huge stone. I saw Skykit, as well as Pinestar, Sunstar, Featherwhisker and so many more cats. I even saw a cat with a pelt as white as snow. I instantly knew who she was, I forced my eyes away not wanting to meet her gaze.

"Rainsong?" An anxious mew broke through my thoughts. "Are you alright?"

I turned around. "I've never been better." I answered Firepaw's question. "It's just so magnificent."

I backed up, letting Bluestar step up and fall asleep. I curled up by Firepaw, keeping my head up. A sleepy feeling was creeping onto me, my eyelids drooping.

"Firepaw, don't tell any cat, but I believe some cat is being impatient for me to go to sleep and talk with Starclan." I murmured into his ear as he settled right next to me. "I'm going to fall asleep, wake me up if you need anything. I'll wake up as soon as I can."

Not being able to resist the feeling anymore, my head fell onto my paws before Firepaw could answer. When my eyes opened, I was in Starclan's hunting grounds.

"I thought you would neeeeever come!" Skykit squeaked only a moment later.

"Skykit! You know I can't come if I'm supposed to be guarding Bluestar!" I scolded him, but my face turned soft when he rubbed against my leg while purring.

"I couldn't resist! You were right by the Moonstone!" He squealed.

"I can only play for a little bit, ok?" I purred.

He nodded and the chase was on. I chased him through an entire forest, as we both flew out of the treeline, I saw a group of Starclan cats. In the middle, was Bluestar. I scrambled to a halt. I couldn't let her see me!

"Skykit!" I hissed from the treeline. "Let's not go there, I'll give you a badger ride through the forest instead!"

Skykit came squealing back and took me up on that badger ride offer. I rumbled through the forest, Skykit hanging onto my back as I 'tried to throw him off'. But then I felt a hard jab in my side. I gasped and opened my eyes. The bright light of the Moonstone blinded me.

I looked beside me to see that it was Firepaw who had woken me up.

"Sorry Rainsong, I was making sure you were ok. You seemed to be thrashing around in your sleep." The apprentice meowed apologetically.

Mentally reminding myself to not give Skykit anymore badger rides, I thanked him and told him it was fine.

"What did you mean by some cat in Starclan was being impatient?" Firepaw prompted curiously.

"Well..." I hesitated, I hadn't told anyone this. Especially not Robinwing. "When I was born, I had an older littermate. Sadly he died nearly right after he was born. But I've been able to meet him in Starclan. He seemed to especially want to play today. I was feeling sleepy looking at the Moonstone and I think he was purposely doing that." I confessed.

Firepaw seemed amazed. "Does he have a name? Because I think it'd be weird if you just signalled him every time when you wanted to call for him."

"Yes he does have a name, Robinwing named him Skykit before the elders buried him." I was honestly unsure as to why I was telling him all this when I had never told any other cat before.

"Robinwing's your mother?" He asked, evidently confused.

I nodded. "Skykit and I were her third litter." I mewed softly. "Longtail was part of her fourth."

"YOU're kin with LONGTAIL?" Firepaw practically yelped.

I slapped my tail on his muzzle, indicating we should be more quiet and nodded.

"We only share mothers, Patchpelt was Longtail's father." I purred with an amused tone. "Ravenpaw and Dustpaw are also my younger kin."

I watched with an amused smile as Firepaw's lower jaw dropped open.

"Ravenpaw, a jumpy and nervous apprentice, and Dustpaw a rude and arrogant apprentice, are YOUR younger brothers?" He said in a wheezy voice, it was like he was trying desperately hard not to laugh at the same time.

I smiled and nodded. It was frankly hard to believe, Skykit and I both looked nothing like our fellow kin.

"Firepaw? Rainsong? Are you both still there?" Bluestar's agitated voice asked.

"Yes Bluestar, we're both here." I mewed as her pawsteps approached.

"Hurry," she hissed. "We must return to camp."

I got up, her tone was worrying me. Was something to happen? As I followed Bluestar, I felt fur brush past my paw. When I looked down I saw Skykit. He beamed up at me as he led me through the dark with his star splattered coat. I touched my nose to his head once I saw the light from the real world, and murmured a quick

farewell and followed Bluestar and Firepaw out.

Outside, Bluestar informed us that we had to go back right away. I looked longingly at the tunnel entrance. I wanted to play with Skykit more... I missed being able to be a kit and just play like there wasn't a worry in the world. I wished I was a kit again but this time with Skykit by my side. But seeing the desperation and anxiety in Bluestar's eyes, I knew we had to go back.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Hey guys! I know that the chapter was EXTREMELY long. It took forever to write this... No that's a lie, I wrote it all in one day. Haha... But anyways! I hope you guys enjoyed it! I wanted to incorporate deeper on how Rainsong was doing after her sort of making the 'right' decision. So she and Whitestorm both evidently miss when things were just so simple. I thought it would be nice to show Rainsong's motherly side too. Because even though she's barren, she's still got that motherly instinct! I really enjoyed making this chapter honestly! It kinda was really hard during that Rainsong and Whitestorm interaction because it broke my heart. OnO I think I might have been fighting tears... Also I'm curious to know. IF I were to reincarnate Rainsong after her death as a non-barren cat, should I reincarnate Whitestorm as well? If so or if not, should I reincarnate Skykit as Rainsong's kit? Or as her brother? Let me know!!! This is just out of pure curiosity. Anyways, I really hope you guys loved that extremely long chapter, because I know I enjoyed writing it! I haven't done this yet, but to those who are reading this, thank you soooooooo much for reading! It honestly means the world to me. Last question! What would you guys think if I made a fanfic based on the M.A.P by crowla on YouTube called Time Machine? If you guys don't know what that is, I HIGHLY recommend that you go check it out! I honestly really want to write one after I've finished halfway with this one. But that's all, thank you guys!

P.S. This is like the longest end of chapter A/N I've ever written.

~ LittleOwl

~ Traitor ~

As a thank you, I thought I'd post a new chapter early! ^^ I hope you guys enjoy it.

Rainsong's POV

We were retracing our steps to get back home, we were moving at a quick but steady pace. I kept in between the apprentices and Bluestar and Tigerclaw. I wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone. Playing with Skykit really got me thinking about how I could've been playing with kits, my own kits. Or how I could've been playing with him when we were kits if he hadn't died. I wasn't in a good mood, honestly I hadn't been in a good mood in a while.

When we reached a fence, I couldn't help but just give a heavy sigh. There was no way I would ever be able to jump that. Grumbling and muttering, I watched as Tigerclaw looked at me with a mischievous and mocking grin, then jumped over the fence. Bluestar on the other paw gave me a sympathetic look before jumping over the fence. I had 2 choices, I could climb the fence and possibly fall on my hind-quarters. Or I could go ahead and squeeze underneath the fence with the apprentices.

I looked the fence up and down, the surface of the wood was shiny, meaning it would be too slippery. Growling, I squeezed under the fence after the apprentices. Being slightly larger, I had a bit of trouble. My back half got stuck. I had to turn over onto my back and push the fence with my forepaws to get free. My back paws came out with such force I ended up rolling backwards and landing with a soft 'oomph' at Tigerclaw's paws. I looked up to see a smug Tigerclaw looking down on me.

"Don't you already look down on me enough?" I hissed crossly.

No one dared to laugh at my escape from the fence. Not even Tigerclaw. Every cat knew I had beat him in a fight while training when I was an apprentice. Well maybe every cat but Firepaw now

that I think of it. But I got up and gave myself a quick clean as a loner approached us.

Barley gave us a quick warning, briefly having a kind conversation with Bluestar. I grumpily saluted him, but otherwise gave no acknowledgement. As we followed the advised route, we ran into trouble. Rats. Anger still bottled and boiled up in my system, I went through each one that came at me with pleasure.

I bit each sack of flesh and broke their necks. If one was already in my mouth and another was coming at me, I squashed it with my paws. I even got to whip a few with my tail! The heat of the battle was making me feel good, letting out all this anger and emotion bottled in me. Before I knew it, I had flown through them. Sensing something was near I turned around in a flash while snarling at the oncoming threat.

"Rainsong..." Tigerclaw said with an uneasy mew backing up slowly. "Snap out of it."

I shook my head clear. "Sorry..." I mumbled, I had nearly attacked my clanmate.

"It's alright, I understand." He meowed simply as if it weren't a big deal. "Afterall you're going through some trouble."

Somehow I knew he was talking about my fallout with Whitestorm. Every cat was talking about it.

"You don't get to talk about it like you care." I hissed, shoving my face in front of his. That was a bit of a challenge honestly, I had to rise up slightly on my hind legs. But nonetheless, I got my face slightly lower than his, but close enough to make him lean back.

I think the apprentices - especially Ravenpaw - were slightly frightened by me now. When we entered the ditch, Bluestar was lying motionless on the ground. Tigerclaw immediately pinned Barley down. I gestured with my tail for the apprentices to sit nearby, Tigerclaw joined them after his short interrogation with Barley. They were all exchanging words of worry, but I didn't pay attention.

I crept closer to Bluestar and began to lick her wounds from the rats.

"Tigerclaw, don't be a useless furball and sit there, go get some cobwebs." I snapped as the giant tom just sat there watching. "Ravenpaw please get some marigold, burdock root if you can." I mewed in a much softer tone.

~ Mini Timeskip Because It's 11 PM and I Need Sleep ~

As soon as Ravenpaw heard the noises from our territory, I realised I hadn't been paying attention to anything. We ran to camp to see quite the scene. Even the ELDERS were fighting! Brindleface, who had also been carrying kits for quite a bit, was also fighting! I ran over immediately to Brindleface, she needed to live through this battle. Not only was it her life, but others too if she died. I gave the ShadowClan cats the Dark Forest. I fought them all like there wasn't a tomorrow if we lost. I made sure that every single cat that got in my paw's reach went back crying to their mothers.

When the battle had finished, I was panting. I felt like I had ran all the territories without stopping for a single drink of water. I felt like I would pass out, I slumped down onto my stomach too weak to get up. When I looked to where a group of cats had gathered, Graypaw's shrill cry wail rose up in the air. I winced as I pinned my ears back. When it finally registered, I realised something had happened to Lionheart.

I desperately tried to get there as fast as I could. But something was wrong, I couldn't feel my legs. They were moving fine but I couldn't feel them and it felt wrong to stand up. Splatting myself back down, I attempted to drag myself forward with my forepaws. The movement was absolutely exhausting but I managed to get to the crowd of cats. Many of the cats gave me a worried look at my condition but moved so I could reach the centre of the crowd. When I saw Graypaw practically weeping and Firepaw comforting him, I looked down. There I saw Lionheart, his flank absolutely still. Next thing I knew everything went black.

When I finally came too, I woke up with a throbbing pulse in my head and blurry bright blotches of colour. Squinting my eyes, I

realised it was nearly moonhigh and cats were sitting in a circle with their muzzles poked into a thick furry gold pelt. I had to join the cats. Bluestar and Frostfur would need me, they would both be grieving. I dragged myself out of the nest, and like earlier proceeded to paddle forward using my front paws only. Right at that moment, Spottedleaf decided to come in.

"Rainsong! Get back in the nest!" Spottedleaf shrieked.

At my refusal, she had to tussle with me to get me back into the nest. I was still trying to get out, Spottedleaf ended up just sitting at the entrance her eyes narrowed and glued to my pelt. Ignoring the pain and throbbing headache, I got up on my paws. The medicine den started to spin before my eyes, I quickly shut my eyes and re-opened them to find the walls of the den were in their spots. I told Spottedleaf I was honestly fine and that I wanted to sit vigil.

Spottedleaf opened her mouth to scold me, but I pushed past her briskly. I believe I nearly knocked her off her paws, but I ignored it all and made it out. That was when my paws decided to give up on me. They slid outwards uselessly from underneath me. I grunted hoping some cat would acknowledge me. Spottedleaf must have been watching, because she immediately padded over. Getting Brindleface to help, they both nosed me up and supported me as they helped me over to sit vigil. Once they had stopped supporting me, I landed with a thump right by Lionheart's rosemary and lavender covered body. I gave all the disturbed cats apologetic glances.

As I stared at Lionheart's body, I thought that he would just get up and yell 'Guys I was joking! I'm alive!'. But then he didn't get up... He was just laying there so still... That was when I lost it, tears were flooding out from my eyes as I poked my muzzle to his flank. I hadn't thought about it, but I guess Lionheart and I had been sort of 'best friends' in a sense. It was always a half friend and half enemy relationship. I had always just found him annoying and proud, but as his mate's sister, I think he sort of found me like a little sister to him. I knew that I had found him like an older brother to me. Not like Redtail, he had been more of a mentor, Lionheart was definitely more like a brother to me.

When Bluestar padded up to Highrock to announce our new deputy, I turned around but stayed flat on the floor. Spottedleaf and Frostfur did come up to me asking if I needed help, I had shooed them away and attempted to move. That part didn't work out so well, so in embarrassment, I just lay where I was but facing the Highrock.

"It is nearly moonhigh," meowed Bluesar in a tired and sad voice. "And it is once more my duty—much, much too soon—to name ThunderClan's new deputy."

I looked around, EVERY cat's eyes were on Tigerclaw, even WHITESTORM. I mean, it was like every cat was expecting that it would be Tigerclaw who would become our new deputy. I mean please, tons of cats had a good chance to become deputy, I could even list a few. Whitestorm was definitely in the running, but Bluestar wouldn't want kin to be her deputy because of possible rumours in the other clans. Therefore, Tigerclaw was probably in the lead decision. However this was a bad idea, he had killed her first deputy. Sure Tigerclaw didn't kill Lionheart, but even he wouldn't do that. Tigerclaw, Lionheart and Whitestorm all thought of each other like littermates. When I saw the expression on Tigerclaw's face, I burst out laughing. My eyes widened at what I had done and slapped my tail right onto my mouth. I swear every cat was looking at me as if I had gone up to Bluestar and told her she was the worst leader ever. Luckily, Spottedleaf saved me.

"Rainsong's bonked her head quite hard, she may be having some distorted emotions at the moment." She mewed, looking at me pointedly as if she was telling me to play along.

"Sorry..." I meowed sheepishly, that was embarrassing. Tigerclaw's expression had just been so bold and superior it was funny.

Bluestar took a deep breath and continued. "I say these words before the body of Lionheart, so that his spirit may hear and approve my choice." She hesitated. "I have not forgotten how one cat avenged the death of Redtail and brought his body back to us. ThunderClan needs this fearless loyalty even more now." Bluestar paused again and then meowed the name loud and clear. "Tigerclaw will be the new deputy of ThunderClan."

I mentally snorted and listed about 10 reasons why Tigerclaw shouldn't be the new deputy. But this was Bluestar's choice, I shouldn't be questioning her. Plus who was I to undermine her like that? I knew exactly what I had to do now that Tigerclaw was deputy. As he was giving his speech of acceptance, and cats started to part in groups, I dragged myself forward silently with my forepaws.

I reached the trio of apprentices just as I heard Ravenpaw talk.

"He's wanted to be deputy ever since he took care of Redtail—" Ravenpaw mewed. He stopped abruptly.

Firepaw echoed Ravenpaw's words in confusion as I appeared right behind him.

"Why thank you for telling us so late Ravenpaw." I purred flatly. "That bit of information could have been useful but now I find it a bit late, don't you think?"

The apprentices were staring at me wide-eyed.

"Oh don't worry, I knew long before Ravenpaw decided to tell on Tigerclaw." I mewed with slight amusement touching my tone.

"What are you going to do about it?" Firepaw questioned me.

"Oh go and suggest a fresh start and hopefully become friends with Tigerclaw." I replied briskly.

"You're going to WHAT?" The trio shouted with appalled expressions.

"Why would you do that?! You aren't trying to undermine Bluestar are you? She was your mentor!" Ravenpaw cried with shock.

"No of course not Ravenpaw, now calm down before you ruin my plans." I hissed, slapping my tail around the black apprentice's mouth till he calmed down. "A wise cat always keeps their friends close, but their enemies closer." I murmured as I began to drag myself away towards the new deputy.

"So deputy huh?" I purred as I reached Tigerclaw. "Your expression seemed like you were determined that Bluestar was announcing her retirement and that you would be our new leader." I joked. It was a bad joke. I had always been bad with jokes.

"Did you hit your head hard enough that you became a completely new cat Rainsong?" Tigerclaw asked, to others it would seem teasing, but he was definitely curious.

"See I'm sorry for what happened when we were fighting the rats." I answered hoping the lie was smooth and undetectable. "I think we should have a fresh start, we never got along because I beat you that **one** time. Maybe we should overlook that and have a fresh start, I could definitely use some friends at the moment."

"If you are only saying this because I am now the deputy and you don't want to go on patrols then I absolutely refuse." He replied briskly as if he had more important things to deal with.

I snorted. "Even if I wanted to go on patrols, Spottedleaf wouldn't let me. Nor would she let you put me in any. And no I am nowhere near interested in being friends with you because you're the deputy. I've just had a lot of time to reflect on my life, and a lot of my friends aren't here with us anymore." I mewed softly, it was mostly true. But I was actually interested in being 'friends' with him because he was deputy. That sly cat would probably try to get rid of Bluestar soon! I wasn't gonna let it happen on my watch.

It was amusing watching him ponder, it seemed like his face was representing multiple cats expressing their opinions. He had one expression, then another. When his expression turned nearly delighted, he looked me in the eyes.

"Alright then Rainsong. We'll give each other a chance." He said in an oddly soft meow.

"Great. I'll go sit vigil now." I purred. When I turned away, I silently gagged. That cat was smug, evil and just disgusting.

~ Wee Little Timeskip Because It's Once Again 10 PM ~

When Bluestar announced that she was offering Yellowfang to join the Clan and that the queens were on board, every warrior and apprentice was shocked. Surprisingly, no cat argued, and Yellowfang accepted. I could practically feel Firepaw's happiness from fox-lengths away. When the meeting had finished, I slowly padded over to Bluestar's den. I was still healing from my exhaustion and my head was still pulsing.

According to Spottedleaf, I was very weak because I wasn't sleeping well and I had journeyed to the Moonstone, journeyed back, fought rats and fought ShadowClan. She also said that I had passed out from shock and stress at Lionheart's death. Apparently, when everything had gone black, I had just fallen over and hit my head hard on the floor. It had been Brindleface and Frostfur that had dragged me over to the medicine den.

When I reached Bluestar's den, Longtail and Darkstripe were positioned in front. Right. Tigerclaw decided Bluestar needed protection. Pfffffft, he was just making sure Ravenpaw couldn't reach Bluestar and tell her of his doings. As I tried to enter like usual, just barging in without asking to come in, Darkstripe and Longtail BOTH had the audacity to stop me with their tails.

"You both really think I would hurt Bluestar?" I spat at their faces. "I can barely walk for Starclan's sake!"

Longtail lowered his tail, his ears pinning backwards in shame. "Sorry Rainsong. I know she was your mentor and that you wouldn't dare hurt a kit from our Clan."

I licked him on the ear with a forgiving but annoyed expression on my face. Well at least he had respect. I had practically raised him in a sense, he was my first younger sibling. I had been excited and of course I couldn't have waited, if Robinwing hadn't physically kitted Longtail, every cat would think I was his mother! On the other paw, Darkstripe still wasn't letting me pass.

"She fought those ShadowClan warriors pretty harshly..." Darkstripe sneered while looking me up and down.

"Well you're going to let me in, or I'll be imaginative and imagine

that you're a ShadowClan warrior!" I purred goadingly.

That got him to let me in. I whapped his head with my tail as I passed him and entered Bluestar's den. I didn't say anything, neither did she. We both just needed each other's presence and comfort. We shared tongues and a few words of encouragement that we could do anything. It didn't help much.

~ End Of Chapter A/N (IMPORTANT) ~

Hey guys! I know that was a really long chapter- I'M SORRY THAT YOU GUYS HAD TO SIT THROUGH READING ALL THAT CRINGE! I really am sorry! ToT So yea, I hope you guys still enjoyed the chapter nonetheless... OnO please don't hate me, because I'm gonna be skipping tons of cannon chapters now. It's really because I don't have much motivation at the moment, plus the juicy stuff is in the WAYYYY later books. I'm sorry! Also please now expect chapters as long as the two previous ones. O-O heh. So yeah, she's gonna become friends with Tigerclaw! Woohoo... I will not lie, I made this part up on the spot. I was just trying to think of some random wise sayings and at the moment I was thinking about mysteries. (Because Enola Holmes 2 is coming soon, you can't blame me ok?) And I thought of this series called The Agency, and it's really good. Definitely recommend it but for mature ages because it can get really weird. So uhm yea the saying "one should keep their friends close but their enemies closer" was in the third Agency book. And I was like, oh wait, the cannon books just kill off a bunch of the cats in Rainsong's generation somehow! I just thought that Rainsong would definitely be the kind to spy on Tigerclaw and what not. Plus she needs friends. :< But forget my rambling, I hope you guys found some way to enjoy the chapter! I also think I should mention that these A/Ns are being written pre-post, which is also before I even have an account. Lol. So if you guys have any problems or something that you guys mention in the comments and I don't include it in the next A/N, it's because I forgot to add it to the existing A/Ns. Now I'll stop typing and get on with writing the next chapter. Expect me to skip a lot of cannon chapters now because I REALLY want to get on to the next books/series! I really hope you guys enjoy what I brewed up for you guys! Trust me, you'll want to stick around. >:3 Anyways, thanks for reading this extremely long

A/N!

~ LittleOwl

~ Sweet, Sweet Revenge ~

Rainsong's POV

I had finally gotten better! Well I was able to walk perfectly fine again about 2 moonrises after vigil for Lionheart. But my head had finally stopped aching yesterday and I was finally fit for patrols again. I had been assigned for the Sunhigh hunting patrol therefore I had some time. So I decided to push away my jealousy and heartbreak and visit Brindleface.

I took in a big breath and let it out in a sigh. When I had gotten to the nursery entrance, Firepaw was squeezing out. I was about to just walk in when a voice interrupted me.

"Rainsong?" Whitestorm mewed VERY confused.

I puffed out a scoff like sigh. I wasn't going to be able to ignore or avoid him at the moment.

"She IS my kin. Plus how'd you know if I was gonna visit Brindleface? Frostfur's still nursing kits too!" I snapped angrily attempting to push away the tears that were threatening to form.

I pointed my nose in the air with dignity and walked into the nursery. Frostfur was currently not in the nursery. Oh that explained it. Taking a deep breath I padded over to Brindleface. Oh thank Starclan they looked nothing like their father. 2 of them looked nearly exactly like Brindleface while the third was a dark gray. Brindleface looked at me with a confused expression.

"Cats would question if I didn't visit my closest kin..." I squeaked in a small voice, it was a poor explanation and excuse for visiting. I ended up bursting into tears. Right in front of Brindleface while she was nursing kits. I am officially a mouse-heart. Putting stress on a queen, I shouldn't be here. Luckily, when I cry, I cry quietly. I don't make a noise.

But Brindleface knew better. She reassured me with soothing words as she rubbed her tail up and down my spine. It was only a short moment, but it felt like I had cried forever. I eventually pulled myself together and told Brindleface HER kits were beautiful. I didn't say anything else. Unable to hold in the pain I just strode out in half panic. When I got out, white fur exploded in my eyesight. I gave a little shriek and blinked. It was only Frostfur. She gave me an apologetic look and went back into the Nursery.

I was walking towards Bluestar's den where Longtail sat - so I could talk to Longtail - when I heard a shriek of absolute fury and dismay. I swung right around to find a shrieking Frostfur and a startled Whitestorm at the entrance of the nursery.

"My kits! Someone has taken my kits!" Frostfur shrieked, her tail bristling and eyes furious yet anxious and clearly worried.

Tigerclaw bounded over to her. He then called to the Clan, "Quick, search the camp! Whitestorm, stay where you are. Warriors, patrol the camp boundary. Apprentices, search every den!"

I went straight over to Frostfur ignoring Tigerclaw's order.

"You've got to calm down or you're going to do something you'll regret." I whispered to her in a rushed tone. "Keep your head and we'll figure it out."

Despite my warnings, Frostfur bounded behind the nursery to search. Nearly every cat followed her. I looked around before following, I saw Yellowfang leaving. Then my nose was hit with 2 other scents. I pushed my way through the cats to the front of the crowd, Firepaw was already there staring in disbelief. One of the scents, Spottedleaf. But it was the scent of the dead, cold, lifeless, rotting, gone. I then smelled another scent, the one of a well known ShadowClan warrior. Clawface. I was about to mention this when the other cats started wailing about that Yellowfang was gone and that she must be the traitor.

I shut my muzzle as Bluestar gave her orders. This wasn't for me to solve. This was a part of a hero's journey, not mine. I turned to see Firepaw's eyes on me, his expression was filled with grief. But also

hope that there would be proof that Yellowfang hadn't stolen the kits nor killed Spottedleaf. Oh how I yearned to comfort the ginger apprentice. This was a lot of pain to him. He loved Spottedleaf, I could see it in his eyes everytime he looked at her. But this would make him stronger. Stronger so that he COULD in the future be able to protect his loved ones. I wasn't to interfere with fate.

~ Timeskip Because I Once Again Have Absolutely No Motivation ~

Bluestar refused to put me on the patrol that would go out to get the kits back. I mean she had a good reason. I was still out for revenge on Brokenstar, and now I had a feeling of hatred for him, he stole my sister's kits! I would make sure to get back at him. But Bluestar wasn't letting me! Clawface too, I would let Firepaw have his chance at him, but I wanted to share my own piece of rage.

When the patrol had left and Bluestar attempted to organise every cat, I looked around. Good, no one was paying attention to me. I stuck myself under a bush by the side of the camp. There were shrubs all along the wall to the entrance, so I travelled from bush to bush until I made it to the tunnel. Once I made it, I dashed out of the last bush and bounded out the tunnel. I smiled to myself, it was raining. I had the advantage.

Quickly finding the patrol's scent, I tracked them. I caught up to them but stayed behind. The leader of the patrol would surely send me back if I showed up now. I was creeping up behind them at a slow but sure pace, when ginger fur flashed from the side of the forest and slid to a halt at the back of the patrol. I nearly squealed in surprise, but slapped my tail to my mouth in time. It was Firepaw. I swivelled my ears in their direction and listened.

Firepaw was gasping for breath. "Bluestar sent me!" he panted. "She wanted me to find Yellowfang before—"

Whitestorm interrupted him. "Ah!" he meowed. "Bluestar told me I might find a friend out here. Now I understand what she meant." He looked thoughtfully at Firepaw.

"Is Tigerclaw nearby?" Firepaw asked.

Whitestorm looked at him curiously. "Bluestar insisted she needed him to remain at camp, to protect the remaining kits."

Firepaw nodded quickly, evidently relieved. He meowed urgently, "Whitestorm, I need your help. I can lead you to the kits. Graypaw is waiting for me. We plan to rescue them tonight. Will you come?"

When they agreed, and shock that it hadn't been Yellowfang who stole the kits had been shared, they all started moving again. I followed at a slightly quicker but silent pace.

They finally reached an ash tree where Graypaw was waiting fretfully. They started talking when multiple scents hit me. The sudden amount of scents hit me so harshly I nearly fell over. Then Yellowfang and multiple elders and senior warriors came out from behind the ash tree.

When the plan was set, and they were about to start moving, I dashed out from my spot underneath a bush.

"I'm coming and none of you are going to stop me!" I cried as I slid to a halt in front of the large group of cats.

"Rainsong!? Didn't Bluestar tell you to stay at camp?" Willowpelt meowed with confusion.

"Well yes... But I still haven't gotten back at Brokenstar yet, alright? And I'm doing this for Frostfur too." I mewed sheepishly. Yellowfang looked at me with a questioning look but I ignored it.

"Also I refuse to be sent back because we all know it's either you bring me along or I'll stare each of you to death back at camp." I meowed with an innocent sweetness in my mew.

Mousefur and Runningwind shared nervous, anxious glances. Willowpelt looked down at her paws and the other cat I was refusing to look at let out a heavy sigh. Firepaw was looking from Graypaw then to the other cat with a worried and confused look. Graypaw on the other paw, had his jaw open and just stared at me as if he didn't know whether I was serious or not. I just continued staring at each of them with a false smile on my face. Each of the

ShadowClan cats looked at the cat whom I was ignoring for his decision.

"Fine. Come along." He puffed with a sigh. "But you're to explain to Bluestar when we return."

Grinning with a slight maniacal glee, I started bounding towards where the ShadowClan stench was stronger assuming that was where the camp would be. They all followed in turn, the ShadowClan cats wondering how I knew where their camp was. When we arrived, the cats started to split up just as the plan needed them to. I decided it would be more amusing if I went with the ShadowClan cats, so I put a grumpy and hostile mask on my face and tread with my tail dragging on the ground.

"You've got me as a hostage and you want your rights back at camp for it." I announced quietly enough so only they would hear.

Their expressions now less confused, they gave the barest minimum of a nod. There was a VERY short exchange between Brokenstar and our little patrol of older ShadowClan cats. Basically, Yellowfang demanded rights back and whatever right away, Brokenstar being a mouse-brained cat just immediately said no. We attacked. I searched for Clawface first, but I couldn't find him. I was about to go for Brokenstar when SOME MOUSE-BRAINED SHADOW-CLAN IDIOT JUMPED ON MY POOR TINY SELF. I squealed like those big birds at the barn (a chicken). The cat had knocked me down to my stomach, and he reared up on his hind legs to wind me again. What a mistake, using my hind legs, I pushed on his stomach to push myself out of harm's way and to push him back.

I snickered and blew raspberries at the winded ShadowClan warrior then I found Clawface and Firepaw locked in battle. Grinning with glee, I pounced onto Clawface.

"Why hello!" I hissed in his face, knocking his paw away as he tried to hit me off. "I don't think you know me. But you know those kits you took from ThunderClan? Yeah well, their mother? She's my sister."

I was VERY small compared to Clawface. But I easily used my size

to my advantage. The mouse-brained fool kept thinking his bigger size and brute strength was better. Luckily, if I got stuck Firepaw was right there to help me. Together we kept smacking the dark brown tom and eventually we were both on top of him. Firepaw kept Clawface down on his back while I had fun jumping and pounding my paws on his stomach. I suddenly shrieked in surprise, I was about to give him the death blow when I was knocked off Clawface's stomach as well as Firepaw. I fell to the floor with a little 'oomph' and Firepaw too.

To our surprise, it was the tom-cat I refused to acknowledge.

"ThunderClan warriors do not kill unless they have to." He growled at Firepaw, and gave me a look of disappointment. The kind of look one would give to an apprentice that failed their assessment.

I gave a dignified 'humph' and bounded off to find Brokenstar. I found him alright. I took my time to get to him. I stepped right in front of him and sat my haunches down and put on a smile.

"Hello Brokenstar! How's the prey running?" I mewed with innocence. When he stayed silent I continued. "You DO remember me don't you? You know the cat who yowled at you during the Gathering?"

"Of course I remember you, you mouse-sized warrior." He hissed, with absolutely no dignity.

"Oh well then great." I meowed pleasantly. I then proceeded to smack him right across the muzzle.

He looked shocked. "How dare you! This is not how you treat a Clan leader!" He spat. "Didn't your mentor teach you anything!?"

That was where I crossed the line. I got up and got closer to him, forcing him to back away while keeping his eyes on me.

"Both Sunstar and Bluestar were fantastic mentors!" I hissed. "And of ALL cats, YOU are the least worthy to be ANY Clan's leader. Frankly, I pity ShadowClan for having you as their leader. I also pity the queen who kitted you for watching you grow this way but

never being able to stop you!"

That melted the arrogant expression right off his face. Yet it was unfortunately replaced with one of anger and absolute fury. He honestly fought like Clawface. Trusting his brute strength and size, no brains. It was easy, I weaved around and over the giant 'Clan leader' and bit him and slapped him. I was about to hit him again, when Yellowfang peeled me off of his back. I squealed like a kit and let myself be dragged off.

I knew Yellowfang could fight this battle. And my hunger for revenge had been satisfied, so I let her have it and went to aid the others.

When I heard Graypaw's yowl signifying he found the kits, I raced over. There they were, Brackenkit, Brightkit, Thornkit and Cinderkit.

"Oh thank Starclan you're all alive!" I meowed with relief.

They all immediately stumbled over to me, I was the only one they knew well. I gave each of them a quick cleaning with my tongue after Yellowfang looked them over.

"You'll be with your mother soon." I mewed to them reassuringly. I tucked them close to my paws, I vowed to protect them with my life till they were reunited with Frostfur.

I let both Thornkit and Cinderkit cling onto my back as we made the journey home. Willowpelt had Brackenkit and Mousefur had Brightkit.

The moment we had re-entered, Frostfur was already at the end of the tunnel waiting anxiously.

"My kits!" She purred loudly with relief.

Immediately, all four raced to her mewling and complaining. Frostfur led all four of them back to the nursery with no other words.

Bluestar came up to us. She gave me a wary look and sighed. There

was a short exchange between all of us. When she asked me why I had run off when I was told to stay here, I told her.

"Well you can't expect me to go back on my words, I always keep my word!" I replied with a levelled voice. "You couldn't have me be a lying warrior now, could you?"

Bluestar muttered something under her breath but nodded warily.

Whitestorm's POV

(When they just found the kits, hehe)

The kits had come squealing out with terror to Rainsong. Afterall, they knew her best. She purred to them reassuringly and washed each and every one of them. When she tucked them close to her paws with her tail, everything flashed for a moment.

In that moment, I swore I saw a cat that resembled Rainsong, and four kits that looked like her at her paws. The cat that resembled Rainsong was sitting right where Rainsong actually was, and had her tail wrapped around the four kits that were most definitely not Frostfur's kits. Each of them were different, one was an exact copy of the cat who resembled Rainsong, another had white splotches on it's pale tortoiseshell pelt, the third was all white excluding a blue tinted gray marking on its hide and the last was nearly all white except for the few splotches of gray and pale ginger. Then everything flashed white and where the mystery cats had been sitting a moment ago were Rainsong, Brackenkit, Brightkit, Thornkit and Cinderkit.

I was confused, was this a vision from Starclan? If so, who were the mystery cats? And why did they all resemble Rainsong? Did it mean she could have kits and those mystery cats would eventually be her kin? Or was I being delusional? Pondering, I led the patrol out back to camp.

~ Timeskip Because The Exciting Parts Are Later ~

I decided to quickly have a chat with Bluestar. I was wondering why she had merely sighed warily at the fact that Rainsong had

ignored direct orders. I padded into the lichen covered den and sat down beside her.

"Why did it seem like you were expecting Rainsong to ignore the orders to stay at camp?" I asked her questioningly.

"Because Whitestorm, I've learned that Rainsong will NEVER go back on her words." She purred with a tired but amused tone. "Would you like me to tell you how I learned?"

I gave an eager nod, Bluestar's stories of Rainsong's apprenticeship were always interesting.

"Well one day, Rainsong, Rainpaw back then, decided she would skip her training. This was after I became leader." Bluestar meowed, her eyes unfocused. "I was absolutely furious, in my anger, I made a bet with her."

I nodded eagerly, this was sure to end interestingly.

"I told her, if the next day, she could catch 10 different pieces of prey, and mostly mice, before sunhigh, then she could have 5 days off of training and patrol." Bluestar continued with an amused purr. "I told her she had to PROMISE me that she would catch those 10 pieces of prey to be able to get her prize. If not, she would be stuck cleaning the elders for 5 days instead. Rainpaw was a very confident and up to the challenge apprentice. She accepted confidently and with ease. I told her she was to start as soon as the sun was right above the horizon."

"You would imagine my surprise when she didn't even wake up at dawn to start. But when she did wake up, she went out to the forest. I thought she was hunting and I was sure I would win the bet. However, she came back with absolutely no prey. Rainpaw then proceeded to stay at camp and spend some time with Brindleface and Frostfur."

Bluestar looked at me briefly before continuing. "I was very shocked when she left camp only a good few moments before sunhigh. I even thought maybe she enjoyed taking care of the elders and was going to lose on purpose. However, she came back right before

sunhigh. And to my surprise, she had 15 different pieces of prey. 10 of them were mice. She also had a rabbit, a thrush and 3 shrews."

My jaw dropped in surprise, I quickly shut my muzzle and let Bluestar continue.

"I thought maybe she had caught most of it earlier when she had gone out to the forest, and then caught some more when she had left for the second time. I was wrong, all of the pieces of prey were fresh. Mind you, the mice were all mouse pups, only about 12 sunrises old. I was going to complain when Rainpaw looked at me innocently and told me that I hadn't specified whether the mice had to be weaned or not."

"To tell you I was shocked is an understatement. I was amazed, the little thing had caught 10 mice and 5 other pieces of prey in less than the time it takes the sun to go from dawn to sunhigh. I realised then, whenever I had made Rainpaw promise me something, she always got it accomplished. No matter how difficult the task, she always had it done and over with. That was when I knew Rainpaw would do anything if you mattered to her. Anything."

I was stunned into silence. HOW!? I mentally screamed. When Rainsong was Rainpaw, she was TINY. And then it hit me.

"What about the warrior ceremony? The ritual says that if they are to become a warrior they are to promise to serve their clan even if it means they must give up their life." I meowed curiously.

Bluestar refused to meet my gaze, she hesitated before replying.

"That's what I'm worried about now." She mewed with anxiety. "When I was doing the ritual to make Rainpaw a warrior, I asked her if she would willingly give up her life to serve her clan. She looked me dead in the eyes, no pride or doubt, she said 'I promise'. She didn't say the usual 'I do.'. I only now I realise, she is very dedicated."

My eyes widened in shock as I remembered that day. Bluestar was right, Rainsong hadn't said 'I do', but 'I promise'. I shared an anxious look with Bluestar. We now both knew what Rainsong was willing

to do for the clan. Most cats value their life and would hesitate to give up their life. To Rainsong, losing her life was nothing compared to losing her clan. As long as it mattered to Rainsong, it wasn't going to die on her watch.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

SHEEEEEEEESH. That was a LONG chapter. XD it was fun writing it though! And I REALLY hope you enjoyed it! Also it was the 10th chapter!!! How on earth did I manage to make like a 25 chapter book into a 10 chapter long fanfic? Anywayyyyys I hope you guys enjoyed it! Because I for SURE enjoyed writing it. Comment down below what your guesses are on who the mystery cats in Whitestorm's vision are! I want to know who you guys think they are. I promise you, they WILL appear. In like the 100th chapter, lol. Sorry, but as I mentioned earlier, this fanfic will span over the first, third and fourth series. And those mystery cats don't appear till like the fourth. I'M SORRY!!!!! If you WANT a spoiler however, I can give it to you. But I don't recommend it because it ruins the entire purpose of the plot. :(But YAY first book done! Only like 17 books to go- Yea I'm definitely taking a break from writing. Not that it will matter to you guys XD. Because again, this is all written before I even have an account. So yea. Hope you enjoyed it!

~ LittleOwl

~ Kinship ~

Rainsong's POV

I had been sitting in a corner of the camp by a bush, cleaning my fur when Bluestar came up to me. I looked up at her expectantly.

"Frostfur has told me two of her kits are ready to be apprenticed." She informed me once she had sat down in front of me. "I was wondering.. If you'd like to apprentice one of the two."

"Cinderkit and Brackenkit?" I questioned, when she nodded I continued. "Bluestar I'd love to, but I don't think so. I know you don't like to give apprentices to kin and so it must mean you must really trust me to push one of them as hard as any mentor. Trust me, I'd love to. But I don't think I should, my life is at the moment a bit of a mess. I'd like to sort it out before I need to focus on an apprentice."

Bluestar nodded understandingly. "Alright then, I'd like you to help me choose our next mentors for Brackenkit and Cinderkit." She meowed.

I went into deep thought for a moment. "I think... we should give our new warriors a chance to prove themselves even further." I whispered slightly hesitant.

Bluestar gave thought to this. "Well I didn't see that coming." She admitted with a purr.

"Who were you thinking of?" I asked curiously.

"Many cats, Longtail and Darkstripe included." She meowed with a wondering gaze at me.

"I think those two would make sense." I purred agreeingly. "But Longtail already has Swiftpaw, and Darkstripe has Dustpaw at the moment. Plus, Fireheart and Graystripe will be gaining more

education by learning how to mentor efficiently."

Bluestar nodded at my opinion. "I think we should do as suggested." She said approvingly before padding away.

~ Timeskip Because I'm Impatient For The Exciting Parts ~

It was finally time for the ceremony. I helped Frostfur fuss over her kits to get them ready for their ceremony by keeping an eye on Brightkit and Thornkit. When Bluestar called every cat to come to Highrock, the other queens shooed me away and promised to look after the pair of kits.

Knowing I had to stick to my long-term plans, I planted myself by Tigerclaw. Who was practically struggling to keep his fur laying flat. I patted him sympathetically on the back with my tail.

"I know why you're maaaaaaaaad." I whispered in a sing-songy voice.

"Oh, I'm not maaad." He grunted sarcastically.

I snickered. "You're angry because you don't like the idea of a former kittypet training one of our clan born kits." I mewed teasingly. "Just so you know, Fireheart and Graystripe were my suggestions to Bluestar."

He looked utterly bewildered and appalled. "You!? **You** suggested those measly practically apprentices to Bluestar?" He hissed in shock.

I bobbed my head up and down. "It's a good way for them to get more learning done." He looked at me questioningly. "You know, because you learn as you teach. There are always opportunities to learn, even when you're done being an apprentice. I mean I'm sure you learned a lot about Ravenpaw and how to teach him when he was your apprentice."

He shrugged his massive shoulders. I was VERY tiny compared to him. He was larger than your typical warrior and I was very small compared to the typical warrior. I quite literally resembled a kit compared to him.

As we watched the ceremony, Tigerclaw was getting tenser by the moment. I could feel his anger coming off of him in waves. When Fireheart looked over at us, I gave him a small smile. When I looked at Tigerclaw for his reaction, he looked absolutely furious. Tigerclaw seemed determined that Fireheart was to fail.

I patted him on the back with my tail comfortingly. "I don't get why you're so angry." Lies, I knew why he was angry. "But you should try and go easier on Fireheart. Afterall he wasn't born here but he learned just as quickly as the other apprentices." I murmured softly, keeping my eyes locked on him with an intense look.

Tigerclaw shifted uncomfortably under my gaze but gave a mutter of acknowledgement. Pleased at his reaction, I bid him goodnight and left him there staring at me with an uneasy expression.

The next morning just happened to be another frosty morning. Letting out a frost-bitten hiss, I crept out gingerly from the warrior's den. I sat to the side of the den and began to give myself a nice wash. It gave me time to ponder on my many thoughts and come up with more of a plan for the what if's that could happen to Tigerclaw. If he was banished, was I to follow him? Evidently Bluestar would never kill out of cold-blood, therefore he would only ever be exiled. But Tigerclaw being Tigerclaw, he would make sure he could destroy ThunderClan before he joins the Dark Forest. So if he were exiled, would it be best to follow him, figure out his plots and come back to tell ThunderClan?

My thoughts were disturbed by my ears pricking up. Someone was up to something. Finishing my wash hastily, I looked up. Fireheart was asking Graystripe to take over mentoring Cinderpaw for the day. Curious, I decided to tag along with Fireheart. Of course without telling him, otherwise he'd tell me some foolish lie.

I followed him, without telling any other cat where I was going because that would only get us both caught. He –we, ended up at the Two-leg place. He easily jumped over onto a very specific fence. My suspicions were rising, had he been here before? Was he losing loyalty to his clan and being lured back to the soft pampered life of a kittypet? I hissed under my breath. When he jumped over into the Two-leg garden, I jumped onto the fence and found a shaded spot

where I sat silently watching.

I watched with a careful gaze, the kittypet and Fireheart's interaction was quite intriguing. According to their discussion, they were littermates. My eyes darkened, clearly he thought that we clan cats took our kinship for granted. I couldn't blame him, most cats really do. I was just one of the few who valued it with my life. I wouldn't lie, I envied him a little. At least he had living littermates, I couldn't say the same. Yes I did have other kin, like my mother, my father, my sisters, my brothers and my half-brother. But they all had either really close clanmates, or they had littermates. I sadly didn't have either.

Pushing away my bitter thoughts, I paid attention to their conversation. Another wave of envy hit me as I realised that Fireheart's sister –Princess, was close to kitting. I shook my head to clear it, I would confront Fireheart about visiting his sister later. Soon a Two-leg seemed to call for Princess inside, they bade each other goodbye and Princess went inside the Two-leg den.

I jumped down to where I presumed Fireheart would land after he himself jumped over the fence and sat in a nearby shadow. When he did jump over I stepped out from the shadow to confront him.

"So you've got a kittypet littermate." I mewed softly, but loud enough so that he'd hear me.

Fireheart turned around abruptly, clearly shocked some cat had followed him.

"You aren't going to tell Bluestar, are you?" He asked with a clear tone of fear in his voice.

"No, not unless you're being tempted back to the life of a soft and pampered kittypet." I responded with a levelled tone.

Fireheart shook his head. "I just wanted to visit Princess. Afterall she is my littermate. It's hard for me to have no kin in the Clan." Then he suddenly blurted out. " Plus you Clan cats wouldn't understand because your kin are always there by your side."

I was dumbfounded. My nostrils flared and my eyes flashed with anger.

"Not ALL Clan cats take kinship for granted!" I spat. "You can't just keep talking about every Clan cat generically like that! We may all be classified as Clan cats, but we're not all identical or the same! For the record, I value kinship with my life! I would NEVER take it for granted!"

My fur bristled along my spine with anger, I watched as Fireheart's expression went from slightly upset to horrified at what he had said.

"I-I'm sorry Rainsong..." He stuttered, clearly embarrassed and regretful of his words.

I let my fur lie flat and my gaze softened. "I'm sorry too, I shouldn't have been so harsh on you." I admitted in a soft tone. "Why don't you go ahead and hunt so that you have an excuse to give to Tigerclaw on why you made Graypaw take Cinderkit training?"

He gave me a confused look at why I hadn't used their proper names, and opened his mouth.

"Firepaw, I don't use the proper names once they're given. I start using them when it's clear that the name was earned." I purred with amusement.

Fireheart was clearly bewildered at my statement but nodded and bounded off. I started walking off to camp, I was going to tell Tigerclaw that I was feeling off and just needed some peace and quiet. I was about a tree-length away from the garden when I heard the flap on the Two-leg door sing around. I immediately turned around and jumped back onto the fence. Before I jumped down into the garden to meet the kittypet queen, I hesitated. I wanted to get to know Princess, but would she alert her Two-legs before I could?

I shook my head and leaped down. Princess was startled and opened her muzzle to give a shriek but I shot her a warning look and she closed it.

"I won't harm you. I promise." I said softly while planting my haunches down. "I'm one of Firepa –Rusty's clanmates."

Princess gave me a look of curiosity and suspicion.

"I don't eat kittypets." I promised with an amused purr.

That made Princess relax her tense body. "Are you Rusty's apprentice? You seem quite small compared to him." She asked with a curious and unashamed tone.

My whiskers twitched with annoyance but I simply told her: "No, I'm just really small. But I was one of Firepa –Rusty's mentors. He had many because he wasn't Clanborn and needed to catch up."

Princess turned my words over in her head. "That seems to make sense. But what are you doing here?"

I didn't even know the real response to this question. "I don't really know... I think it's because when I heard your conversion with Fir –Rusty, you seemed worried about your kitting."

At my words, Princess looked down at her round belly with an anxious glance. "Rusty thinks I'll be alright, but I'm not sure..."

I purred, it was normal for a queen to be anxious about her first litter. "Don't worry, in the Clan, the births usually go well. And considering you've got Two-legs looking after you, you'll be fine."

Princess seemed to be more reassured by my words. "Thank you, err, what's your name?"

I dipped my head. "My name is Rainsong, and from what I heard earlier, you're Princess. Correct?"

She gave a brief bob of her head. "Rainsong is such a beautiful name!" She purred. "Are all Clan names like that?"

"Well, yes. But apprentices are 'paws and kits are 'kits." I informed her, at her confused expression I gave her an example. "When Rusty was an apprentice, he was called Firepaw, and now that he's a warrior, his name is Fireheart. And if he were Clanborn, as a kit his

name would have been Firekit."

Princess seemed to comprehend. "So... that would make you Rainkit, then Rainpaw and now Rainsong?"

I nodded, happy that she understood. She then suddenly had a look of slight discomfort on her face.

"Are the kits moving about?" I mewed, her expression was one I had seen many times before.

Princess nodded. "They seem to get more active the closer I am to kitting."

"Well I bid you safe kitting, but I should make my way back to camp." I meowed softly.

I gave her a look of reassurance and jumped onto the fence. I looked over my shoulder once more, then jumped off the fence bounding away into the forest.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

So yes, I just quite literally skipped like the first 9 or so chapters of the actual second book. Hehe, trust me you guys, it's gonna be worth it when we get to the drama filled parts. TRUST MEEE! Pleaseeeee, it'll be worth it. I PROMISE. Anyways, I hope you guys enjoyed that pleasantly short chapter.

~ LittleOwl

Another note from future LittleOwl: So. I only have one more finished pre-written chapter. So after that chapter is posted, expect updates to not be so often. Sorry, but it's because chapters used to take 2 hours to write but now I'm experiencing a sort of writer's block. It's not really writer's block because I know what I want to write and all, I just have no motivation to actually type it. Lucky for you guys, I found some motivation today and am currently writing another chapter. But sorry for the inconvenience of inconsistent updates after the next two chapters or so. I can promise however that you'll like what awaits at the end of the third book chapters. >:3 There will be a major plot twist and I'm hoping some of you

can guess what it is because I will start to build up towards it. (If you guess it, please don't comment as it will ruin for others who are not able to guess) Thank you!

~ LittleOwl

~ Sick ~

Rainsong's POV

Whitecough sucks. I thought bitterly as Bluestar coughed roughly again. Frostfur and I exchanged worried glances. It seemed to be getting worse by the moment. I licked Bluestar's head comfortingly, but my tongue was met with such heat I thought I licked the sun itself.

"Get Yellowfang!" I hissed in a rush to Frostfur.

Frostfur seemed to know what was happening and dashed off to fetch the old medicine cat.

"C'mon Bluestar, you'll be fine. I'm here." I mewed in a rushed but soft tone.

I started to lick her fur the wrong way, that would get more air to reach her skin and hopefully cool her down. When Frostfur and Yellowfang came bounding back, the latter asked what was wrong.

"I think she has greencough." I choked out. "She's even warmer than she was this morning."

Yellowfang locked eyes with me. She knew that I knew Bluestar only had two lives left. Then she bent down to examine Bluestar.

"Bluestar does indeed have greencough." She rasped out with a worried tone.

I was horrified. I started to think about whatever could happen if Bluestar died now. Then I sneezed. Frostfur looked at me with worry.

"I know, I know!" I snapped at Yellowfang who was opening her muzzle. "I've got white–" I burst into a coughing fit. "-cough."

Miserably, I padded away to Yellowfang's old clearing to join

Patchpelt and Mistlekit. When I entered, I found Patchpelt in one nest and Mistlekit shivering in another. Thinking I'd do Speckletail a favour, I curled up around Mistlekit to keep him warm. Then I fell asleep out of exhaustion.

There was a paw continuously prodding me in the side. I ignored it and tried to keep sleeping, but the prods only became sharper and sharper. With a grunt, I opened my eyes, squinting and attempted to raise my heavy head.

"Fireheart has found us catnip." Yellowfang meowed in a rushed tone. "I gave most of it to Bluestar, but there are leftovers. Patchpelt and Mistlekit are weaker than you, so I'd like to give it to them."

I twitched my ear in acknowledgement and shifted so that Yellowfang could feed Mistlekit the catnip and feverfew. When she moved over to Patchpelt, I shifted back to my previous position to keep Mistlekit warm. I fell back asleep, but it was a very short time that I slept before I was disturbed again.

I had been sleeping quite peacefully, when my ears pricked up all of sudden. I raised my heavy head to look around the clearing. Then I saw a fiery ginger pelt dragging a cinder like gray one. My eyes widened, one of Cinderpaw's back paw wasn't looking good at all.

"What happened?" I mewed hoarsely, I desperately needed to soothe my throat.

Fireheart looked surprised that I was one of the cats that had caught whitecough, but answered: "She got hit by a monster..." He croaked.

His eyes were filled with grief and worry. I was sure my eyes mirrored his. Cinderpaw had been the most lively out of Frostfur's litter. We were both concerned that if she lived, she wouldn't recover her spirit.

"May Starclan let her live..." I whispered, wincing at the toll it took on my throat.

When Yellowfang came, I knew I had to continue resting, but something made my ears stay pricked. I stayed awake, I needed to

know what it was. Fireheart then left to go check on Bluestar.

When he returned, he looked at me then at Yellowfang. Hesitating as if his words were only for the medicine cat.

"Don't worry, I know that Bluestar only has 2 lives left." I said, my voice barely even a whisper.

Clearly Fireheart heard, because he spoke. "She lost her eighth life." He spoke in a hushed tone, but enough for me to hear.

This made me nervous. Bluestar couldn't die yet, not until she exiled Tigerclaw. Evidently Fireheart shared the same worries because he locked eyes with me. I shook my head eventually, I had to get some rest or I wouldn't get better. Clearly Yellowfang thought so too, because she sent Fireheart off to get rest and snapped at me to sleep. I obeyed, for once not reluctant.

When I came to, Yellowfang was prodding me again. I lifted my head and gave a soft sneeze. In her jaws, she was holding Elderkit by the scruff. Closely behind her, was Brindleface, in her jaws was Tulipkit. I looked from the kits to Brindleface.

"They've got greencough haven't they?" I rasped, my voice sounding as rough as Yellowfang's.

According to Yellowfang, I now had greencough. I had been moved to her den and Mistlekit stayed by Swiftpaw who had joined us before I had been moved.

"Please, Rainsong. Take care of them for me while they're sick." Brindleface pleaded. "I know we haven't been on the best terms for a while, but please?"

"You're still my sister..." I whispered, my voice still somehow gruff.

I uncurled from my sleeping position. Brindleface and Yellowfang both quickly dropped Tulipkit and Elderkit then I curled around both kits. Keeping them warm, while I fell asleep again.

When I was woken up again, I found Brackenpaw standing over me with his muzzle cramped with catnip. Knowing what he wanted to

do, I uncurled to reveal the two kits. Together, we were able to feed each of the kits some catnip. When they had each eaten, it didn't seem to help much. When they had each eaten, Brackenpaw gave me a few leaves to eat myself. I reluctantly agreed and ate them.

I was about to go back to sleep when Fireheart came in. I greeted him with a wave of my tail, my throat aching too much to speak. I didn't pay any attention to the exchange between him and Yellowfang, but as he was leaving, I waved him over.

"Has Princess kitted?" I croaked, my voice still hoarse. When he nodded, I continued. "Tell Graystripe to come visit me, I'd like to have a word with–" A fit of coughs overwhelmed me before I could finish my sentence. "-him"

Fireheart gave me a worried look followed by a nod, then he left to go fetch Graystripe. When he left, I waved Yellowfang over.

"Have you got something useful for my throat?" I rasped in between coughs.

Yellowfang shook her head. "I'm afraid not, I've run out of honey and I can't find anymore now that it's leaf-bare."

I gave a nod, I understood. When she turned away to go look after some other business, Graystripe came in and padded over. He looked hesitant as if he wasn't sure where to sit.

"Right there's just fine." I wheezed. "Can't have a young and strong warrior like you catching greencough."

Graystripe seemed unsure how to respond. "What did you wish to talk to me about?" He meowed at last.

"Your seemingly close relationship with that RiverClan cat." I said, amusement touching my voice. "It's either you keep tussling with each other, or you've been meeting in secret."

His eyes widened to the size of bushes, his lower jaw falling slack. "Have you been spying on me?" He hissed accusingly.

I gave a snort, which was shortly followed by a coughing fit.

"Noooooooooo, I've just been walking about with greencough which would let any animal scent me!" I meowed sarcastically. "Of course not Graystripe, I've got GREENCOUGH for Starclan's sake!"

Yellowfang looked over at me, giving me a look which told me to quiet down or I'd be scolded. I lowered my voice in response.

"Graystripe, you must know that not every cat is the same. Some of us will have better senses than others." I informed him in a husky tone. "Though I did think you were eating loads of fish at first."

He looked down guiltily at his paws. "I'm sorry Rainsong..." The young warrior mewed, clearly embarrassed. "But I love her... I can't just stop."

"I know."

Graystripe looked at me in surprise. "You aren't going to tell me to stop meeting her then?"

I shook my head. "I would if I knew it would do any good. But I will warn you. It isn't for me to judge you. But Starclan."

With that, I shooed him away telling him I wanted to sleep.

I suddenly woke up from the commotion outside. Despite Yellowfang's protests, I got up from the nest and poked my head outside. My muzzle was met with a frosty and chilly air. My eyes however, were met with the view of a heated fight. I frowned, probably should've warned Graystripe that only Fireheart would ever always be there for him. Oh well, the damage was done. Uninterested in the fight, I padded back to my nest and curled around the three kits. They weren't doing so well. Elderkit was the worst, Mistlekit not so much better than him. And Tulipkit was doing the best, but still not very well. However, I myself was doing much better.

With a jolt, I realised I could only hear 2 steady heartbeats. Panicking, I called Yellowfang over and stuck my nose to each kit's chest. Elderkit. Elderkit wasn't moving, breathing and his heart wasn't beating. Yellowfang confirmed my fears, Elderkit was now

with Starclan. She left briefly to go fetch Brindleface.

"I'm sorry..." I told her when she entered. "I should've tried better..."

"It's not your fault..." Brindleface mewed, her eyes stricken with grief. "I don't think any cat could've done anything."

I let Brindleface take Elderkit away, and fell asleep. I was too tired with all this grief and sadness in the air.

The next morning, I woke up feeling much much better. My head didn't feel heavy, my lungs felt clear and my nose had stopped running. I felt like I could run the entire territory without being exhausted. When Yellowfang examined me, she gave me good news.

"You're free of greencough now." She informed me.

I was shocked. "How? I wasn't even doing that well yesterday!"

Yellowfang shrugged, but told me I had to leave now so I wouldn't catch it again. She also told me to tell Tigerclaw to keep me off patrols for a few days. When I was leaving, I couldn't help but look back at the three kits. I hesitated, should I really leave? Yellowfang however, gave me no choice and shooed me out.

It wasn't too long after I left, that Bluestar herself went to go visit those with greencough in the medicine den. However, before she came out, Fireheart came back to camp with a white kit hanging from his mouth. My eyes widened, the scent was one shared with Princess.

I padded right up to him. He saw me and backed away slowly as if he were unsure as to why I was out of the medicine den.

"Don't worry, I'm free of greencough now." I said in a voice that once again resembled mine. "Is that from one of Princess' litter?"

He nodded. "Her firstbor–"

Fireheart was suddenly cut off by Bluestar's furious yowl.

"What is this?" She demanded.

I backed away, this was Fireheart's problem. Soon, every cat was voicing their opinions as to whether the kit was to stay or not. When Graystripe had defended Fireheart, every cat was shocked. I, on the other paw, gave a purr of relief.

I was about to tell my own opinion, but Bluestar started to speak first.

"Tigerclaw, what do you think?" She asked.

"What do I think?" meowed Tigerclaw, there was a note of arrogant satisfaction in his mew. "I think he should get rid of it at once."

"Goldenflower?"

"It certainly looks too small to survive until newleaf," Goldenflower remarked.

"It'll have greencough by sunrise!" added Mousefur.

"Or it'll eat our fresh-kill until next snowfall and then die of cold!" spat Runningwind.

Bluestar waited patiently before looking at me. "Rainsong, what is your opinion?"

I gave it some thought before answering. "Well, to start off, I'd like to point out the fact that Graystripe's got a point. Fireheart is loyal to this Clan with a passion." I meowed loudly so that every cat could hear. "I've also met his sister."

My last sentence was met with gasps and shrieks of shock, I ignored them and continued, my voice even louder to be heard over the crowd.

"Fireheart's sister is as passionate and loyal as Fireheart and has much love to give." I yowled over the noises coming from the crowd. "If she were Clan born, she would also have been as excellent of a warrior as Fireheart! And if this kit shares blood with both Fireheart, a passionate and loyal warrior as well as with his sister who is just as passionate and fiery as him, then I think he'd make one of the finest warriors ThunderClan could ever have!"

Fireheart blinked at me thankfully, while the rest of the cats shared murmurs among themselves.

"Looks like Rainsong's turned as soft as a kittypet!" Darkstripe sneered.

Longtail, who was seated right next to him, pinned his ears and was looking back and forth between me and Darkstripe with a worried gaze. Frostfur and Goldenflower exchanged a grimace, and Dustpaw was shaking his head. Every other cat was looking at Darkstripe as if he had just made the biggest mistake in his life. Even he seemed to begin to realise he would regret his words.

I shook my head slowly, a dark chuckle escaping my muzzle.

"Do you really think that Darkstripe?" I mewed with a false innocent touch to my voice. "For a cat who cowers behind those with power, you've got some big things to say don't you?"

I padded right up to him. Yes he was larger than me, but that didn't stop me from thrusting my face right up to his.

"Don't you?" I hissed in a whisper-like tone.

Darkstripe visibly gulped and padded away with a disgruntled grunt of acknowledgement. I gave a smile of satisfaction and planted my hind-quarters right where I was.

Bluestar dipped her head, pretending my exchange with Darkstripe had never happened. "That's enough. I must think about this." She padded to her den and disappeared inside.

As the cats slipped away, I padded up to Frostfur.

"I know you're thinking of asking Brindleface to feed Fireheart's nephew." I mewed softly. "Don't deny it, in fact I'll help you. You go ahead and tell him, I'll go and convince Brindleface."

Frostfur gave me a nod and padded off to follow Fireheart to the warriors den, while I padded off to the nursery.

"Brindleface..." I started, just as Frostfur entered as well. Behind her,

Fireheart and the little kit.

"We know this little one won't ever replace Elderkit." I continued, Frostfur nodding at me encouragingly and Fireheart pleading with his eyes. "But will you take care of him? He needs warmth and care, and you're capable of doing that."

Brindleface narrowed her eyes and shook her head. Frostfur tried this time, but she really didn't need to. Because the little kit was already squirming blindly to Brindleface, attracted to her milk scent. Surprisingly, Brindleface didn't resist as the little white kit latched onto her belly and started suckling.

After Fireheart left, I stayed. I was watching the little kit, it was as white as a cloud, or as snow. It was a tom, evident from its scent, it also resembled White– I pushed away the thought, I needn't go breaking down again.

"He looks an awful lot like... Whitestorm." Brindleface whispered, her tone hesitant as if she weren't sure she should have said it. "Doesn't it bother you...?"

I sucked in a breath. In truth, it really didn't bother me.

"Actually, I think it's that fact that makes me like the little thing even more." I whispered softly.

Brindleface was silent for a moment, then she nodded. "That makes sense."

I gave her a teeny smile. It was nice to be able to have a normal or so conversation with Brindleface again.

~ I Can't Find Anything Exciting At the Moment So Timeskip ~

I'll admit, I'm quite embarrassed to admit that I was talking and hanging about with Longtail and Dustpaw when they made some especially rude comments towards the white ball of fluff.

When Longtail mentioned loudly that Goldenflower was right, that made me snap.

"Well if I remember correctly, I caught several chills and fevers as a kit." I hissed, my voice seething with poison. "Are you going to compare me to a kittypet for that?"

I watched with a mischievous glint in my eyes, as Longtail and Dustpaw both looked down at their paws in discomfort. They both knew very well not to insult their older sister or they'd regret it for life. I smirked at them and padded away.

~ Trying to Finish Up Second Book To Get To the Exciting Parts ~

I was sitting in a shade covered corner of camp when I spotted two gray flecked kits and a white kit sneaking out of camp. Peaked with curiosity and amusement, I followed them. The little bundles of fur never noticed the pale tortoiseshell carefully tailing them.

When Cloudkit told Ashkit and Fernkit to stay put while he went to hunt, I appeared to the two gray kits.

"Rainsong!" Squealed Fernkit when she saw me, while her brother fell over in surprise. "It's really cold out here!"

"Come closer, I'll keep you both warm while we wait for Cloudkit." I purred, gesturing them forward with my tail.

I moved away some snow and let them sit by my paws while I curled my tail around them. I had my back to the wind so that I could shield them from most of the cold.

Soon, Fireheart and Sandstorm both found me and the kits.

"Did YOU bring them out here!?" Fireheart accused with a snarl. "Or did Tigerclaw send you to do the dirty work for him."

I snorted, me? Do TIGERCLAW's work?

"You really think that I would bring my sister's kits out to die in the cold?" I responded with a snarl that matched his. "Even Tigerclaw wouldn't stoop that low."

Before Fireheart could answer, a bundle of white fur was visibly

coming towards us.

"Let's just bring them back, they'll freeze out here if we don't head back soon." Sandstorm mewed hesitantly.

I nodded in agreement. I let Sandstorm pick up Ashkit while I held Fernkit by the scruff in my jaws. Fireheart then picked up Cloudkit, and our little patrol made its way back to camp.

Once Bluestar and Brindleface spotted our little party, they rushed us into the clearing. Once we were there, the three bundles of fur got a good scolding from Bluestar. And oh dear Starclan, Cloudkit was a very proud and defiant kit.

A wave of shock came over me when Bluestar turned her gaze on me and asked what I had been doing with them.

"I was following them to see what they would do, once the storm came I kept them warm. But Cloudkit was long gone so I waited with Ashkit and Fernkit for him to return!" I mewed, my voice was appalled at the suggestion that I let them out on purpose.

~ Desperately Trying To Finish The Second Book ~

I was prodded really hard till I woke up. Tigerclaw was the one who was prodding him, he told me that I was to go with the others to WindClan so we could help them fight off RiverClan and ShadowClan. He had barely finished his sentence when I bounded out of the den.

Once we had arrived, Tigerclaw gave his orders. I was a part of his party, so I would be heading in first. I may or may not have smiled in such a way that caused the cats around me to shuffle away. Battles weren't the nicest, but they definitely helped me let out the emotions I had held in over the past 2 moons or so. Then we pounced into battle.

I had just sent a ShadowClan warrior howling for his mother when I heard Fireheart cry out. He was battling Leopardfur, but it wasn't looking good.

"Tigerclaw," He howled to Tigerclaw. "Help me!"

I watched for a moment to see what Tigerclaw would do. He did nothing. Shaking my head, I leaped onto Leopardfur from the side, knocking her off Fireheart. Together, the flame coloured warrior and I drove her off.

After the battle, I sat where I was and started cleaning my wounds. They weren't bad, just some scratches and patches of fur missing. As I was finishing cleaning, my ears pricked up. Following my ears, I lifted my head to see both Fireheart and Graystripe talking to each other. I smiled, they had finally closed the wound that would've never healed without each other.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Sheeeeeeesh. I wrote an entire cannon book in 2 chapters. I must've really been desperate to get to the third book. And gosh, 8 doc pages for one chapter? Also, you guys are probably really mad at me about only doing 2 chapters for the second book. TRUST ME YOU GUYS WILL THANK ME LATER. There's a BIG plot twist at the end of the third book coming, and I want to get to that NOW. So yea that's why I'm rushin all of this. Don't hate me. OnO Also, I apologise for the length of the chapter, I know it's super long. BUT TRUST ME THIS WILL BE WORTH IT. Well at least, I hope you'll find it worth it later on- Ahah. ;-; I'm doomed aren't I? Anyways I hope you guys actually enjoyed this chapter, I know it seemed super rushed and stuff. Sorry about that. BUT, I do hope you enjoyed the chapter in any way possible! Stick around please? The plot twist will be WORTH IT.

~ LittleOwl

Future LittleOwl here! So, if you read the end of chapter A/Ns from the last chapter then you'll know that I had only a few pre-written chapters left. Yeah, well this was actually my last pre-written chapter. So I'll still try to update every Wednesday, but no guarantees. Because first, I get tons of homework from my teacher. Secondly, I'm sick right now and that's why this update is a few hours later than my other ones. Thirdly, I lose motivation very easily. But pre-thanks for those who stick around even with my odd update schedule!

~ Very Much Possibly Dead ~

Rainsong's POV (Third book will probably be as short as the second book because there isn't much drama till the end)

I was surprised to hear that Ravenpaw was still alive. Or I mean I assumed he was, I doubted that Fireheart and Graystripe could get Starclan to talk to them. But I was curious and I missed the little furball of fear that was my brother. Soooo I told Bluestar I wanted to take a walk to clear my head and tailed the two toms.

When we started nearing the barn, my suspicions of Ravenpaw being alive were beginning to rise. When the pair of warriors had squeezed into the barn, I stuck my head right at the opening to see what would happen. Unfortunately, I couldn't see anything but Fireheart and Graystripe's back end. But what I heard made my eyes widen to the size of the moon.

I dashed through the gap in the barn door and pounced onto the barn cat, pinning him on the floor, I started to lick him furiously in disbelief.

Fireheart's POV (short)

The moment a pale tortoiseshell pelt flew past us, Graystripe and I got to our paws hissing and snarling at the figure that now had Ravenpaw pinned on the floor. But once we heard high-pitched squeals of laughter and protests to stop, we sat down, our expressions very confused.

Once Ravenpaw mewed loudly, "Rainsong!" Graystripe and I shared a look of dismay. Rainsong had followed us here?

Ravenpaw's POV (also very short)

Shock overwhelmed me as a blur of cream, gray and white came bounding out of nowhere and pinned me down. But once the she-cat started to lick me and was scolding me inbetween licks about

making her believe that I was dead, I realised it was Rainsong!

Overjoyed, I mewed loudly. "Rainsong! I missed you!"

Rainsong's POV

I finally finished licking Ravenpaw and got off him and started to scold him.

"How could you make us believe you were dead!" I meowed quite loudly. "Especially me! You know I would've helped if you asked for it. You do know that Robinwing and Fuzzypelt died a while ago? And Dustpaw is now Dustpelt and you should've been with him. Who knows? You might've been named Ravenwing or I dunno Ravenpelt, yes that would make sense." I continued to ramble, my purrs coming out of my throat so loudly I could barely speak. "Look at you! You're larger than me now! Who would've known little Ravenkit the furball of nerves would've surpassed his sister's size!?"

Ravenpaw looked at me sheepishly. "Well that was a bit of an overload of information no? And I'm sorry, but Tigerclaw wanted me dead sooner or later and it was a bit of a last minute decision to bring me here." He purred. "I'm sorry I wasn't there to say goodbye to Robinwing and Fuzzypelt though. If you can, tell Dustpelt I'm proud of him."

My face fell slightly at his last sentence. "I don't think I can tell Dustpelt. He's closer to Tigerclaw than ever now. Can't risk him coming to find you and killing you like he planned."

We briskly turned our heads when someone gave a loud cough to gain our attention. Oh right, Fireheart and Graystripe were here.

"Sorry." I apologised. "I'll leave now, I have to go back. I told Bluestar I was only taking a walk."

I gave Ravenpaw a final lick on the ear and promised to visit again when I could. I then bade them all goodnight and left.

~ Expect A Lot Of Timeskips For The Moment ~

I was watching Cloudkit complain to Brindleface with amusement.

The white ball of fluff was genuinely funny.

"Now Cloudkit, remember that nearly every cat here reached six moons before being apprenticed." I purred with content. "Yes Cinderpaw and Brackenpaw are special cases, but we are in a time of peace. So be a little patient, okay?"

Cloudkit's figure flumps inwards, clearly disappointed that I hadn't backed him up. But nonetheless, he nodded.

"Yes Rainsong." He sighed dramatically. "I understand."

"Good. Now why don't you find us a ball of moss so we can play some moss ball?"

Now in a better mood, Cloudkit scampered off. But before he returned, Bluestar yowled for us all to gather below Highrock.

As the cats started to gather, I found myself sitting beside Tigerclaw.

"Do you wish one of them were to be apprenticed under you?" He half sneered and half whispered to me.

I shook my head. "I do want an apprentice, but not my sister's kits. Frostfur would just always be nagging me about training them too hard then. I would probably also get annoyed by it and end up snapping at her." I respond, completely confident in my answer.

Tigerclaw leans his head to the side and looks at me with narrowed eyes. As if he were trying to understand the complex being that I am.

"You value kinship then don't you?" Tigerclaw accuses me, as if it were a bad thing.

"Course I do. Enemies would find it a weakness, but I believe that the support you get from kin is what makes you stronger." I retort while meeting my eyes with his.

Our eyes were locked and we kept staring at each other. Daring the other to say something. No one said a thing. By the time we broke

eye contact, the ceremony had been done and performed. So I quickly padded to the now two new apprentices.

"Congratulations you two!" I purred with delight. "Train hard and work hard and you'll become great warriors!"

Thornpaw and Brightpaw both beamed with pride and nodded their heads eagerly.

~ You Should Know What This Means ~

I sat slightly far off, watching the kits jeer and making fun of Brokentail. I was monitoring them to make sure no trouble ensured because Darkstripe isn't exactly **responsible**.

However, when Cloudkit pounced on Brokentail's tail, I was about to intervene when Fireheart turned up. I sat by and listened to their conversation. After it ended and he looked at me, I nodded. That was my way of telling him I think he did the right thing by telling Cloudkit.

Firepaw's POV (there's gonna be a lot of these lol)

She didn't defend us, or scold Darkstripe. Rainsong was always the kind to defend any cat that was insulted, but this time she watched and didn't say a thing.

Darkstripe had just sneered 'kittypet' and Rainsong hadn't reacted. Usually it was expected that she would either scold Darkstripe or intimidate him in some other way. When she didn't, I shook my head and went ahead to scold Cloudkit.

Rainsong's POV + **~ Timeskip~**

I was sitting beside Tigerclaw having a somewhat normal conversation with him when the scent of blood hit my nose. Turning around, I found Brackenpaw with a leg wound and a shaking Cloudkit. I followed Tigerclaw as he went to investigate this little party.

I watched silently as Tigerclaw gave Cloudkit his punishment. Even if I had said something, I wouldn't have been able to convince

Tigerclaw.

Brindleface and Fireheart both looked at me with pleading eyes. They both wanted me to say something to defend Cloudkit. Trust me, I really did want to. But for my plan to undermine Tigerclaw, I had to seem obedient and loyal towards him.

Brindleface's POV (:0)

I tried to protest against Tigerclaw's much too harsh punishment on Cloudkit. But to no avail, nothing worked. I looked at Rainsong, my eyes silently pleading that she would say something. She didn't.

Instead, she was looking down at her paws. When Rainsong finally met my eyes, I was slightly taken aback. Her beautiful blue eyes were hollow and bare, almost like she was dead on the inside.

Rainsong's POV

I was taking a walk in the forest when I sensed someone following me. I turned around and to my surprise, there was a tom I hadn't expected to talk to for the rest of my life.

"Would you like to tell me what you're doing?" Whitestorm asked hesitantly, as if he weren't sure he should even be here at all.

"Debating whether to hunt or not." I reply, ignoring the pain in my chest where my heart would be.

However, before the white tom could say another word, I dashed past him back to camp.

Continuously Whitestorm kept approaching me trying to get me to talk to him. Every single time I found an excuse and left him. I was always promising Longtail that I would hunt with him, or that I had planned on talking to Bluesetar, or that I had promised Cloudkit I would play moss ball and so on.

But one day, he caught me off guard. Or more like he may have gotten Tigerclaw to orchestrate this entire phenomenon. (I know a cat wouldn't know this vocabulary, but I had to ok?)

"Rainsong!" Tigerclaw yowled.

I came out of the warrior's den blinking the sleep from my eyes.

"Hm?"

"I'm putting you on a patrol." He informed me in a lower tone. "You and Whitestorm are to patrol the ShadowClan border."

I blinked at him in confusion. "Just me and Whitestorm?"

Tigerclaw rolled his eyes in annoyance and nodded. "Yes, just you two."

I screamed in my head. Why just me and Whitestorm? At the moment I would rather go with Darkstripe than Whitestorm. That was saying something.

"Fine, but I'm not waking up that overgrown puffball mushroom."I retorted in a slightly snappy voice, my mood clearly showing.

Tigerclaw grunted and was about to pad into the warriors den, when Whitestorm came out.

"Did she just call me an overgrown puffball mushroom?" He asked Tigerclaw in an amused and fake offended tone.

The dark tabby warrior just rolled his eyes again and padded away. For once, I wish Tigerclaw had stayed.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I padded out of camp, expecting Whitestorm to follow.

It was an awkward patrol till we were halfway done.

"I know it would be awkward after your decision." Whitestorm spoke up suddenly. "I respect it, you know? You're a very admirable and honourable cat. But couldn't we stay friends? We could work it out, just evade topics that would make it uncomfortable."

I looked at the white tom I had ignored for so long now. I didn't think I would, but I was turning his suggestion over in my head.

"I– Alright I guess we can try." I mew hesitantly after a long silence of pondering.

Whitestorm looked at me in surprise, clearly he didn't expect me to say yes.

"But if I decide to break it off at any time for any reason, then you have to respect that and let me ignore you ok?" I add before he can get too hopeful.

His expression falters slightly but he nods. Wow, he would really do anything to keep me in his life. After a few moments of silence, I decided to say something.

"You asked Tigerclaw to put just us two on the patrol didn't you?" I half snorted.

"... Was it that obvious...?" Whitestorm asked in a sheepish tone.

"Well yea, why on earth would Tigerclaw set up a two cat patrol that was made up of two cats who aren't on speaking terms?" I retorted while stifling a laugh.

"Fair." He replied while nodding his head.

The rest of the patrol went... fairly well if I was being honest. We had light conversations while teasing and poking at each other. It was nice having some part of my old life back.

~ I Don't Think I Have To Explain Myself ~

Oh dear Starclan, what has Fireheart and Graystripe gotten themselves into? I thought as they entered camp smelling of RiverClan and prey. Not to mention, Tigerclaw and Cloudkit were with them. Once the little patrol had approached us, Tigerclaw introduced us to the supposed traitors and disobedient kit.

"Traitors!" sneered Longtail. "Just what I'd expect of a kittypet."

I refused to meet Fireheart's eyes when I stayed silent. Frankly, I think he does just fine defending himself on his own...

Once Tigerclaw and Cloudkit were excused from our meeting. I listened to Bluestar give Fireheart and Graystripe their punishments, then my nose caught quite a scent.

"You may go, Graystripe. Rainsong, go with him please." Bluestar instructed. "Fireheart, stay a moment."

Perfect. I signalled Graystripe to follow me. I led him off to a shaded part of camp where no cat would be listening.

"Congratulations." I purred.

Graystripe looked at me with pure confusion written on his face.

"Well... you're going to be a father aren't you?" I asked, now equally as puzzled as him.

"H-how'd you know that!?" He yowled in shock.

"Well, there's some of Silverstream's scent stuck on your pelt." I explained with a shrug. "And it's changed slightly, to one that signifies she's carrying kits! Unless they've got another queen and Silverstream has recently been by the nursery?"

Graystripe looked at me with his jaw sticking open like a mouse-brain.

"Well, do close your mouth." I muttered. "It's quite rude to keep it open, you know. But congratulations nonetheless. I do hope you both find a way to keep your secret. Unless of course one of you is switching clans."

I gave a shrug and trotted off to find Tigerclaw. Gotta build that trust relationship. Yay...

He sent me on a stupid hunting patrol with Longtail and our new 'apprentices'. Boy did Longtail enjoy the sound of that. I go to Tigerclaw because of a scheme I planned, and I get rewarded with a measly hunting patrol. Well I mean, Tigerclaw doesn't know my scheme. But trust me, if he knew he would've been impressed and then dead. Dead because I would've killed him so he wouldn't kill me first.

The entire patrol I didn't pay attention. I just hunted and stayed silent. I was secretly hoping Starclan would come to me tonight. I missed Skykit. Starclan was for some unknown reason cutting themselves off from me. Though I think it's more because I've been driving myself to boredom and exhaustion and my brain is too tired for dreams.

I silently promised myself that tonight, I would try my hardest to play with Skykit. My mental state was probably dwindling down. Only thing keeping me from breaking was probably the Clan. But if I lost the Clan, I would surely die.

Graystripe's POV (so, not that many Fireheart ones, but a lot of other cats.)

Huh. Fireheart was right. There was something up with Rainsong. Other than the fact that I had a faint RiverClan scent on me and she was able to tell that Silverstream was to have kits. Rainsong usually would defend Fireheart and I.

Instead, she wasn't even paying attention to us. She was staring blankly and meekly at something that wasn't there. It was quite terrifying honestly. Even Longtail looked at her slightly shocked that she hadn't scolded him.

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

O-O my time has come to die. Am I gonna die today? I dunno. But anyways I'd like to start with a sorry. I'm sorry that I ended up cutting this chapter at some random point. Hey, at least it was lengthy ok? Secondly I'd like to say thank you if anyone sees this. My views have been frozen for about 2 weeks and it's paining me but honestly, what was I expecting? I hope you did enjoy that chapter though! My plan for the third book is 2 more chapters after this one. One really long one for the rest of it. And a super short one for the plot twist. The super short one is to create the needed suspense, I'm sorry. But you'll likely get the chapter after that not too long after.

~ LittleOwl

~ Stars, Thunder, Wind, Shadow and River ~

Rainsong's POV

The gentle scent of fresh water and stone... A nice breezy day... And an oddly pleasantly sweet scent of flowers and honey.

I opened my eyes to see a tortoiseshell and white pelt. Not like me and my gray and cream. But a black, red and white one. I blinked as my eyes adjusted. Before me sat a familiar sweet smelling tortoiseshell she-cat.

"Spottedleaf!" I purred with delight. "I miss you so much more than I thought I did!"

"It's great to see you too Rainsong." She replied with a purr as joyful as mine.

"Starclan has done you well!" I tease, gesturing to her youthful body that was covered in stars.

"I sadly can't say the same for you." Spottedleaf purred sadly.

"As much as I'd love being youthful and covered in stars, I wouldn't want to join Starclan just yet." I reply with good humour.

"Why nooooot?" A tom-kit half wails.

I turn my head in surprise to see Skykit.

"Skykit!" I yowl, and go ahead and nuzzle him fiercely. "Trust me Skykit, it's not because I don't want to play with you. But I have to make sure my plan is successful before I die."

Skykit looks at me with curious eyes. "What plan?"

"Yes, do tell us, Rainsong." Meows a tom's voice from out of

nowhere.

We all turn to see another tortoiseshell join our group, one with a very ginger tail.

"Redtail!" I meow in shock. "It's good to see you!"

Redtail nods at my words. "Likewise Rainsong. Now about your plan..?"

"Right." I nod. "My plan to overthrow Tigerclaw."

All of my littermates are right here with me. It was nice. Well technically only Skykit was. But Spottedleaf and Redtail had treated me like their littermate since I was one of the few cats their age. Willowpelt not really, she didn't like me much. Probably because of my connections with the older cats.

The next moments till dawn were ones that were happy and filled with fun. After a sombre explanation of my plan, Spottedleaf, Redtail and I got to catch up. I was also able to play with Skykit.

~ Timeskip For A Well Known Reason ~

I was on patrol. This time not only with Longtail, but with Fireheart and Tigerclaw too.

All we did was walk about attempting to find a place to cross through the flood so that we could get to the gathering that night. When Tigerclaw instructed Fireheart to attempt crossing the overflowing stream, my mouth fell open.

"That'll kill him if he isn't careful!" I mewed softly, evidently no one heard.

I watched with wide eyes and my claws digging into the dirt from anxiety. Would Fireheart make it carefully over? Or would he get swept up.

When the branch started to sway, my eyes widened more than they possibly could've.

"Tigerclaw! Call him back! He'll drown otherwise." I yowled towards the brown tabby. "If he drowns it'll be considered your fault because you ordered him out there." I added when Tigerclaw didn't look convinced.

"Fireheart! Get back!" He finally howled at the flame-coloured warrior on the branch.

Then the branch was swept away, Fireheart with it.

Oh thank Starclan! I thought for about the millionth time this moon. Fireheart was ok. Thanks to Longtail, which didn't really surprise me. As much as my brother hated Fireheart, he would stick to the warrior code like honey.

~ Timeskip To Cinderpaw's Med Cat Apprentice Ceremony ~

I found myself once again looking at Highrock from beside Tigerclaw. The tabby was sitting right next to me with his shadow looming over me. We both watched in silence as Cinderpaw became Yellowfang's new apprentice. My heart may or may not have combusted of joy. That she-cat went through so much, she deserved this.

"Congratulations. Cinderpaw!" I purred as I rubbed against the dark gray she-cat. "I'm glad you've found a new path to follow. I promise I'll support you through it all."

"Thanks, Rainsong." Cinderpaw replied with a pleased purr. "Your words mean a lot to me."

I gave her a lick on her ear, to which she answered by beaming at me.

~ Timeskip to the Gathering ~

"ThunderClan are sheltering Brokenstar!" Nightstar half shrieked and half yelled.

I spat and lashed my tail angrily as I glared up at the ShadowClan leader. From his spot at the foot of the Great Rock, Tigerclaw seemed to be planning Nightstar's murder second by second. He was

growling and muttering under his breath with a death glare looking up at Nightstar.

"Traitor!" Tallstar screeched. "You know what Brokenstar did to us."

"No cat dares to call me a traitor!" Bluestar retorted with a hiss. I could see that she was tensing up all her muscles, she was doing her best to keep calm.

"I dare," replied Tallstar. "You are nothing but a traitor to the warrior code, if you are willing to give shelter to that...that heap of foxdung!"

Everywhere around the clearing, WindClan were calling "Traitor!" and many of the cats were no in battle stances.

I myself, heard some random ShadowClan cat I didn't know say: "Bluestar's really a traitor! She dares to keep that mongrel in ThunderClan while not informing the other Clans!"

I turned around and hissed, announcing that I had heard. The ShadowClan cat who had dared to say those words had a brown pelt with dark brown spots and lines speckling his pelt. (Just some random warrior I made up.) The other cat was a WindClan cat, it was a pale gray tom-cat with deep blue eyes. (Cloudrunner, Gorsepaw's father and Morningflower's mate)

Crouching downwards, I pinned my ears back and let out a snarl. I didn't plan on pouncing. However, if they launched themselves first, I would have to jump high to avoid them.

"Stop!" Bluestar yowled from her place on the Great Rock. "How can you break the truce like this? Would you risk the wrath of StarClan?"

Uh no, but I wasn't planning to, just had a ready escape route in case some other cats broke the truce. When I looked up, I saw clouds starting to cover the moon. Making the sky and the light in the clearing dim significantly.

Most of the cats sat themselves down and switched to scowling at each other. Tigerclaw and Deadfoot on the other hand were still

snarling at each other in battle stances. I padded up to Tigerclaw to attempt to convince him to calm down. Apparently Whitestorm decided he would do that as well. I didn't pay attention to the rest of the gathering. But I did catch that we wouldn't be going home the way we had come.

~ Timeskips Are Really Needed Right Now (no, I just don't have patience) ~

The moment the ShadowClan and WindClan cats burst into the clearing through the tunnel, I leapt at them. I had been anxiously waiting for them to burst through from beside the tunnel's end. As I leaped into the mass of cats, I caught hold of someone's scruff with my claws. Hanging on for my life, I battered my back paws harshly on the stranger's spine. I gave the cat one hard blow to the head and leapt off his back.

One done, tons more to go. I looked around for my next opponent. Thankfully, I didn't wait long because some ShadowClan mouse-brain shot out towards me. She actually pounced a bit too far, because all I did was crouch to the ground and shoot out my back paw to hit her stomach as she flew over me.

However, I must've hit pretty weakly because the ShadowClan she-cat landed with just a stumble. She turned around swiftly and shot out a fore-paw. I wasn't prepared for her to attack right away, because her claws only narrowly missed my left eye.

Letting out a huff of relief, I thanked Starclan like I never had before. I didn't want to lose my eye. Hissing in retaliation, I turned around swiftly like a leaf falling from the branch and shot out my back paws as my rear-end neared her head. Thankfully, I was close enough, and my paws smacked her right on her smug grin. Finishing my spin, I hooked my front paw upwards from the ground, sending dust right into my opponent's eyes.

The ShadowClan cat spat out some dust and sand, but couldn't quite manage to shake it out of her eyes. I took that chance and shot through the gap between her two front paws. The moment I saw her stomach, I clawed at the exposed skin– lightly, I don't plan on killing just any cat– and battered my paws. The she-cat, obviously

in pain, reared onto her hind legs so she could squish me with her front paws. Mouse-brain, that was a mistake. I used all my energy and pushed her chest with my back paws as she started to come down on me. That must've been a powerful push, because the she-cat fell backwards onto her back.

I took that pause in the battle to jump back onto my paws. I bunched myself up, ready to pounce when my opponent was up again. However, I didn't pounce because the ShadowClan she-cat got on her paws and went sailing back out the tunnel.

Looking around, I found no other cats from the other clans. Only shocked ThunderClan cats looking at me. Oh and an appalled Tigerclaw, he was probably remembering when I had beat him in training. A smug expression started to creep onto my face as I sat down and cleaned behind my ears.

"You brought this on us!" It was Darkstripe who spoke, angrily confronting Bluestar.

"You made us keep Brokentail here, and now we've been torn to pieces defending him. How long before one of us is killed for his sake?"

Bluestar looked troubled. "I never thought it would be easy, Darkstripe. But we must do what we believe is right."

Darkstripe spat at her. "For Brokentail? For a couple of mouse tails I'd kill him myself!"

Several of the other warriors mewed their agreement.

"Darkstripe." Tigerclaw meowed suddenly as he shoved his way through the cats gathered by Bluestar. "This is your leader you're talking to. Show some respect."

For a moment Darkstripe glared at the pair, then bowed his head.

"Fireheart, go and fetch Yellowfang," meowed Bluestar.

As Yellowfang and Cinderpaw looked every cat over, Graystripe came trotting in. He had a content look and prey in his jaws. When

he saw the camp and the rest of us, his eyes widened in surprise.

"Where have you been?" Tigerclaw demanded.

Graystripe looked bewildered. He dropped the fresh-kill and replied, "Hunting. What on earth happened here?"

"What does it look like?" snarled Tigerclaw. "WindClan and ShadowClan invaded, trying to get at Brokentail. We needed every warrior, but it seems that you weren't here. Where were you?"

"Well, how was I to know what was happening?" Graystripe protested to the dark tabby. "Or do I have to ask your permission before I set paw out of camp?"

Tigerclaw growled low in his throat. "You're away too often for my liking—you and Fireheart."

"Hang on!" Fireheart replied, evidently hurt at the statement. "I was here today when the cats attacked. And it's not Graystripe's fault that he wasn't."

Tigerclaw let his amber eyes rest on Graystripe, and then Fireheart. "Just be careful," he eventually spat. "I've got my eye on you—both of you." He then swung around and stalked back to Cinderpaw.

"Like I care," Graystripe muttered under his breath.

I cleared my throat slightly too loud and looked at Graystripe pointedly and twitched my ear. Graystripe met my eyes and with a sigh, nodded his head. Satisfied, I padded to Cinderpaw. I think I might've gotten a cut on my back, running along my spine. I couldn't really feel it because I was still a bit numb from the heat of the battle.

"Cinderpaw?" I mewed softly. "Can you look at my back? I'm sure I've got a scratch but I can't get to it."

Cinderpaw took one look at my **side** when her eyes widened and she sucked in a sharp breath.

"How do you not feel that Rainsong?" She asked, her voice leaking

with loads of shock. "It's really deep! You're lucky that wasn't your belly or you'd be bleeding to death now!"

I tried to remember my battle with the much larger ShadowClan she-cat. Oh yeah, she had lashed out really hard to claw my stomach when she had me pinned. But she hadn't expected me to turn over onto my stomach so soon and had gotten my back instead.

I winced, while I had been in my thoughts, Cinderpaw was treating my scratch. After what I thought was forever, Cinderpaw finally patted cobwebs all along the scratch.

"Anything else?" She asked when she had finished with the cobwebs.

"Well I'm a bit sore and I think my paws are going to hate me if I get up, but nothing else major."

"Well take some poppy seeds when you settle for the night." She instructed. "I don't want you to be in pain while you sleep."

"Yes, your high and mighty medicine cat! I shall obey your commands!" I teased and licked her ear affectionately. "Thanks Cinderpaw, you'll do great as a medicine cat."

With that, I padded out in a rather stiff manner. I sat down by the entrance to the warriors den. I wasn't quite ready to sleep yet. Sadly, I didn't even have time to make a decision whether or not to sleep, because Bluestar called us all to gather beneath High Rock.

"Brackenpaw, it was you who warned the Clan today, and you fought bravely in the battle," Bluestar meowed. "It is time for you to become a warrior."

Brackenpaw's mouth fell open. His eyes sparked with excitement as Bluestar pronounced the ritual words.

"I, Bluestar, leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to you as a warrior in his turn." She fixed her blue eyes on him. "Brackenpaw,

do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

Brackenpaw was trembling slightly, but his voice was steady as he answered, "I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Brackenpaw, from this moment you will be known as Brackenfur. StarClan honours your forethought and your determination, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan." When Bluestar finished speaking, she stepped up to Brackenfur and rested her muzzle on his bowed head. Brackenfur licked her shoulder in a respectful manner.

Pinning my ears back, I joined the rest of ThunderClan as we cheered Brackenpaw– now Brackenfur. When every cat parted, I bounded over to him.

"Good job, Brackenfur!" I purred. He evidently deserved to be a warrior, I wouldn't ever call him Brackenpaw again. It was kind of sad I admit.

Then I saw Cinderpaw coming up from behind us. So I bowed my head and walked away back to my spot by the den.

~ Timeskip to A Rather Sad Moment ~

Silently, I hurried to catch up with Tigerclaw– wincing in the process. Darkstripe had told him that Fireheart and Graystripe had left camp. So Tigerclaw had told me I was to come with him to find out why. His strides were much larger than mine so I had to hurry to keep up. But the moment I heard a bone rattling cry of pain, I dashed ahead.

When I arrived, I found Graystripe and a silver RiverClan she-cat who's scent matched the one Graystripe always had clinging on to his fur. She was kitting. And it looked like it had gone very terribly wrong. Sadly, Tigerclaw came bounding out of the woods. His expression showed fury, suspicion and aggression.

Soon after, Fireheart and Cinderpaw arrived.

"Fireheart," growled Tigerclaw, turning his head to Fireheart as Fireheart scrambled up the rock. "What do you know about this?"

Fireheart looked down at the pair of cats in the gully, but before he could answer, Cinderpaw cried out: "Fireheart! Rainsong! I need you both!"

Fireheart and I both shared a look, then we leaped down into the gully. When we reached the bottom, Cinderpaw met us with a tiny kit in her jaws. His eyes were closed, his ears were pinned backwards and his dark gray fur was stuck to his body.

"Is it dead?" Fireheart whispered in a mortified tone.

"No!" Cinderpaw and I both exclaimed. Her out of desperation, me out of surprise.

"Lick, Fireheart! Make it warm, get its blood flowing!" Cinderpaw instructed as she hobbled back to the RiverClan she-cat. I followed Cinderpaw to get a better look at Graystripe's mystery mate. She was actually quite pretty, I wouldn't lie.

As Cinderpaw worked on the second kit, I tried to soothe Silverstream. As I encouraged her with soft murmurs, she locked her blue eyes on mine. They were pleading, asking me something I couldn't figure out.

"You've done it, Silverstream!" Cinderpaw exclaimed, a small she-kit that resembled Silverstream greatly, hanging from her jaws. Cinderpaw then padded away to where Tigerclaw stood, demanding for answers.

Tigerclaw frowned at the kit Cinderpaw dropped at his paws. "Here. Lick." She instructed him.

"I'm not a medicine cat." He protested, as if he were mortified at the idea of licking a kit.

I was about to open my mouth to snap back a retort, but caught myself. I couldn't go on spoiling my plans when I had gotten this far.

"You've got a tongue, haven't you? Lick, you useless lump of fur. Do you want the kit to die?" Scolded Cinderpaw. She took the words I would've used out of my mouth.

Tigerclaw grudgingly complied, keeping a glowering eye on Silverstream while licking the kit. I continued to softly lick Silverstream's head comfortingly as Cinderpaw instructed her to eat an herb.

Suddenly, Cinderpaw growled. "Hold on, Silverstream."

I looked down at the RiverClan she-cat before me. The lively spark in her blue eyes seemed to fade as they locked onto mine. She was asking the same silent question again. The question I couldn't figure out. Her fierce but dying gaze was intimidating me. No cat has ever intimidated me other than Bluestar. I felt uneasy, so I backed away. Silverstream's eyes remained locked on mine as I moved away. Disappointment and slight hurt shining in them. Then she looked away and licked Graystripe's head feebly.

"Good-bye, Graystripe." She whispered to the gray tom. "I love you. Take care of our kits."

Then, Silverstream laid back down and locked eyes with me once more. Begging for me to answer the silent question she was still wanting an answer to. Before anyone could do anything else, a shudder passed through the silver tabby's body and her paws twitched before she fell into the eternal slumber. My eyes widened. I had to figure out Silverstream's question. That was all I could do to honour her life. It may not have been a very loyal one, but I don't doubt that she was loyal to the bone.

When I finally managed to look away from the silver body, I saw Tigerclaw walking away and flicking his tail at me, signalling me to follow him. Shaking my head to send away my thoughts, I got up and followed him.

~ Wee Little Timeskip Because I Haven't Learned Any Patience ~

I walked up to Bluestar and Fireheart, the pair were talking and I

needed to talk with Bluestar. I wanted to try and sway her decision on Graystripe's punishment before all the senior warriors had a say. Though I knew that she was already leaning towards not punishing him.

"You understand that, don't you?" Fireheart said, giving voice to his guess. "It happened to you."

I cleared my throat lightly to announce my presence. Fireheart seemed alarmed at my sudden appearance and guilt spread all over his features. I gave him a sad smile, then I looked pointedly at Bluestar.

"You guessed." Bluestar murmured. "I thought you might. Yes, Fireheart. Mistyfoot and Stonefur were once my kits."

"I think it's time you told him some more than he needs to know, Bluestar." I meowed encouragingly. "I'll give you both time to talk." I poked my muzzle to Bluestar's side then left.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Ok so that was a REALLY long chapter. I figured out, I can not possibly wrap all of Forest of Secrets into 2 long chapters and a short third one. So, I'm gonna try to wrap up most of what's left of Forest of Secrets into a third chapter and still have a really short chapter for my ingenious plot twist. I was also reading the first few chapters of Falling with the Rain during my week, and I only just realised how cringy all of it is. XD Sadly, because of plot issues, I'm gonna keep it there. (So yeah, new readers: I'm sorry about the cringe.) But I hope you guys can see my writing progress! This is actually my first project I plan on finishing with a definite end, and I never wrote a lot before I got Wattpad so that should explain my in-experienced writing. Also sorry for the lack of updates, I'm trying to start a new OG book and I'm also working on a fanfiction for KotLC. (Great book series, definitely recommend it.) Then there's the fact that I'm getting tons of ideas for OTHER OG books, so yeah my brain has been kind of a mess. I am TRYING to get back on track with Falling with the Rain because I gotta finish this as soon as I can (also because I have no covers for my other stuff, and Falling with the Rain is going to have like 300 chapters.) I have also

made a decision regarding the future of this fanfiction. (Hardcore Warriors fans, you guys are going to love this announcement. [I mean, unless you're getting sick of Rainsong?]) But yeah! Hope you enjoyed the chapter, and the really long A/N. Lol, hope you guys are well! ^^

~ LittleOwl

~ Roles ~

Rainsong's POV

"Rainsong! Rainsong! Rainsong!" Cried the exciting voice of Cloudkit. He was currently bouncing over to me, an expression of pure joy spread all over his face. "I'm going to be an apprentice!" He said proudly the moment he reached me, he puffed up his chest in a proud manner. Oh wait, Cloudkit was nearly my height now.

I purred happily. "Congratulations, Cloudkit. I can't see any kit more deserving of it right now." I nuzzled him with my muzzle against his cheek. He was purring, and his purr was nothing but prideful.

"But that means we can't play moss-ball anymore, you know that right?" I asked him, my voice refusing to hide my sadness.

"I know, but one day, when I'm a warrior, we'll play it one more time." He promised me, his eyes shining with delight.

"By the time you're a warrior, I'll be an elder!" I teased. "Possibly even near my time to die, so you better become a warrior quickly, my time's running!"

"Well then I'll take care of you! Make sure that you never have aching bones, or dirty bedding and no tic will ever harm you again!" Cloudkit insisted. "I have experience already!"

"Oh, don't worry, I'm sure all the tics that dare enter the elders' den will leap off and run out the den!" I joked affectionately. Then I licked him on the ear and told him to go tell Fireheart.

I watched the ceremony in complete silence. I was debating whether or not to cheer when the time came. I already knew some cats wouldn't. But I felt that if I did, Tigerclaw wouldn't trust me as much but if I didn't Cloudkit would question it. Actually, just this once Tigerclaw won't affect my decision.

"Cloudpaw!" I cried joyously with the half of the clan that cheered. My eyes locked onto Cloudpaw's blue eyes. He was evidently feeling a bit disappointed that it wasn't the entire clan that had cheered for him. I sent him an encouraging look that was supposed to tell him to ignore the cats that didn't cheer. As I got up to go congratulate him personally, Tigerclaw cleared his throat. Evidently he was asking me to choose. I rolled my eyes at him, trying to make it seem as if I wasn't going to go to Cloudpaw. Instead of walking to Cloudpaw, I walked to Whitestorm in a rather haughty manner. Okay, Whitestorm was surprised to see me, but Tigerclaw grunted and walked away. So my improvisation worked.

~ I Think You Know What This Means ~

I mostly tuned out the argument about what to do with the kits. But I did catch Tigerclaw saying that Graystripe had no right to anything because he was a traitor. My muzzle opened, but before I could say anything, I closed it. What was the point? Tigerclaw wasn't going to be fazed.

I could practically feel Fireheart's green eyes boring into my pelt. My cheeks burned with shame, I wanted to defend Graystripe so dearly, but I couldn't. I had figured out Silverstream's question, and it bothered me. Those times she was looking at me with those begging but fiery eyes, she had been asking me to take care of Graystripe and their kits. I so very much wanted to do what she had been asking me, but with what I had planned, it wasn't any bit possible. Because soon enough, I would be dead to everyone that ever cared for me.

"What do you think about the kits, Rainsong?" Bluestar asked, breaking me out of my thoughts.

Snapping my head back up from their position of looking down at my paws, I answered: "They aren't old enough to cross the river. We should wait till after they are old enough to travel and make a decision then. It's pointless trying to decide before the kits' eyes have even opened."

Bluestar nodded in agreement with my statement, then I didn't pay attention. I would have to start distancing myself from everyone.

Frostfur, Brindleface, Longtail, Dustpelt, Whitestorm and Bluestar. I could not let any cat think that I was trying to spy on Tigerclaw. But at the last moment, I will secretly tell Bluestar that I will always only ever be on ThunderClan's side.

~ Timeskip, Almost At the Plot-twist! ~

My ears were pricked and my stomach felt like it was knotted. Trouble was coming. Then I saw a flickering transparent kit, Skykit. He blinked at me reassuringly before he disappeared. The time was coming.

"To me, ThunderClan!" Tigerclaw's voice suddenly yowled.

The next moment, I found myself battling rogues. The exiled **ShadowClan** rogues. I spat and hissed, fighting my way to Bluestar's den. I was almost there, but then a rogue tripped me, flipping me onto my back. I let out a cry of pain. The rogue had grazed his claws on my belly. Shrieking with fury, I retaliated with much harder blows and sent him running for his life.

Thankfully, the battle quickly turned in our favour, because RiverClan had come to help. Looking down at the scratch I received, I sighed with relief. It wasn't deep at all. Energy pulsing through my muscles, I dashed off and sent as many rogues as I could running like squirrels.

Bluestar gathered us all beneath High Rock after the battle. She watched Tigerclaw for a moment–who was eating herbs– before speaking. "I present you with Tigerclaw, now a prisoner. He—"

A chorus of worried murmurs interrupted her. The Clan cats were looking at each other in shock and dismay. I pretended to look just as shocked. When in reality I really wasn't.

"A prisoner?" Darkstripe echoed. "Tigerclaw's your deputy. What has he done?"

"I'll tell you." Bluestar's voice now sounding much more confident than it had a moment ago "Just now, in my den, Tigerclaw attacked me. He would have killed me if Fireheart hadn't arrived in time."

Sounds of disbelief and shock came from the clan. I wasn't really shocked, but I had to pretend I was.

"There must be some mistake," Darkstripe blustered.

Bluestar raised her chin, her blue eyes cold. "Do you think I can't tell when a cat tries to murder me?" she asked in a rather dry manner.

"But Tigerclaw—"

Fireheart sprang up as if he had been waiting all his life for this moment. "Tigerclaw is a traitor to the Clan!" he spat. "He brought the rogue cats here today."

Darkstripe rounded on Fireheart. "He'd never have done that. Prove it, kittypet!"

Fireheart glanced at Bluestar–who didn't look so well. She nodded and beckoned him forward. "Fireheart, tell the Clan what you know. Everything."

I already knew the story. So instead, to prove Tigerclaw my 'loyalty' I padded up to him and sat beside him. I tried to make it look as if I had gone there to perhaps show Tigerclaw some of my wrath. I think I was pretty convincing, but I didn't dare look back to see who was convinced or not. Patiently, I listened to Fireheart's story.

"Bluestar," Whitestorm spoke up. "What will happen to Tigerclaw now?"

Whitestorm's simple question set off a crescendo of furious yowling from the Clan.

"Kill him!"

"Blind him!"

"Drive him out of the forest!"

Bluestar sat motionless, her eyes closed showing she was deep in thought.

"Tigerclaw," she meowed at last, "have you anything to say in your defense?"

Tigerclaw swung his head around and fixed his amber glare on her. "Defend myself to you, you gutless excuse for a warrior? What sort of a leader are you? Keeping the peace with other Clans. Helping them! You barely punished Fireheart and Graystripe for feeding RiverClan, and you sent them to fetch WindClan home! I would have never shown such kittypet softness. I would have brought back the days of TigerClan. I would have made ThunderClan great!"

"And how many cats would have died for it?" Bluestar murmured, almost as if she had forgotten the crowd of cats beneath her. I wonder if she was thinking about Thistleclaw.

"If you have nothing else to say, then I sentence you to exile," She eventually announced, her voice cracking. "You will leave ThunderClan territory now, and if any cat sees you here after sunrise tomorrow, they have my permission to kill you."

"Kill me?" Tigerclaw spoke now, snarling his defiance. "I'd like to see any of them try."

"Fireheart beat you," Graystripe called out.

"And Rainsong's beaten you too!" Cried Frostfur from somewhere among the swarm of cats.

"Fireheart." Tigerclaw turned his pale amber eyes on the ginger warrior–ignoring Frostfur's cry. "Cross my path again, you stinking furball, and we'll see who's stronger."

Fireheart leaped to his paws, a furious look in his eyes. "Anytime, Tigerclaw," he spat.

"No," Bluestar growled. "No more fighting. Tigerclaw, leave our sight."

Slowly Tigerclaw got up. His massive head swivelled back and forth as he scanned the crowd of cats.

"Don't think I'm finished," he hissed. "I'll be a leader yet. And any

cat who comes with me will be well looked after. Darkstripe?"

"I trusted you, Tigerclaw," Darkstripe protested. "I thought you were the finest warrior in the forest. But you plotted with that...that tyrant and you said nothing to me. And now you expect me to come with you?" He looked away rather deliberately.

Tigerclaw merely shrugged. "I needed Brokentail's help to make contact with the rogue cats. If you choose to take this personally, that's your problem," he growled. Well he had a point, Darkstripe needn't take it personally.

"Longtail?"

Longtail gave a nervous yelp. "Come with you, Tigerclaw? Into exile?" His voice shook with every word. "I...no, I can't. I'm loyal to ThunderClan!" Good job, Longtail, I thought. I didn't want my brother going with that filthy flea-ridden monster.

"What about you, Dustpelt?" Tigerclaw demanded. "You'll have richer pickings with me than you ever will in ThunderClan."

"I looked up to you," Dustpelt replied in a clear, level voice. "I wanted to be like you. But Redtail was my mentor. I owe him more than any cat. And you killed him." Grief and fury made his limbs shake, but his bravery kept him going. "You killed him and betrayed the Clan. I'd rather die than follow you." My brother then turned and stalked away.

My heart was filled with pride for a brief moment. Then Tigerclaw said a name. My name. The moment I'd been dreading had come.

"Rainsong?" He growled. "You'd have a much better life without having to deal with your pitiful former mentor and your lousy kin."

All eyes turned on me. Bluestar's as well, they were shocked and appalled.

I sucked in a sharp breath.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

NO COMMENTS. NO SPOILERS. YOU GUYS WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT A WEEK FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER. (Cliffhangers, I love making them but I hate them.)

~ LittleOwl

~ Decisions ~

Rainsong's POV

"Well I don't expect you to come, frankly." Tigerclaw snorted. "Your undivided loyalty is hard to crush."

"Then you must be mistaken." I meowed, my voice clear with no emotion. I lifted my chin up, hoping my gaze was as cold as my insides felt. "I'm coming with you."

No cat made any sound. Tigerclaw's expression changed from doubt to one of sly pride. Then, the cats around me burst into yowls of shock.

"Bluestar was your mentor!" That was Smallear.

"How could you do this to us!?" That was Brindleface.

"I looked up to you!" That was Dustpelt and Longtail.

"Why?" This one came in a shocked tone, from Fireheart.

Every cat fell silent to hear my answer. I shrugged. "ThunderClan just hasn't got anything more to offer me." On the inside, I was crying and screaming 'Don't let me go with the monster!'

"How could you. . ?" That was the voice I didn't want to hear. Whitestorm's.

"Enough!" Bluestar cried out from on top of High Rock. Her cold blue eyes met mine, sending an icy chill down my spine. "Rainsong is now also exiled from ThunderClan. If any of the pair are found on ThunderClan territory after dawn, they are to be killed. Any last words?"

Tigerclaw scoffed from beside me.

"I'm going. But I'll be back; you can be sure of that. I'll get my

revenge on you all!" As he padded away and drew close to Fireheart he paused, drawing his lips back in a snarl. "And as for you..." he hissed. "Keep your eyes open, Fireheart. Keep your ears pricked. Keep looking behind you. Because one day I'll find you, and then you'll be crowfood."

I then took my chance. Meeting Bluestar's hostile gaze, I said my last words ThunderClan would probably ever hear of me. "Just remember my warrior ceremony. The moment you were the most proud of me."

"Rainsong, don't go!" Cloudpaw screeched suddenly. "Please, don't go!"

A claw scratched my heart. Instead of replying in any sort of manner, I didn't turn back.

Then without another word, Tigerclaw and I stalked out the tunnel.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

AHHH I DID IT! I WROTE HER BETRAYAL. EEEEEEEEEE. I FINALLY DID IT. (Silently crying for torturing poor Rainsong.) I'm probably mentally unstable for all the things I have planned for any of my characters. But like, *drama*. Essential for plot! Please don't kill me for last week's cliff-hanger. Hope you'll stick around now! ;)

~ LittleOwl

Future LittleOwl: I decided to try and update on Wednesdays, so you get this chapter a day early. ;)

Present LittleOwl who updated this: I COMPLETELY forgot about Cloudpaw's reaction. T-T Sooo I added it because I love that little white furball of sass!

~ A Promise Is A Promise ~ (Bonus Scene!)

Bluestar's POV

"Just remember my warrior ceremony. The moment you were the most proud of me."

Those same words were all I could hear. My loyal, devoted, caring, gentle yet fiery former apprentice had betrayed me. My most fierce, wise, memorable and motherly warrior had betrayed the Clan, MY Clan. Her last words to us–me, haunted me like a dead warrior's spirit who hadn't yet found the way to StarClan. What was so special about her warrior ceremony? Other than the fact that like she said, it was the moment I had been the most proud of her. I had watched her grow from the tiny kit she was to the most wonderful cat she was. Yes, she hadn't grown much physically, but wisdom wise, she had grown more than any cat ever had. Unable to help myself, my mind flashed back to the moment I had made her a warrior.

"I, Bluestar, leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. She has trained ***extremely*** *hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend her to you as a warrior in their turn." I looked down proudly at the pale tortoiseshell sitting before me, her pale blue eyes bright with pride. I had added the "extremely" only because it was the truth. Rainpaw was the first apprentice I had seen sneak out at night to train.*

" Rainpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend your Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

All excitement and pride disappeared from the pale tortoiseshell's eyes for a moment, only seriousness remained as she replied.

"I promise."

That was a new one, I had thought. I had merely shrugged it off, but not too long later, I had realised how serious she meant with her I promise.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Rainpaw, from this moment on you will be known as Rainsong. StarClan honours your wisdom, loyalty and thoughtfulness. I give you the name Rainsong to honour your talent to hear another's song."

The memory cut off as I sat up with a jolt in realisation. Rainsong had promised. Rainsong had never broken a promise before. Was this her way of telling me that she wasn't really betraying her Clan, but it was all part of a bigger plan? Of course it was, Rainsong always had a plan and a backup plan for the backup plan. She was one of the few cats who could keep track of the bigger picture while still in the moment. I stifled a purr as relief settled in my bones. Rainsong had never betrayed us, she wanted to make sure Tigerclaw never suspected her loyalty towards him. But she needed me to know that she was on my side, she knew I would've become very broken if I thought she had truly betrayed me. Feeling much more content, but still shaken from Tigerclaw's betrayal, I fell asleep to be met with darkness.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Hey guys! Ok so let me explain, at first, I had planned to write and release this after the two next chapters. But the next chapter after ~ Decisions ~ is short and I planned it to be released with another chapter on the same day. Then I realised, I still have a long way to go for writing that second chapter. So instead, I switched my plans and wrote this in like 15 minutes so that I could update today. I hope you guys enjoyed Bluestar's POV! ^^

~ LittleOwl

~ An Eye For Loyalty ~

Rainsong's POV

I was dying on the inside. It was the mere truth. I had just left my Clan, my kin and everything I've ever cared about so that I could follow **Tigerclaw**. WHAT CAT DOES THAT? *This cat*, I thought miserably. But I guess I didn't have much of a choice. With a sigh, I broke myself from my thoughts. We were currently with the rogues just outside of Clan territory. Tigerclaw was considered the leader among the rogues. I was considered as the 'We should trust her only because Tigerclaw instructed us to'. I was currently just lying down in the sun, a half-eaten chaffinch in front of me.

"Rainsong!" Tigerclaw yowled, making me snap my head upwards to meet his amber eyes. "Come here."

My eye twitched slightly, but I shook myself and met Tigerclaw in the middle of our tiny clearing. The rogues gathered around to see what was going on. Evidently Tigerclaw wanted an audience, because he wanted me in the middle of the clearing.

"How do I know you aren't spying for Bluestar?" He growled once every cat was watching, his eyes were narrowed in suspicion.

"Because Bluestar was just as shocked as Smallear about your betrayal." I pointed out with a yawn.

"Then are you spying for Fireheart?" He demanded. "I know how close you were with him." He added with a taunting tone.

"Pffft, you expect me to answer 'yes' to that?" I retorted with a snort.

"Oh I don't." Tigerclaw answered with an evil grin spreading on his features. "But I expect you to give me something to prove your loyalty."

"I already gave you my complete loyalty, what more do you want?"

I mewed, my eyes narrowing by the moment.

"Hmm. Let me think on this a moment." He hissed, then leaned back on his haunches in a rather dramatic manner. Then he leaned close to me, causing me to lean back, and whispered in a loud fashion: "Your eye."

On the inside, I was shocked to the bone, and cold fear was spread through my body like rain falling from dark gray storm clouds. On the outside, I remained calm and replied in a cool voice: "Alright, you can take my eye out if it'll prove my loyalty."

A flicker of surprise flashed through his amber eyes, but nonetheless his grin grew. "Whitestorm won't find you so pretty after this, now, will he?" He taunted then laughed evilly at his own words.

Rage flashed in my eyes, for a second I nearly attacked Tigerclaw. Before I could, I managed to compose myself. "So when are we going to get to the removal of my eye? You're making me bored." I stated, my voice much colder than I anticipated.

Shock flared through Tigerclaw's eyes, and I could hear the rogues whispering among themselves. I flashed Tigerclaw a wicked grin of my own.

"Not yet," Tigerclaw announced. "I'll do it when we've taken over a clan and we've got a medicine cat. Can't have our most talented warrior dying now, can we?"

"Talented, as if!" Snorted one of the rogues, Blackfoot. "She's as small as an apprentice!"

"That didn't stop me before, why should it stop me now?" I asked without turning my head, my voice sounded as if it were dripping with venom.

"Because you're looking at Brokenstar's best warriors, Rain*paw*." Sneered Blackfoot.

I refused to deal with this while I was with Tigerclaw. I spun around and launched myself at the large white tom before he could react, I clawed him on the face. He tried to push me away with one

large black paw, a mouse-brained move. I was used to larger cats attempting to push me away with a single large paw. The moment his paw made contact with my muzzle, I opened my muzzle and clamped my jaws down. Screeching, Blackfoot shook his paw, attempting to get me off. Kicking him on the chest with my back paws and letting go of his paw, I used the push to launch myself upwards. I landed and skidded backwards on the ground. Evidently thinking he got a chance, Blackfoot bounded right in front of me. Hooking my paw upwards, I sent dust flying up into his face. As he coughed the dirt out, I hooked his paws out from underneath him. As he thumped on the ground, I jumped onto his back. Blackfoot felt me on his back and tried to shake me off, but every time he struggled, I pushed my paws harder into his spine. Eventually the white tom gave up and panted on the ground.

Every cat was staring, shock plastered on their faces. Tigerclaw on the other paw, only looked mildly impressed.

"Does any other cat have anything to say about me?" I spat. My question was met with silence. "Good. Otherwise you'll end up like this fool." Jumping off of Blackfoot, I stalked away to a bush I was using as a den.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Ok sorry for the short chapter, I'm posting the next chapter now. I just had to cut it because the title wouldn't match whatever else I put in this chapter. So I'm cutting it there and then doing a small chapter called "Rising Storm" because Tigerclaw nearly never appears in the main plot of the fourth book. And in that small chapter, I'll have Rainsong appear like twice (lmao) plus the err gruesome scene. I'm also going to pack in events from the fifth book, because yeah. So the next chapter will either be gruesomely short or awfully long. Hope you enjoyed the chapter! How are you, dear reader? I hope you've been having a good week! Maybe I'll ask a few get to know you questions next chapter!

~ LittleOwl

~ Rising Storm ~

Rainsong's POV

I was washing my face with a rather dark scowl on my face. My fighting hadn't been my best, and that would most indefinitely cause suspicion from Tigerclaw if he found out.

"Rainsong!" Speak of the Dark Forest cat.

Closing my eyes for a moment to calm myself, I got up and padded up to him. Once again, we were in the middle of the little clearing.

"I have news for you." Tigerclaw informed me.

"I mean it's quite obvious, so spit it out." I retorted, my patience running out.

Startled from my sudden mood, he did in fact spit out the news. "Your eye is to be paid today."

I gave a dignified sniff, all the blood in my head drained down to my paws. "Why today?"

"Because if I do it in front of a clan, they will not trust me to take over." He stated simply.

"What if it gets infected?"

"I'm very sure you know how to treat your eye." Tigerclaw answered. I grumbled, I did.

"Fine, but we can only start once I have all the things needed to treat the wound." I snapped.

"Very well."

I turned around and faced the rogues. "Blackfoot, go find cobwebs–

as many as you can as well as sap, birch would be best; Tangleburr, go find me some marigold, moss and dock leaves; Stumpytail go find me some willow bark or poppy and..." I hesitated. "Clawface, find me some celandine, just in case."

"In case, what?" Tigerclaw growled.

I turned back around to face the massive tom. "In case you don't cleanly pull out my eye and turn it blind. Celandine is used to soothe the eyes."

"Oh, don't you worry, Rainsong." He hissed. "I'll pull it out cleanly."

"Oh, I don't doubt what you'll do, I doubt your skills." I spat back.

"Marigolds usually have bright orange flowers, poppy has bright red flowers and celandine has a bright yellow flower at the top that has only four petals." I informed the rogues who were looking at me with confused expressions. No cat moved. "Well get it now, Tigerclaw's evidently on his toes waiting to get my eye out."

Every cat dashed off. Once every cat was back with the **proper** herbs–I had to send Clawface out a second time because the daft furball brought a dandelion, I instructed them what to do.

TW: BLOOD AND GORE MENTIONED AHEAD (read at own discretion)

"Whoever doesn't mind getting their paws dirty with blood, I want you to press the cobwebs on where my eye would be. Press firmly but not too hard, stopping the blood is key. If there's too much blood, moss will help soak up blood. If my eye is not cleanly removed, then ignore the cobwebs and drip as much of the celandine juice into my eye. If it is cleanly removed, do the cobwebs, then remove them when the bleeding has either stopped or slowed down to nearly nothing. Once you remove the cobwebs, chew the marigold leaves to pulp and slide it into where my eye should be. Then I want another cat to press pieces of dock leaves over my eyelids and pour some sap over it and put some more cobwebs over the leaves and sap."

Each rogue cat nodded. Tigerclaw on the other paw, he looked like he was recovering from shock. "Well if you're done with instructions, when shall we actually get to it?" He jeered

"Well get on with it if you please!" I sneered in reply.

"Blackfoot, hold her down." He instructed the white tom.

Blackfoot complied, he happily sat down on my small frame. When Tigerclaw came near, I couldn't help but flinch. Losing an eye... It would be painful. Much more painful than any of the times I had caught greencough. Worse than when I had gotten an infection on a battle wound. Shuddering, I looked at Tigerclaw and the last thing I saw was his paw before the pitch black pain began.

It felt like a part of me was being teared out. Well it was, Tigerclaw was quite literally pulling my entire out of my eye-socket. I had planned to not screech in pain, but it was too late. It felt like my eye was being cut from its root that kept it in my eye-socket. Suddenly, the pulling stopped and my head fell limply on the dirt. Immediately, I was crowded with what seemed like the rogue cats, my eyes–or eye now, was closed. There was a throbbing pain where my left eye once was and pressure was being applied to it. I fell unconscious.

When I came to, I felt a drop of sticky liquid on my muzzle. They were on the sap. I waited patiently till I knew they had added the cobwebs.

"Poppy..." I croaked, my voice hoarse from screeching. "Shake the...poppy head and– And feed me two seeds. W–water would be...nice too..."

Immediately, I heard some cat scamper away and another cat parting my muzzle open. I gratefully opened it and two small things fell onto my tongue. I swallowed–with difficulty–and waited for the poppy seed to start working. A few moments later, when the poppy was starting to seep into my system, I heard more scampering. Then, wet moss was pressed to my muzzle. I gratefully opened my mouth and licked the moisture from the moss. The water soothed my throat.

"The poppy will make her sleepy." A she-cat's voice said. I assumed it was Tangleburr, she was the only female rogue.

"Then move her so she can sleep!" A tom snarled. I couldn't tell who it was, the poppy was starting to ebb away the pain and my sanity.

I was suddenly lifted onto some cat's back. After a rather bumpy but short ride, I was placed back on the ground. Grass, not dusty dirt. Gratefully, I curled up and let the poppy take me away from this world.

TW END

When I woke up, I blinked twice. I could see, but something was wrong. I couldn't blink my left eye.... Oh right, my eye... I swallowed back a sob and miserably curled back up.

"Rainsong! I know you're awake, get out here now!" Snarled a very angry Tigerclaw.

"Alright!" I snapped with displeasure and shook myself from the bush I was laid under and stalked out. "What?"

"You've proven your loyalty, and I am very pleased with you." He announced once I came out, his voice sounded slightly reluctant.

"Ok, great, can I have some cat re-dress the dock leaves, sap and cobwebs for me?" I grumbled.

Tigerclaw considered me for a moment. "Very well, Tangleburr! Go help Rainsong!"

The white and brown spotted she-cat trotted up to us immediately. "Yes, Tigerclaw."

With that, the brown tabby tom padded away.

"Do you still have dock leaves, sap and cobwebs?" I asked.

"Yes, we do." Tangleburr hesitated before adding: "I don't see how any of them help."

"Well, dock leaves soothe wounds, if you put them in your nest after a battle, your scratches will feel much less painful as you sleep." I mewed. "The cobwebs are to bind the dock leaves together, and the sap is sticky so it helps the cobwebs bind the dock leaves to my eye-lids."

Tangleburr tipped her head, a curious expression on her face. "How'd you know all this?"

"I was the most curious kit ThunderClan has ever seen." I said with a sad purr. "I spent loads of time in the medicine den and in the elder's den."

"You must be a smart cat." She remarked.

"I try, but I've probably made the most mouse-brained decision of my life a good amount of sunrises ago." I admitted.

"What was the decision?"

"I'd rather not talk about it." I stated abruptly. Not meeting Tangleburr's curious eyes, I lifted a paw to where my left eye used to be. Gently, I removed the cobwebs and the sticky dock leaves.

Tangleburr let out a soft gasp. Heat rushed up to my face, I was embarrassed and a throbbing pain slowly appeared in the hollow of where my eye used to sit. Not wanting to know how bad it looked, I asked her to put the dock leaves and cobwebs the same way as yesterday and lay down on my side.

With a gentle paw, Tangleburr gingerly placed the strips of dock leaves, each one slightly overlapping the other. Then, she held a piece of moss dripping with sap over the strips of dock leaves and squeezed, letting the amber liquid ooze onto the leaves. After she was satisfied with the sap, Tangleburr left and came back with a pawful of cobwebs. Softly, she pressed the cobwebs firmly over the leaves and sap. She held her paw there for a moment, making sure that the cobwebs stayed on for sure. I let out a soft sigh as the dock leaves started to ebb away the throbbing pain. Finally happy with how the cobwebs were sticking to the leaves and sap, Tangleburr lowered her paw and gave me a grim smile. With that, I told

Tangleburr I was tired and that I would like to be left alone. Glancing at me with worry filled in her eyes, she complied.

Fireheart's Third Person POV + ~ **Timeskip** *~*

Fireheart watched as Whitethroat opened his mouth and a thin stream of blood streamed out. Fireheart watched as the ShadowClan warrior's eyes widened after they had stared at something behind him. Fireheart watched as Whitethroat's eyes flashed with fear for the last time before they glazed over. Whitethroat was dead. He spun around to see what it was that the ShadowClan warrior had feared so greatly in his last moments. It was Tigerclaw. And behind him, hidden by the shadows was another cat. All that was visible of the cat was her white fore-paws and a single piercing pale blue eye. Fireheart swallowed, no cat had a gaze that could pierce through him like that but one cat. Rainsong. Her blue eye flashed with amusement as it studied him. Shivering, Fireheart realised Rainsong had easily seen the unease he had been trying so hard to hide. No matter how brave he would seem on the outside, Rainsong would always see what was on the inside.

As Fireheart pounced onto Tigerclaw, he saw from the corner of his eyes that the small frame that belonged to Rainsong had swiftly turned and padded away deeper into the shadows. Confused, he shook his head and focused on his battle with Tigerclaw. Traitors would always pay.

Rainsong's POV + ~ **Timeskip** *~*

"Well? Where were you?" I spat at the massive tom that had just re-entered the ShadowClan camp.

Tigerclaw's amber eyes flashed with anger. "ThunderClan's camp was up in flames, so I went to check that my kits and Goldenflower are still alive!" He growled.

Worry flashed through me like a strike of lightning. "Really?" I struggled to control my voice, I was worried for my own kin. Had they survived?

"Goldenflower and Tawnykit are. And Bramblekit, thanks to that

measly kittypet Fireheart!" He snapped in reply, clearly displeased that Fireheart had saved his son.

I snorted with disbelief. Tigerclaw was as stubborn as a...err...as stubborn as a hawk. No matter what he did, the massive former ThunderClan deputy would always hate the former kittypet.

"Just be pleased that they're alive." I sneered with a roll of my eye and padded away.

~ Just A Few Days Later ~

I scanned the clearing of ShadowClan's camp. The ShadowClan cats were busy with...whatever it is they do in their free time, Tigerclaw was out, and so were the rest of the rogues. Carefully, I snuck out of the stinky camp. *I probably have their scent all over me now*, I thought bitterly. Never would I ever have guessed I would one day carry ShadowClan scent.

Freedom hit me like a monster on a thunderpath. I was free! *No you aren't, you haven't saved ThunderClan yet*, a small voice in my head told me. The grin that must've been spread on my muzzle faltered. Would I ever be free? First I was willingly bound to ThunderClan, now because of that binding to ThunderClan I was stuck with Tigerclaw and after I died, I would be unwillingly held by death.

Shaking my head, I decided to check the ThunderClan camp. I ran as fast as I could so that I would be able to make it back without Tigerclaw noticing. The moment I had crossed the border, the familiar ThunderClan scent overwhelmed me, sending comfort from my head to my toes. I whimpered quietly, I missed ThunderClan with the whole of my heart. Smelling the scents of the forest, I was met with the scent of smoke. I recoiled, shocked at the stench. Gingerly, I sniffed the air again, eager for some sort of sense of home. Smelling through the layers of scent in the air, I finally found a layer untouched by the fire. The familiar smells of the forest came rushing in and I let out a soft purr of relief. This was still my home no matter how much it would change. *No, it was still my home because my home is with the cats of ThunderClan*, I corrected myself, home was where you felt most comfortable, it wasn't a physical place.

Letting out a grumpy sigh, I padded on. When I reached the camp–more like its remains–my ears pricked up. Someone was here. Carefully, my ears listening for any noise and my muzzle slightly parted to taste the air, I found a soot-covered scent of a cat. I couldn't quite figure out who it was, but I knew it was familiar. Gently, I crouched down and silently stepped over the burnt debris–and what I think was Halftail–to where the scent was leading me. The medicine den. My eye narrowed, clearly the cat knew where to hide during a fire. If the cat had been here during the fire, they would be too sickly to attack me. Standing up, I entered the den.

"Is some cat there?" I asked, my voice soft with suspicion.

"Get ou–" A fit of raspy coughing abruptly cut off the cat's words. I rushed forward to Yellowfang. The old medicine cat's gray fur was covered in soot, her eyes were narrowed with rage and her breathing was hard and scratchy.

"Traitors aren't–" She broke off again. "Welcome." I ignored her words and came forward but she batted a paw at me.

I backed up. "It's quite odd to see the smartest cat I know fall for a trick that every other cat fell for." I mused, I came towards her again. This time, she only regarded me with a suspicious gaze.

"I –*cough*–don't get what–*cough*–you mean." Yellowfang snarled. Ignoring her sharp gaze and meow, I pressed my ear to her chest where her lungs would be.

"Breathe." I instructed sharply as I batted away her paw.

Scowling, Yellowfang complied. I listened carefully to her raspy and shaky breaths. What I could hear in her lungs was frightening. It sounded as if her lungs had shrunken and shrivelled up like a dead leaf. Adjusting my position, I pressed my ear to where her heart would be. *Ba-bump..... ba-bump ..... ba-bump*. I sat up straight, grief and sadness. But when I looked at Yellowfang, her gaze was soft and sad.

"You know, don't you?" I whispered.

"Of course–*cough*– I do, I'm a medicine–*cough*– cat and have been for many many moons." She rasped in reply. Then with a mrr-ow of amusement she added: "More moons than you've been alive!" Before she could say anything else, she fell to another bout of coughing.

"I can't tell you anything, but when you reach StarClan, Spottedleaf will explain everything if you ask." I meowed in a grief stricken tone.

Laying down beside her, I cleared her pelt of soot and dust. I gently stroked my tongue down her back.

"What happ–*cough*–ened to your eye?" Yellowfang asked, her voice leaking with hesitation.

"I...don't really want to talk about it at the moment." I admitted. "It's a story I'm only willing to say once and I need to save it for ThunderClan–not that you aren't a ThunderClan cat."

Yellowfang let out a shaky purr. "We both–*cough*–know I'll be a ShadowClan cat through and through."

A purr rumbled softly in my throat. "I–" Suddenly, I heard Fireheart and Graystripe's familiar meows outside.

I let out a hiss of frustration. Why in the name of StarClan did I have to come check on the camp the day Fireheart and Graystripe decide to come? Yellowfang looked at me with gentle but fiery yellow eyes.

"Go." She whispered hoarsely.

"May StarClan light your path. And may you find good hunting and rest with our ancestors." I dipped my head and gave her a gentle lick on her ear. I trotted to the exit of the medicine den, I looked back for a moment, meeting Yellowfang's wise gaze. "I've always respected you and I do hope you find peace with yourself someday."

I lowered down into a stance cats usually take when circling each other in battle. Taking in a sharp breath, I made my expression cold and slowly stalked into the clearing.

Fireheart Third Person POV

"Why if it isn't the daring pair of apprentices!" A she-cat's voice sneered. We spun around, shock flowed through Fireheart like the blood in my veins. The once sleek she-cat now had matted fur that didn't seem like it had been cleaned in a while and had green leaves covering her left eye.

"Rainsong!" He snarled with realisation.

The pale tortoiseshell ignored Fireheart's snarl and instead turned to Graystripe and said tauntingly: "Graystripe, did you seriously join RiverClan for the she-cat?" She laughed for a moment."Oh wait no, she's dead. Let me guess, RiverClan wanted the kits, you didn't want a battle so you went with your kits."

I watched Graystripe, the fluffy gray tom was shaking with outrage, his face contorted in shock and disbelief.

"I hope you got used to the stench of fish, afterall, your loyalties don't lie in ThunderClan anymore, you're stuck in a clan of fish!" Rainsong continued.

"At least that's better than betraying your Clan and kin and following that tyrant!" Fireheart snapped, how could the most caring cat he knew become so vile?

Hurt and rage flashed through her single visible blue eye. Rainsong hissed in a low tone. "Coming from a kittypet, you couldn't even be loyal to a two-leg that pampers you."

This time, it was Fireheart that had rage pass through him like a strike of lightning. "At least I know where my loyalties lie!" He spat angrily.

The she-cat that Fireheart had once considered his role-model seemed to falter. A hollow look appeared in her pale blue eye. Shaking her head, Rainsong snarled and lowered down into a pouncing crouch. Fireheart readied himself to duck, he felt Graystripe who was next to him move away, as if unsure whether to fight this battle or not. Suddenly, without warning, Rainsong

pounced. Fireheart ducked down, ready for the attack, but was shocked to find that Rainsong's paws met his face. With a screech of rage, the pale tortoiseshell twisted her lithe body on top of Fireheart's. Fireheart let out a loud grunt as her paws started to dig into his spine, claws unsheathed. However, the ginger tom knew he had the advantage. Rainsong didn't know that Fireheart how much he had grown while she had been with that monster.

Building all his strength in his paws, he shot upwards, his hind-quarters higher than his front paws as if he were stretching. Shock plastered on her face, Rainsong flew off of him. She landed with a thump on the floor. She didn't get up. Before she could move, Fireheart took his chance and launched himself and landed on top of her. The only reaction she had was a grunt.

"Do you give up and agree to be a prisoner to ThunderClan?" He growled. No words came from the pale tortoiseshell's muzzle, the only thing that did was laughter. A gentle peal of giggling. Fireheart locked eyes with Rainsong, he was confused to the bone. When Rainsong locked her eye on him, she stopped laughing. Amusement was visible on her face but her eye had an expression of calculation.

"Fireheart, you must be mouse-brained to think that you've beaten her!" Graystripe called nervously, the gray warrior hadn't moved the entire battle.

"You didn't help!" Fireheart realised aloud with a gasp.

"To be fair, she's scary and we both know she could have killed us both." Graystripe meowed, shuffling his paws uncomfortably.

That's unfairly true, thought Fireheart grudgingly.

"Let's let her go as long as she promises to go right away off of ThunderClan territory." The gray warrior advised, casting a nervous glance at the she-cat.

"You should listen to your friend, he knows I'll turn you both into pieces of fresh-kill!" Jeered Rainsong from under his paws. "It would be a shame if ThunderClan lost another deputy so soon!"

Although Fireheart knew it would be safer to let the small she-cat go, he knew it wouldn't be right.

"Would it make a difference in your indecision if I told you where Tigerclaw is?" Rainsong asked sarcastically, snapping Fireheart out of his thoughts.

"Fireheart...just let her go." Graystripe pleaded, his gaze flashing from Rainsong to him. Clearly if his friend was scared, it meant that Rainsong was ten times more dangerous than he had ever thought.

"Fine, but only because there's only the two of us, and Rainsong would genuinely shred us to bits." He replied evenly.

Fireheart–slightly grumpily–got off the small framed she-cat. She gleefully got up and padded rather quickly to the tunnel. Rainsong abruptly stopped and turned around. Her face was hesitant.

"Is the Clan okay?" She asked, taking Fireheart aback with the question.

"Of course it is!" He blurted out.

"Well, the fact that your deputy and that you took care of the Clan doesn't change anything." Rainsong mewed harshly with a glare and ran out the tunnel.

"That was weird." Graystripe muttered, staring at the tunnel the traitor had just gone through.

"Don't tell Bluestar." Fireheart meowed quickly. "Better yet, don't tell any cat, especially Bluestar and Whitestorm."

"Why not?" His friend looked at him curiously.

"It'll build up non-existent hope." Fireheart answered simply. "They'll think that Rainsong might come back, but clearly she won't."

"Alright..."

~ Small Timeskip ~ + *Dustpelt Third Person POV*

Cats were swarming about, all of them impatient for ShadowClan but thankful for the time to talk with one another. Dustpelt sat calmly among the various cats, feeling slightly unnerved. The only thing that showed his shiftyness was his twitching tail. Finally, after a long wait, ShadowClan cats along with their scents began weaving among them.

"Hello dear brother." Murmured a soft voice from behind him.

Dustpelt whipped his head around in surprise. Standing before him was his once dear sister. He was about to go ahead and nuzzle Rainsong with pleasure, when his senses came back to him.

"*You* don't get the pleasure of calling me that!" He snarled.

Hurt seemed to flash for a moment in her eyes–or eye, remarked Dustpelt. He studied his sister for a moment. Rainsong seemed thinner than when she had left and her fur was ruffled and matted as if it hadn't been washed in the moons she had left. But what startled him the most was the green leaves and cobwebs covering her left eye.

"Well then, I guess I'll leave." Before she left, she leaned close to his ear and whispered: "Nothing can change who your kin are."

Opening his muzzle to snap back, Dustpelt caught ShadowClan scent on his sister's fur. "Wait, is that Sha–" He realised Rainsong had already disappeared into the swarm of cats. Dustpelt gave a grunt of frustration, his sister had always been quite silent and mysterious, but this was getting annoying.

When the new ShadowClan leader finally showed up, Dustpelt nearly sprang at him with rage. Rainsong becoming a ShadowClan cat was one thing, Tigerclaw becoming *Tigerstar* was another. With a hiss of anger, Dustpelt kept glowering at the massive tabby throughout the gathering.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

I changed my mind about having parts of the fifth book in this chapter too. I realised that it would be extremely long if I did. So

the next chapter might be pretty short, I apologise if it is! Now the promised get to know you questions:

Favourite colour/shade? (Mine's lilac!)

Favourite season? (Mine are spring and fall, winter and summer in Canada are extreme)

Your irl nickname? (I have two, Cece and Coco)

How are you? (Currently, I feel unmotivated to do school work)

Where are you? [Just the country, province/state and cities are optional] (I'm in Ontario, Canada!)

Your Nationality? (I'm Korean on both sides but was born in Canada!)

What languages do you speak? (I speak English, French and very basic Korean [so barely])

What's your personality type? [Take the free 16 personalities test if you don't know!] (I'm a Turbulent Advocate, INFJ-T, Introvert, iNtuitive, Feeling, Judging, Turbulent.)

What's your school mascot? (In elementary school it was a bulldog, now in middle school it's a mustang!)

How are you enjoying the fanfiction so far?

~ LittleOwl

~ Where I Draw the Line ~

Sandstorm Third Person POV (at some random time in the book)

Fireheart, Longtail, Swiftpaw and Sandstorm shared small talk as they began their patrol of the ShadowClan border. *I do hope Bluestar will get better soon, if Tigerstar is leader of ShadowClan, he's bound to attack at any given moment*, she thought bitterly. In fact, it was thanks to Bluestar that she was now patrolling this exact border for the second time that day. Her paws ached slightly as they padded over the uneven ground right behind the line of trees that met the Thunderpath. Sandstorm raised her head and opened her mouth to taste the air for a moment, leaving the rest of the patrol to walk ahead by a tree-length. For a moment, she was convinced she scented a familiar cat, it was a rather feeble scent, but it was there. A gust of wind suddenly blew by, scattering the only remnants of the scent away.

"Sandstorm, is everything all right?" Fireheart called from over his shoulder. The patrol had stopped a tree-length and a fox-length away.

"Yes, coming!" She meowed back as she scampered to catch up to the border patrol.

"Did you see some cat?" Swiftpaw demanded, clearly having wanted to be the one who had found an intruder, if there was one at all.

"No, just a stale scent blown over from the ShadowClan border, but it was blown away." Sandstorm replied patiently, apprentices could be much too eager at times.

Swiftpaw, evidently looking disappointed padded on ahead, the rest of the patrol followed him.

Not too long later, as the patrol was nearing an end, fresh ShadowClan scents were blown over by the wind. Each cats' ears were pricked as they lowered down into the undergrowth.

Sandstorm narrowed her eyes as they saw a patrol of ShadowClan cats going along their own border. Luckily, the wind was downwind on them so the mange-pelted ShadowClan cats wouldn't even know they were here. Silently, Sandstorm watched the group of cats stop. They briefly chatted among themselves before they all bounded away back into the shadows.

Just as all the ShadowClan cats had left out of their view, Sandstorm relaxed her muscles. Right before the ThunderClan patrol could get out of the undergrowth and continue their patrol, another ShadowClan cat came into view. *An apprentice*, noted Sandstorm. The way the apprentice moved and her pelt were oddly familiar. Before Sandstorm could identify why, the ShadowClan apprentice parted her jaws, tasting the air for scents. Before the apprentice had even inhaled completely, her head whipped right to where the ThunderClan patrol was hidden. Sandstorm felt a shiver run along her spine as the ShadowClan cat's eyes locked on her through the bush. *No, **eye**, not **eyes***, realised Sandstorm with a shudder. The single pale blue eye, pierced through her like frost-bitten leaf-bare wind, its pair was hidden underneath green leaves which were clearly herbs. *It's Rainsong*, Sandstorm registered, the recognition was bitter and snarl-like in her head.

Beside her, she felt Fireheart rise out of the undergrowth. Clearly, he found it useless to hide from Rainsong. *Rainsong **does** have an excellent sense of smell, she knew we were here before she even properly smelled the air*, Sandstorm noted.

She rose out of the undergrowth beside Fireheart and fixed a glare on Rainsong. The tortoiseshell only briefly studied her before her pale single blue eye flicked to some-cat beside Fireheart. Longtail it seemed was the cat whom Rainsong was currently studying, from the amount of fear-scent coming from him, Sandstorm was easily able to identify him.

Once more, Rainsong's single eyed gaze flew over each of them. Sandstorm met her piercing gaze with a defiant expression. Suddenly, Rainsong's ears pricked and her head turned to the side. She opened her muzzle, evidently replying to a question coming from some cat hidden by the trees. When the unheard conversation ended, Rainsong's head turned back to the ThunderClan patrol.

Sandstorm tensed, ready to fight if it came to it. Instead, Sandstorm was taken aback as Rainsong dipped her head and bounded out of sight.

"That was weird." Murmured Fireheart, mostly to himself.

"I..." Longtail's voice faltered. "I d-didn't know that Rain... that she joined ShadowClan with Tigerc–star." He finally managed to stammer.

Swiftpaw pressed against his mentor, clearly shocked at how afraid Longtail was.

Instead of a comforting tone, Sandstorm replied with a snort: "I don't know what you expected Longtail, if a cat as loyal as Rainsong left ThunderClan, she's gonna be loyal to the cat she left with."

She instantly regretted her harsh words as she saw Longtail bow his head in grief.

"I'm sorry." She meowed in a softer tone. "It's just that Rainsong's betrayal came as a shock to every cat, all of us looked up to her."

"I know..." Longtail whispered in reply so quietly Sandstorm had to strain her ears to hear him.

Fireheart started a light conversation with Longtail, presumably to distract him. Sandstorm kept to the back, glancing over at the ShadowClan territory every now and then. Swiftpaw fell in step with her. Glancing at his mentor, he hesitantly asked Sandstorm a question that must've been clawing at his throat for a while.

"Why is Longtail so afraid and depressed at Rainsong's betrayal?" He mewed quietly, not wanting his mentor to hear.

"Not many cats know, but Rainsong is Longtail's kin." Sandstorm answered in a voice that matched the apprentice's soft one. "According to the elders, Rainsong was so excited to have a younger cat as kin that when Longtail was born, she practically raised him. One-eye even said: 'They were like the bestest of littermates, inseparable'. Frostfur also said that if Rainsong weren't so close with Brindleface, Longtail would be her closest kin.

"Longtail probably feels awfully betrayed and that needs to prove his loyalty. It's one thing to have your close Clanmate be a traitor to the Clan, but it's another thing to have both a close Clanmate **and** your closest kin be traitors. He'll feel that he needs to prove his loyalty because he was close with both traitors and he's going to think that every cat won't trust him because of it."

Swiftpaw took his time processing the information she gave him. As they were already half-way back to camp, he nodded.

"That makes sense." He said simply with a shrug before bounding away to catch up with Longtail and Fireheart who were a couple fox-lengths in front of them.

Sandstorm stared at the group of toms ahead of her. One was almost broken, shredded down to only being able to save himself if he got some of his life back. One was learning, but couldn't move on to the next level because he had a broken leader. The last held his head high, sure, hardened confidence plastered all over him. He was brave, he had compassion, and he was fierce like fire. He was what would save the Clan, if it wasn't him, it wouldn't be any cat. This last cat was the cat Sandstorm couldn't tell how to feel about. She loved him, but he seemed still stuck on Spottedleaf. Would he ever really love her? Sandstorm didn't mind that he had loved Spottedleaf, Spottedleaf had been a great medicine cat. But Spottedleaf was dead, and it had been many many moons, it was time to honour Spottedleaf as a memory now, not as a medicine cat that was still alive.

Rainsong Third Person POV (I've been trying to practice third person POVs because I suck at them, so YAY!) + ~ **Major Timeskip** ~

"What do you mean there was *cat* blood at the *dog* camp!?" Rainsong screeched with disbelief.

Only moments earlier, Tigerstar had come back from his visit with the dogs looking rather shocked and dumbfounded. When Rainsong had told him to spit out what was bothering him, he had confessed in a hollow and horrified tone that there had been cat blood close to the dog's camp.

Now, Tigerstar was cowering under the wrath and fury of the tortoiseshell warrior. She was leaning forward, her muzzle bared in a snarl and despite her size, she seemed ten times larger than Tigerstar who leaned cautiously away from her teeth. What made Tigerstar much more afraid of her was the fact that her wound had healed and the leaves and cobwebs had come off. Leaving Rainsong with a deflated looking closed left eye.

"What do you mean that there was *cat* blood at the *dog* camp!?" Rainsong repeated in a voice that now leaked with icy venom.

Tigerstar visibly gulped–Rainsong noted–before he answered in a quavering voice: "I mean I think that the dogs killed or gravely injured some of the ThunderClan cats!" His sentence was quickly said, fear leaking heavily in his voice.

A deep, threatening and furious growl came from Rainsong's throat. Thrashing her tail, Rainsong let out an enraged hiss and stalked away to the exit.

"Where are you going?" Asked a mentally scarred voice from behind her.

She turned her head around, facing the ShadowClan leader with a glowering expression.

"To check it out myself." She spat in reply.

Tigerstar did not dare argue with her.

~ Wee Little Timeskip ~

Rainsong sniffed at the second puddle of dried blood. The first was Swiftpaw's. And there was a lingering scent of death on it. Poor Longtail, he had lost his apprentice. The second froze her blood and sent shock through her bones. Brightpaw. Brightpaw was kin, Rainsong could not afford to lose kin on her account. She had been the one to tell Tigerstar that he could potentially use the dogs to get his revenge. She had only suggested it so he wouldn't have gotten so suspicious. But now, all because of her, Brightpaw could be on her way to StarClan. Unable to stand it any longer, she bounded back to

ShadowClan camp.

"Your back!" Exclaimed a pleased sounding Tigerstar once she had entered the camp.

"That's too bad that you're pleased, because I'm leaving." Rainsong replied in a flat and harsh tone.

"Are you going to come back?" Asked the same voice, it was rather fearful this time. As if he were afraid that he would lose his precious best warrior.

"No." Rainsong mewed over her shoulder in a cross tone as she stalked back to the tunnel she had just bounded through. "Some of the blood belonged to my kin. I'm leaving."

"Then I will hunt you down and kill you and all of your kin!" Snarled Tigerstar, clearly recovered from his little episode of fear.

"I'd like to see you try." She retorted with a snap.

Rainsong walked right up to the 'oh so intimidating ShadowClan leader' and thrust her muzzle into his face.

"Tigerstar, I draw the line at kin. Always." She whispered in a dangerous whisper, only loud enough for him to hear. With one final glare, Rainsong left the camp, leaving a shocked Tigerstar and a dumbfounded Clan.

Not wanting to waste a single moment, Rainsong bounded out of ShadowClan territory and crossed the Thunderpath. Dizzy with the sudden feeling of freedom and tired from her constant running, Rainsong settled herself between some ferns and fell asleep with her ears pricked.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

>:3 She's back. FOR GOOD! I won't lie, I'm very proud of myself for already making it this far in the fanfiction. Which is like ⅙ way but like YAY! I promise there IS excitement coming, you just gotta be patient, it won't be long till all the excitement comes over loading!

~ LittleOwl

~ Trial ~

Fireheart Third Person POV

Fireheart couldn't sleep. For some StarClan knows why reason, he had a nagging feeling telling him to go out. Finally giving up on rest, Fireheart complied to the nagging feeling and followed it to the ShadowClan border. Right before he reached it, he found a small rumple-pelted tortoiseshell frame sleeping among some ferns.

What's Rainsong doing here?, he thought bitterly. Fireheart lowered down into a pouncing crouch and crept slightly closer. With the meaning to chase her away back to the sinister monster that called himself ShadowClan leader, he pounced. With a flash of triumph, his forepaws landed squarely on Rainsong's side. However, as his hind paws were about to land, Rainsong let out a shriek of fury and snapped upwards onto her paws. Shock flashing through him, Fireheart tumbled onto the earth.

"Honestly!" The tortoiseshell hissed crossly as she sat down to groom her muzzle. "You young warriors have no sense of honour! I don't see anything honourable in attacking a defenceless and unprepared cat! Especially one that's old and very clearly sleeping!"

Fireheart lay in the grass, taken aback at the she-cat's actions.

"Well don't just lay there like a mouse-brain!"

"Aren't you going to attack me?" Fireheart asked, his voice hoarse with shock.

"Of course not you flea-brain!" Rainsong replied with a snort, as if it were the most ridiculous thing she had heard. "I came here to come back, if that wasn't evident by the fact that I was sleeping on enemy territory. Now take me back to camp frog-brain."

Fireheart got up and planted himself across from her. "I don't trust you when you say that." *I can also finally see where Cloudtail gets his*

snappiness from!, he thought with a touch of amusement.

"Well I'll come as a prisoner, just take me back, I don't care how." She snapped in reply. "But I've got Tigerstar's plans and I'm willing to spill them all out."

A sudden urge to force the tortoiseshell warrior to speak nagged at Fireheart. Shaking his head roughly, he replied: "Fine, but as a prisoner."

Forcing Rainsong to lead the way so that he could keep an eye on her, the pair marched back to camp–with Rainsong doing so rather joyously for someone who had been taken in as prisoner. As they walked, Fireheart studied the she-cat. Nothing had changed since the border patrol except for one thing. The only noticeable change was the lack of herbs on her left eye, now it was closed and looked rather deflated.

"What happened to your eye?" Fireheart yelped in alarm as he took in this detail.

Silence followed as Rainsong's joyful pace slowed down and she looked at her paws. "I'd rather not talk about it." She whispered quietly.

Clearly, the she-cat was bothered, so Fireheart left it at that and the pair continued their walk.

When they arrived, every cat came out of their dens despite the fact that it was almost moonhigh. Now much less joyful, Rainsong looked at her paws as she walked, ducking gazes shyly. No cat questioned anything, they merely glared at the tortoiseshell. Once they neared Bluestar's den, the leader marched out from the lichen covered entrance.

"Good, she's here." Bluestar meowed sharply, giving a brief nod to Rainsong and blinking thankfully at her.

"B-but she's a prisoner, and how'd you know she was coming?" Fireheart protested, his muzzle open with shock.

"That doesn't concern you, we all need our sleep so Rainsong can

take Yellowfang's old spot and we'll hear her out tomorrow!" Bluestar snapped back impatiently.

Protests came from the awoken cats of ThunderClan at Bluestar's orders.

"We'll be in danger if you leave that traitor unsupervised!" Yowled Darkstripe.

"I'd rather have answers now!" Cried a furious looking Dustpelt, Fernpaw looking at him with shock and concern

"I second that!" Screeched Brindleface from the nursery.

"You've all disturbed *her*!" Snarled Cloudtail from the medicine den entrance, his emphasis on the last word clearing stating that he was referring to Lostface. But as the white tom took in the tortoiseshell warrior whose head was ducked in shame, the angry flush of red was drained from his face. "What's *she* doing here?" He meowed hoarsely.

"Silence!" Yowled Bluestar from High Rock. Every cat immediately stopped their protests and gathered underneath her. "Fireheart!"

Fireheart met Bluestar's fiery blue gaze. "Bring Rainsong forward."

Poking Rainsong forward with his muzzle, he nudged her to sit right before Bluestar, then backed away to sit among the crowd of bristling cats.

Bluestar's sharp blue gaze flicked over the crowd before landing on Rainsong.

"Rainsong, what do you have to say for your actions?"

Rainsong Third Person POV

Rainsong took in a shaky breath and she launched into her explanation.

"I never trusted Tigerclaw. I didn't trust him with a single fur on my pelt when he first visited me in the nursery. So when he came back

to camp with a Redtail's body, I went to Sunningrocks to investigate myself. There I found Oakheart's body, crushed by fallen rocks. I then knew Tigerclaw hadn't killed the RiverClan deputy for revenge. Oakheart had been killed by accident. During Redtail's vigil, I also found Tigerclaw's scent covering the location of the wound that killed him.

"When Tigerclaw became deputy, I overheard Ravenpaw confess to Fireheart–at the time Firepaw–that it was Tigerclaw that had killed Redtail, confirming my suspicions. I knew that Fireheart would try everything he could to get the truth out, but I also knew that Bluestar would never kill in cold-blood. So I decided to get on Tigerclaw's good side so that I could follow him in exile–"

Loud yowls of shock and indignation came from the crowd of ThunderClan cats behind Rainsong, who pinned her ears forward.

"Liar!" Growled Dustpelt, sending hurt to plant itself in Rainsong's heart.

"Because Tigerclaw would plan for his revenge. I planned to come back once I knew his plans, so here I am." She continued once the crowd had died down, her voice quavering from sadness. "I'll gladly tell all of you of Tigerclaw's plans...but I don't know when he plans to use them..."

"Or you're here to spy *for* him." Dustpelt grumbled loudly.

"Dustpelt, considering I did this so that *you* could have a future without that tyrant, you're being highly ungrateful. I never wanted to leave, but I did promise to do everything I could in service of my Clan even if I lost my life doing so." Rainsong snapped as she turned around to face the crowd–which was how the Clan found her with only a single blue eye–, Rainsong locked her single eye on her brother who looked rather guilty but unshaken. "And I *never* break my promises."

"I can attest to that." Bluestar added, looking down on Rainsong with pride gleaming in her blue eyes. "Rainsong never broke a promise, as a kit, as an apprentice or as a warrior."

"It's true, Rainsong when she was an apprentice heard us talking about how we hadn't had a rabbit in ages. So she came over and promised to catch a rabbit and dashed out of camp." Dappletail let out a mrr-ow of laughter. "Mind you, it was leaf-bare and she came home with one of the largest rabbits I'd ever seen. I remember that she was only slightly larger than a kit at the time, StarClan knows how she got it to camp."

"When Snowkit and Mistlekit were still with us, and wanted feathers for their nest, Rainsong promised to bring them some. She came back not too long later with a pigeon. She plucked out every feather and gave them to the kits!" Speckletail put in.

"She *did* scold me about promises when I promised to play with her when she was a kit but then I forgot to." Brindleface added, as if she were thinking aloud.

"Every time she promised to come play when I was a kit, she did." Longtail joined in quietly.

Hope flared in Rainsong's heart, maybe the Clan *would* take her back. She always knew Bluestar would, but if the Clan would, that would make her feel as if she were in StarClan.

"Rainsong should come back!" Dustpelt suddenly yowled, joy flew up through Rainsong's bones, her brother would take her back.

Yowls of protest and agreement followed, causing chaos as the pelts of many cats began to bristle as tensions rose.

"Enough!" Bluestar cried. "Half of you want one thing, half of you want another. Rainsong will be treated like Yellowfang first was, but she will be your Clanmate. Now all of you go to your dens, come to me in the morning if you have any concerns."

Many cats left the clearing to their dens grumbling amongst themselves. But most of her kin came bounding over.

"We thought you were serious when you left!" Wailed Frostfur who happily gave Rainsong affectionate licks between the ears. "Oh dear StarClan! What happened–"

"We thought we'd never see you again!" Added Brindleface in a sombre tone as she pressed her side to Rainsong's. "What happ–"

"We all felt so betrayed." Dustpelt added, Longtail nodding in agreement, both brothers were unshaken at the sight of the deflated eye socket.

"I'm sorry, but I was willing to do this so you could all have lives without that monster." Rainsong purred, joy spreading warmth through her small frame. "I never want to do that again!"

The reason she had come back in the first place hit Rainsong like a monster, she turned to Frostfur. "Where's Brightpaw?"

"It's Lostface now, and she's in the medicine cat den." A flat tone replied from behind her.

Rainsong whipped around, to find a fluffy white tom almost towering over her.

"Cloudpaw!?" She blurted out with realisation.

"Cloud*tail*." He corrected, a slight sparkle of pride in his blue eyes. Then a horrified expression appeared suddenly as he yelped in surprise. "What happened to your–

"Oh don't worry, I know you're a warrior." Rainsong interrupted with a purr, ignoring his sudden outburst. "You've grown an awful lot."

Rainsong and Cloudtail eyed each other awkwardly for a moment.

"Can you take me to see her?" Rainsong finally mewed quietly.

"Yeah, come this way."

He silently led her inside the medicine den, where they found a beaming Cinderpaw and a very injured Lostface sleeping in a nest.

"It's so great to see you back, Rainsong!" Cinderpaw exclaimed.

"It's really nice to be back home." Rainsong replied with a soft tone.

"It's good to see that you've taken on your new duty with ease, Cinderpaw."

"It's Cinder*pelt* now!" She beamed with pride.

"I wish I was there when you went to get your medicine cat name! I've missed both Cloudtail's and now your naming ceremony! At this rate, I'll never forgive myself for leaving."

"Oh don't be so hard on yourself, you did what was best for the Clan!" Cinderpelt reassured her in an awfully proud and awe-filled voice.

"You knew didn't you? Did Spottedleaf tell you? Or Redtail? Or was it Skykit?"

"Kits are awful at keeping secrets. Especially Skykit, he was so proud of you he was bursting to tell some cat. That cat just happened to be me."

Then Cinderpelt's happy expression seemed to falter. "What happened to your eye?"

Rainsong sighed, all every cat seemed to want to know was about her poor eye. Deciding it *would* be better if her medicine cat knew about what happened, Rainsong spilled her words out.

"Since you're the medicine cat, you're required to know in case it infects, I suppose."

Cinderpelt nodded her head importantly. "Agreed."

"Tigerclaw demanded my eye to prove my loyalty to him."

The gray she-cat nearly fell over in shock. "WHAT?"

"Exactly, and I evidently had to."

"Rainsong, there are times you can save yourself and ignore the code for just a moment, StarClan will not punish you for saving yourself when you could." A voice came from behind her.

Rainsong whipped around to find Bluestar. "I know, but I couldn't let Tigerclaw doubt me for not even a single heartbeat."

"I'm very glad to have my best and loyal warrior back." Bluestar purred, then her gaze hardened. "Every cat in this Clan are traitors! It's good to know that I have at least one loyal warrior!" Then she stormed out.

Rainsong turned to Cinderpelt. "I didn't know she was so...maddened. How long has it been like this?"

"Some days it's worse, some days she's better, some days she's better and she's conscious of it. It's been like this since two days after you both left. The day before that, she seemed to be happier than normal."

"I'm so sorry I left you all while she was like this... I could've helped her if I stayed."

"It's alright." A new voice called from beside them.

Both she-cats turned to find Lostface awake with Cloudtail curled around her, looking at Rainsong with a sorry expression. Clearly, the tom had heard what happened to her eye.

"It's nice to see you." Rainsong mewed softly to Lostface. "I'm sorry you got so hurt by those filthy dogs."

"It isn't your fault..."

"It kind of is...Tell you what, I'll visit everyday and give you tips on how to be a warrior with only one eye working for you." Rainsong offered.

"What do you mean? What would you know about only having one eye?" Lostface retorted in a pained voice.

"She's been living with only one eye for moons now." Cloudtail informed her

Lostface snapped her head up to meet Rainsong's piercing single eyed gaze.

"Sorry, I didn't see you properly... And I'll take you up on that offer."

"Great! I'll see you tomorrow!" Rainsong padded forward and licked Lostface on her undamaged ear and then left the medicine den.

Cloudtail suddenly appeared beside her. "It's nice knowing you never betrayed us." He meowed.

"I'm sorry I wasn't there for your naming ceremony, I wanted to be there. I should've been there."

"It's alright, I know that it won't change how proud you are of me." Cloudtail beamed.

"Fireheart thinks I'm the source of your sass, have you been snappy with him?"

The white tom sheepishly looked away. "Maybe...?"

"That's the kit I played with!" Rainsong teased.

He seemed astonished at her teasing. "I thought you would abolish me with a lecture!" He whined.

"Oh absolutely not, that would be hypocritical of me!"

They stopped at Yellowfang's old spot. A nest was already freshly made, Brindleface and Dustpelt's scent mixed into the ferns and moss. Bidding Cloudtail goodnight, Rainsong curled up in the nest and fell asleep to the safe feeling of home.

Not too long later, Rainsong was woken up by a continuous prodding in her side. Blinking the sleep from her eye, she squinted through the darkness to find a bleary shape standing over her.

"Dustpelt?" She yawned. "What do you need?"

"Remember how Fireheart said Ravenpaw was alive?" Dustpelt replied quickly. "Do you know where he is? I'd like to visit him."

"Course I know where he is." Rainsong yawned again. "He's at

Barley's farm, oh wait, don't tell any cat, we can't have Tigerclaw knowing."

"Of course I won't, but I want to visit him."

"Then go, I just told you where he is." Rainsong snapped quietly.

"I can't go alone!" He protested.

"Course you can! You're a grown warrior, I'm getting old, I want to sleep." Rainsong grumbled. "And you've been to the Moonstone before, you should know where it is."

Her grumbling was met with silence. Rainsong was about to go back to sleep when Dustpelt asked: "How come you never became mates with Whitestorm? The two of you were always close."

Dustpelt's question hit Rainsong with pain she had ignored for a long time. "I don't want to talk about it." Then she shuffled around and curled back up.

"Wait! I won't talk about it anymore, just take me to see Ravenpaw!" He pleaded.

"I don't see why you'd want to! You used to pretend he wasn't your littermate because he was such a nervous furball!" Rainsong snapped back.

"That's why I want to visit! I want to mend it, that was such a big mistake I made. It's been making me feel guilty since he came to help ThunderClan and WindClan and I want to fix it!" Dustpelt begged.

"Fine! I'll take you now. *But* if you don't tell every cat to let me sleep in tomorrow, I will personally make sure the fresh-kill pile is empty and make you fill it ALL."

Dustpelt gave a grunt of acknowledgement and led me to the dirtplace tunnel.

"I'm too old for these mouse-brained things!" Rainsong hissed to herself. "StarClan knows what I've done to deserve this instead of

being able to rest!"

Silently, they made the journey in a rush to the barn, small talk was all we did as we bounded across the forest and the moors. They finally arrived after what Rainsong was forever–which in reality was just a little after moonhigh. Stretching her mouth in a yawn, Rainsong and Dustpelt padded sleepily into the barn.

"Who's there?" A voice immediately snapped from amongst the darkness. Ravenpaw, Rainsong identified after scenting the air.

As Rainsong opened her muzzle to respond, a yawn came out.

"Rainsong! And...Dustpelt..." Ravenpaw faltered. In the darkness, an even darker shape leaped down towards them. In the minimal light, Rainsong was able to identify her brother.

"Do you mind if I sleep while you two chat?" She mewed suddenly, interrupting the growing tension of the two littermates in the air. "I'm much older and I don't think my body appreciated me losing an eye and countless nights of sleep."

"Of course–wait, you lost an eye!?" The former ThunderClan apprentice's voice rose to a squeak as he ended his sentence.

"Thank you. Dustpelt, feel free to fill him in. And we have to get there before dawn is even close to coming, do I make myself clear?" Rainsong instructed, another yawn escaping her.

"Yes, Rainsong." Dustpelt replied quickly.

Following her nose to a pile of dried...whatever it was, Rainsong improvised a nest and curled up. Shortly after she fell asleep, Rainsong felt a paw prodding her side. With a grunt she got up.

"Rainsong! We've got to go!" Dustpelt hissed.

"Hmmm?" She yawned in response. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, Rainsong got up and followed Dustpelt outside the barn in a sleepy manner.

Being too tired to remember their journey back, all Rainsong could

retain was that they arrived back to camp just before the sun was up.

~ Timeskip ~

Rainsong slept peacefully with the sun shining on her pelt. A soft rumbling purr escaped her sleeping self. Rainsong never wanted to wake up, sleep was just too comforting. A giant paw began prodding her side. With a grunt she turned away.

"Go away, Tigerstar. I'm tired and the ShadowClan apprentices are too annoying." Rainsong mumbled, still half-asleep.

A sudden purr jolted her out of her peaceful sleep.

"So you think I'm Tigerstar?" An amused voice asked.

Rainsong turned around with a glare. "No, but when you're stuck with that tyrant and you feel a giant paw on you, you can only assume it's him."

"You think I have giant paws then?" He retorted with a falsely insulted tone.

"Shut up, to a cat that's only slightly larger than an apprentice, you full-grown toms seem like giants to me." She snapped back.

"Fair, but I still don't get why you think I'm a giant puffball mushroom." Whitestorm purred.

"Because to me, you're giant and white. The cat equivalent to a giant puffball mushroom!" Rainsong snorted.

"Fine, I'll give this one to you." Whitestorm gave in.

"Don't lie to yourself, you've never won any points." Rainsong purred back.

"Oh well, I'm sure I'll manage to catch up *one* day." He responded good-naturedly.

"Yes, maybe when we're elders and you'll finally have time whip

that tongue of yours into shape." She teased in reply.

"Oh the thought of you mentoring me in the ways of snappy comebacks is horrifying!" He cried in mock-horror.

"Hush, the elders and kits will be sleeping."

"My most sincere apologies to them."

Rainsong fell into a silent fit of laughter and cuffed Whitestorm over the ear.

Silence filled the air as they both looked around awkwardly.

Rainsong stared at the nursery for a moment. "You ended things with Brindleface and moved on to Willowpelt then?"

Whitestorm hesitated for a moment before answering: "Yes. I'm surprised you hadn't noticed. It started before you left."

"Well, I was sort of busy with that monstrous tyrant. I didn't really have time to notice those things." She replied with a bitter undertone.

They fell into an unpleasant silence.

"You know, I would still choose you if you'd let me." He murmured while staring at the nursery.

"And you know that even if I could restart, my decision would still be the same." Rainsong retorted with a snap.

"I know."

"You promised that if I stayed your friend, we wouldn't talk about this."

"I know, I'm sorry. But to be fair, you sort of started it. With Brindleface and Willowpelt." Whitestorm replied quickly.

The pair lapsed into another period of silence.

"Well, what did you come to wake me for? I'm old and need my

sleep." She meowed sharply, finally breaking the silence.

"Firstly, I'm older than you, by eight moons to be specific. Secondly, it's sunhigh. Thirdly, Fireheart wanted to see you." He informed her in an oddly professional fashion.

"Fine, you can have your first point in like what? A hundred and forty moons?" Rainsong stretched, arching her back. "And why didn't Fireheart come to wake me if it was him who wanted to see me?"

"He thought you'd bowl him over if he was the one to wake you up. Afterall, Dustpelt specifically ordered not to wake you or else." Whitestorm responded as he looked like he was holding in a fit of giggles.

"And Fireheart thought I wouldn't bowl *you* over if you were the one to wake me?"

The white warrior fell silent and looked at her with wide eyes. "You won't, right?"

Gingerly sniffing the air, Rainsong identified Fireheart by the exit of the camp.

"Fireheart doesn't know that." She whispered, a flash of impulsive mischief lighting her eye.

Whitestorm's eyes widened even farther. "Rains–"

He cut off as Rainsong pounced on him and pinned him on the floor of the camp. Whitestorm and Rainsong eyed each other silently for a moment. Finally, Rainsong broke the silence.

"D'you think he bought it?"

"Absolutely."

Then the pair of cats burst into a harmonised fit of laughter. Deep and mellow mixing with soft and kit-like. Gently–with the occasional snorting–Rainsong got off Whitestorm.

"Well, see you around." She purred in farewell.

"See you." He replied.

Rainsong padded towards the group by the gorse tunnel. The group consisted of Fireheart, Cloudtail, Lostface and Graystripe.

"Well, Fireheart? What did you want?" She asked sharply the moment she stood right in front of the group.

"We're going to visit Princess." Fireheart replied. "We thought you could maybe come. You both seem to get along and...we could probably do with your..." He trailed off, evidently unsure as to what to tell her.

"Skills? Scary looks? Intimidating single-eyed stare?" Rainsong purred teasingly.

"I-i guess." The ginger tom mumbled, clearly embarrassed.

"I'm teasing, Fireheart, you've got to relax. You aren't my enemy, and you didn't wake me up, so I have no reason to send you on your way to StarClan." She meowed as she passed the group and took the lead, bopping Fireheart on the head with her tail as she passed.

As their little patrol trekked through the forest, Rainsong fell in step with Lostface and Cloudtail.

"Cloudtail, go join Fireheart and Graystripe." She instructed after a few moments.

The young warrior looked at her with a taken aback expression. "But I'm helping–"

"I can protect her fairly well thank you." Rainsong huffed out of dignity. "I don't care that I've only got one eye, we've got each other's back." She added with a snap as Cloudtail opened his muzzle to protest. Snapping his muzzle shut, he shuffled ahead to catch up with the other toms.

"Toms, think they're always so smart." She whispered in an amused tone in Lostface's ear.

The ginger and white she-cat looked at her, a soft giggle slipping out of her mouth.

"How are you?" Rainsong prompted her.

"I'm feeling better, but I still get scared when things on the forest floor make noise. Or when I can smell someone coming up from my blind spot." Lostface replied with a sad and sombre sigh.

"Well, here's a tip: you've still got your whiskers, your ears, your nose and one eye. Use them."

"But that would make me the same as every cat!" She protested. "But with one less eye!"

"You should be grateful that StarClan spared you." Rainsong pointed out with a calm voice. "And that you've still got one eye. Not many cats could have been lucky like that."

"I guess... But I'm still at a disadvantage to every other cat!"

"Then make what other cats think is a disadvantage into your advantage."

The young she-cat stopped dead in her tracks and whipped her head to face Rainsong. Her single blue eye studied Rainsong with wonder.

Rainsong purred. "Think about it." She licked Lostface on the ear and trotted ahead to Fireheart and Graystripe, sending Cloudtail back to the ginger and white she-cat.

As soon as the patrol reached the kittypet place, the rest of the cats watched as Fireheart leaped up onto the fence and called for his sister.

"There's Cloudpaw! And Rainsong!" Princess exclaimed delightedly once she saw the group as she appeared on the fence.. "But who are the others?"

"That big gray tom is my friend Graystripe," Fireheart informed her. "You don't need to worry—he's much gentler than he looks. And the

other cat"—he flinched—"is called Lostface."

"Lostface!" Princess echoed, opening her eyes wide. "What a horrible name! Why did they call her that?"

"You'll see," Fireheart mewed in a grim tone.

"She's been badly hurt, so be kind to her." He jumped down from the fence, and after a moment's hesitation Princess followed him and padded across to where the four cats waited. Cloudtail ran out to meet his mother, leaving Graystripe with Lostface, and touched noses with her.

"Cloudpaw, it's been ages since I've seen you," Princess purred the moment the young white warrior had run up to her. "You're looking wonderful, and haven't you grown?"

"You've got to call me Cloudtail now." He announced proudly. "I'm a warrior."

Princess let out a little trill of joy. "A warrior already? Cloudtail, I'm so proud of you!"

While the tabby kittypet queen eagerly questioned her son about his life in the Clan, Fireheart decided to inform her of the dangers in the forest.

"We can't stay long," he meowed. "Princess, have you heard anything about a dog loose in the forest?"

Princess turned to him, her eyes wide and scared. "A dog? No, I don't know anything about that."

"I think that might have been what the Twolegs were looking for that day Sandstorm and I met you in Tallpines," Fireheart went on. "I don't think you should come into the forest alone anymore, not for the time being, anyway. It's too dangerous."

"Then you're in danger all the time," mewed Princess. Her voice rose in distress. "Oh, Fireheart...!"

"There's nothing for you to worry about." Fireheart tried to sound

confident. "Just stay in your garden. The dog won't bother you there."

"But I worry about you, Fireheart, and Cloudtail. You haven't got a nest to—Oh!" Princess had just realised that Lostface had scars of grave injuries and couldn't help but let out a squeak of shock. Poor Lostface heard and dipped her head away in shame.

"Come and meet Lostface," Cloudtail meowed, giving his mother a hard stare. Nervously Princess took the few paces that brought her to where Graystripe, Lostface and Rainsong waited. Graystripe nodded to her in greeting, Rainsong dipped her head–to which Princess gasped at the deflated eye socket–and Lostface gazed up at her with her one good eye.

"Oh, my goodness, whatever happened to you?" Princess blurted out, her paws patting the ground nervously.

"Lostface went out to tackle the dog," Cloudtail replied. "She was very brave."

"And it did that to you? Oh, you poor thing!" Princess's eyes were even larger as she took in the full horror of Lostface's injuries—the ravaged face, the lost eye, and the shredded ear. "And the same thing could happen to any of you...."

Sadness filled Lostface's remaining blue eye at Princess's words. Cloudtail pressed his flank against her and nosed her comfortingly.

"It's alright, she's a kittypet. She'll never truly understand, so she won't know what to really say to make you feel better." Rainsong murmured comfortingly in Lostface's ear.

"Oh, Rainsong!" Princess half-gasped and half-wailed. "What in the world happened to *you*?"

Rainsong shifted uncomfortably, looking at her white paws. "I sort of went away... and got into an accident..."

"It's time we were going," Fireheart decided–to which Rainsong sighed in relief. "Cloudtail just wanted to give you his news. You'd better get back into your garden."

"Yes—yes, I will." Princess backed away, her eyes still fixed on Lostface. "You'll come and see me again, Fireheart?"

"As soon as I can." He reassured her. Rainsong narrowed her good eye at him, clearly he meant alone.

The trip back was rather quiet. To Rainsong that is. *Would I still have my eye if I were a kittypet?*, she wondered. *Or would I have left my two-legs and still lost my eye? Destiny's a funny thing.*

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Rainsong is back! For good? I won't say. Enjoy the torture I put you through as you read this author's note. (No, I'm sorry. I just want to create suspense.) Fun fact: I'm not even close to done on this fanfiction. Another fun fact: Rainsong lives through the next multiple serieses. Last fun fact: She isn't an elder till wayyyyyyy later. ;) I'm not going to be telling you how. Hope you've been well! (I'm sure not, my fingers are numb from practising the ukulele for the first time in forever. My thumb has a blister from strumming. T-T)

~ LittleOwl

~ Death ~

Rainsong Third Person POV

The next few days at ThunderClan were blissful to Rainsong. She was able to enjoy patrols with cats she knew and loved, she was able to share tongues with her kin and clanmates, she was able to hunt and sleep without the feeling that Tigerstar was breathing down on her neck. She even managed to say congratulations to Willowpelt and compliment how adorable the kits were.

But now those were the past days. Now Rainsong was looking on silently at the unmoving body of her closest kin. Her closest sister and best friend. Brindleface. Rainsong's beloved sister was dead. Lying on the ground. Dead. Dead. Dead. The one word echoed around in Rainsong's head over and over, yet she was still incapable of processing this.

A white bundle of fur flashed in the corner of her eye. Rainsong didn't care if it was Cloudtail, Frostfur or Whitestorm, she didn't bother checking.

"Rainsong?" Cloudtail whispered hoarsely.

"I just found her here..." She choked out in reply, her eye not moving from the dead body of her sister. "Dead."

"No!—" Cloudtail's cry was cut off from her hearing. Every noise in the forest had gone blurry.

Brindleface was...dead. Dead. Dead. Dead. Dead. Just like Robinwing. Just like Fuzzypelt. Just like Skykit. Just like Elderkit. Just like Tulipkit.

Would Brindleface take care of Rainsong's littermate? Robinwing undoubtedly was already taking care of him in StarClan. But poor Skykit had spent so long in StarClan without much kin.

"Huh?" Rainsong blinked, back to the present. The forest filled with the singing of birds and other creatures skittering about.

Frostfur was nosing Rainsong on the shoulder, trying to get her to get up. The white she-cat's eyes were wet with grief. Like a dumb-founded kit, Rainsong let Frostfur lead her back to camp. All Rainsong could feel was bewilderment, grief and confusion.

"Frostfur?" She asked, her voice hollow of any emotion.

"Yes, Rainsong?"

"Is she in StarClan?"

"I would hope so. Then she could be happy with our parents and her dead kits." Frostfur reassured her gently.

"Did Brindleface and you ever think of Skykit after he died?"

Frostfur was silent at Rainsong's question.

"You're lucky you had a littermate, Frostfur. It's a shame not every cat gets that pleasure." Rainsong remarked in a sad tone.

"You're very right, Rainsong. Now come sit here, Fireheart has called us together." Her sister instructed her in a soothing and calm voice.

Rainsong did as she was told and planted her hind-quarters on the ground. She didn't hear a single word the young ginger deputy had to say. All was silent to her, except for the growing rage inside of her that begged for vengeance.

"We'll need to lure the dogs over the edge," Fireheart's voice suddenly pierced through her consciousness. "I'll need warriors who can run fast. Graystripe. Sandstorm. Mousefur and Longtail. Dustpelt. And I'm going myself. That should be enough. The rest of you gather by the camp entrance, ready to move out."

"Fireheart, I'd like to be one of the cats." She suddenly blurted out as her single eye moved to meet the flame-coloured tom's green ones.

"Sorry, Rainsong. But I think it would help the rest of the Clan best if you stayed with them at Sunningrocks."

"Fireheart! I wasn't asking. I want to be one of the cats who lure the dogs." Rainsong announced with a voice that said that this wasn't a matter to be reasoned with.

"And I, as your deputy, told you to stay with the Clan." He replied back sharply.

Rainsong locked her eye on Fireheart's. Finally giving up, she hissed with contempt and stalked away to the warrior's den.

~ Wee little timeskip ~

There was absolutely no chance that Rainsong would ever listen to Fireheart. Not in a life or death situation and definitely not in StarClan. So, the moment the Clan arrived at Sunningrocks, Rainsong padded up calmly to Bluestar.

"Thank you, Bluestar. For your mentoring and for your dedication to making sure I never failed." She meowed, blinking thankfully at her leader.

Dumb-struck at the sudden thanks, Bluestar stared at her blinking her eyes in confusion. Before the ThunderClan leader could say another word, Rainsong bounded out back into the forest.

Fireheart Third Person POV + **~ Timeskip ~** (It's when Graystripe comes back after checking for dead cats)

Graystripe came bounding towards him. Fireheart's best friend's yellow eyes were filled with fear and worry.

"Rainsong!—pant—Bleeding!—pant, pant—" Graystripe attempted to say through deep breaths.

"Repeat that?" Fireheart asked, confusion bleeding in his voice.

"Rainsong's injured really badly!" The gray warrior finally blurted out with a yowl.

Shock froze Fireheart for a moment before he came back to his senses. "What!? Tell me where And go to Sunningrocks, tell one of the warriors to meet me wherever Rainsong is and then lead the rest of the Clan home! I'll need help getting her to the medicine den." Fireheart instructed.

"She's right by where you stationed Dustpelt!" Graystripe informed him after a giant gulp of air.

Not wasting another moment, Fireheart raced away into the forest. Once he reached the spot where Dustpelt had been hiding, he was immediately hit with the stench of blood. Soon enough, he saw what had worried Graystripe. Rainsong lay on the forest floor, blood slowly coming out from a deep scratch in her belly and her single pale blue eye open yet she was completely unconscious. For a moment Fireheart was convinced the wise tortoiseshell warrior was dead. Then he saw the shallow rise and fall of her flank and he thanked StarClan, there was still hope. Suddenly, he let out a yelp of shock, a huge dog–much like the ones that were chasing him not too long ago–lay still and unbreathing behind the deeply respected she-cat.

"Rainsong!" Some cat exclaimed from behind Fireheart. Whipping around, he was met with a frantic Whitestorm who came bounding towards him. "Oh Rainsong, you mouse-brain! Fireheart told you to stay with us, yet look where disobeying him got you!"

"Whitestorm, she's still alive!" Fireheart yowled. "I'm going to fetch Cinderpelt as quickly as I can, you stay and watch her!"

"There's no need!" A new voice huffed with exhaustion from behind him. "I was with Whitestorm, but he didn't care that I've got a crippled leg! Now both of you toms move, I need to work on my patient. Go wait behind the bushes."

With some hesitation, Fireheart led Whitestorm away behind the bushes.

"It's all my fault." Whitestorm said with a voice heavily struck by grief. "I was so intent on keeping my eyes on Bluestar–who still managed to get away–that I didn't even think to keep my eyes on

Rainsong!"

"It isn't your fault, I doubt you'd have been able to win an argument or fight with her." Fireheart conceded.

The senior warrior let out a soft snort. "That's true..."

"You stay here, I'll go get her kin."

"That would be Frostfur, Brackenfur, Thornpaw, Lostface, Dustpelt, Fernpaw, Ashpaw and Longtail." Whitestorm informed him with a whisper. "You should bring Cloudtail too, though I don't doubt that he will come anyway."

Fireheart gave the white warrior a brief nod before bounding away. Luckily, he didn't have to travel far, the Clan was only halfway to the camp.

"Frostfur, Brackenfur, Lostface, Dustpelt, Longtail, Thornpaw, Fernpaw and Ashpaw!" Fireheart yowled, each cat raising their head in response. "Come with me!"

Not waiting another moment, each named cat–plus Cloudtail as Whitestorm had presumed–followed him to where Rainsong lay completely unconscious.

"Fireheart, take them behind the bushes so they can't distract me." Cinderpelt instructed without looking up from her patient.

He did as instructed and led a mortified group of cats behind the bushes where Whitestorm was pacing. The senior warrior didn't bother looking up to see who had come, he only kept pacing. Fireheart surveyed the group as they all waited for news on Rainsong's condition. Frostfur, Longtail and Dustpelt were talking amongst each other in hushed voices; Brackenfur, Lostface, Thornpaw and Cloudtail were huddled all together, sharing warmth and anxious glances; lastly the two youngest cats were pressed against each other and shuffling their feet.

Suddenly, Cinderpelt's gray head poked out of the bushes, her blue eyes hard and refusing to show any emotion.

"Rainsong is awake right now and would like to see you all." She said in a forced voice.

"Is she going to be alright?" Frostfur immediately asked, worry shining in her blue eyes.

Cinderpelt looked away and slid back out of the bushes. Slowly, each cat walked out from behind the bushes.

There, Rainsong lay just as she was, herbs and poultices slathered on the deep scratch but still bleeding heavily and soaking the cobwebs. This time, her single blue eye was open and blinking as her kin and friends surrounded her.

"Fireheart, you too." The pale tortoiseshell warrior mewed shakily when she had caught sight of him. Obediently, Fireheart joined the circle of cats. Once Rainsong had made sure that every cat was there, the she-cat took in a deep shaky breath. "I told Cinderpelt to stop wasting herbs on me. It's my time, but I'd like to say goodbye to each of you."

"No!" Frostfur yowled in a grief stricken tone.

"Using herbs to save you would never be a waste, Rainsong!" Cinderpelt shrieked in agreement with her mother.

"Rainsong..." Whitestorm whispered, sorrow shining in the white warrior's eyes.

"Hush. This is my decision and it is not to be argued with." Rainsong scolded and flashed a glance at each cat around her. "I'll start with Ashpaw and Fernpaw." She decided. "Both of you, continue to work hard and make your mother proud. She may not be here, but she's still watching you. Become warriors that she can be proud of..."

Both littermates' eyes widened as they looked at each other then at the dying warrior. They both nodded at Rainsong's words, their eyes wet with the grief that was still so fresh from their mother's death.

"We will, you can count on it, Rainsong!" Fernpaw promised with a defiant and determined expression.

"Good," Rainsong moved her gaze to Thornpaw. "Thornpaw, do not think for one moment that you are not worthy of being a warrior. If you continue to work hard for what you want, you will get it, even if it doesn't meet your deadline."

Thornpaw nodded his head vigorously. "I will, I'll make sure that you have kin you can be proud of!"

The dying she-cat flashed him a weak smile before switching her gaze to Thornpaw's brother, Brackenfur. "Brackenfur, you may have been apprenticed and named a warrior earlier than others, but continue to be humble and respectful for that is what will help you become a good warrior. Do not be vain or prideful for that only leads to the Dark Forest."

Brackenfur dipped his head at the advice given to him. "I promise to do my best to follow the advice you have given me."

"Do so, and you will be respected not only in your Clan, but all the Clans." Rainsong moved her head to lay her single-eyed gaze on Lostface. "Lostface. You need to put up with the rain to see the colours in the sky. (A rainbow, I don't think cats would know what it was, so I just put that) If cats can accept you on the outside, then they will be able to see how bright your heart is." She mewed with a bright shine in her blue eye. "Don't forget, you've still got a tail, whiskers, an eye and a nose. You're still a cat."

Lostface's blue eye–so much like Rainsong's, Fireheart noted– brimmed with sadness. "You've taught me that a warrior can live through anything if they try. I will never forget the optimism you had for me, as my kin and as an unofficial mentor. You always only saw the best in every situation, and for that I'm thankful." The ginger and white she-cat whispered.

Rainsong nodded her head in acknowledgement to her sister's kit's words, then turned her eye to Cinderpelt. " Don't blame yourself for my death, little one." She instructed the gray she-cat, with an unusual sternness in her blue eye. "I chose to go, you will deal with many deaths and hardships. But if you survived being rolled by a monster, then you are surely a strong cat. Letting go is not forgetting, Cinderpelt. If you can let go and remember, you will be

able to do something not many cats can. Help ThunderClan after I'm not there."

"I promise you, Rainsong. I'll be the best medicine cat the Clans have ever seen! And not for ambition but so I may be able to save not only Clan cats, but any cat in pain." The gray medicine cat vowed.

The tortoiseshell warrior didn't acknowledge Cinderpelt's words, but turned to Cloudtail, who was shaking with grief and fury. "Cloudtail... I'm so sorry you can't fulfil the promise you made to me. I'm sorry we can't ever play moss-ball again. I may not have kits, but you were one of the closest to being one." Cloudtail opened his muzzle, but Rainsong wouldn't have it. "No, hush, I can feel my life slipping away, give me a chance to get through to every cat. Try not to be so snippy with Fireheart, okay? I know you may not believe in StarClan, but I hope to see you there one day."

"Oh, Rainsong. You were as much of a mother to me as Brindleface and Princess were. I won't ever forget our games of moss-ball, and I'll miss you very dearly." Cloudtail meowed softly and bent down to touch noses with Rainsong.

Rainsong tilted her head slightly up to meet Cloudtail's nose, then lay back down and flashed her gaze upon Dustpelt. "Dustpelt, forgiving yourself is the first step to peace within. Mend things with Ravenpaw and forgive yourself. If you need to hear what your heart is saying, listen to your song." She tapped Dustpelt on the chest, where his heart presumably sits, then she turned her head to face Longtail.

The pale tabby warrior's expression was mortified and stricken with grief. "Longtail, stay loyal to your Clan. Loyalty is all your Clan asks of you, and if you can provide just that, you will find your life easy and peaceful." The she-cat paused, suddenly coughing. "I'm very proud of you, Longtail." She added with a rasp.

Before Longtail could say any words, Rainsong had already turned her head to Frostfur. "Don't freeze up on your Clan and kin, okay? I know the grief from Brindleface's death was a lot, but don't let mine freeze you up." Rainsong paused for a moment, looking at the sky.

Fireheart feared that she had died before she had finished her goodbyes. Thankfully, her blue eye moved back to Frostfur. "You were lucky to have a littermate. Did you ever think of Skykit after he died?"

The white queen froze, evidently shocked at her younger sister's words.

"No, don't answer that. Thank you, Frostfur, for the love and joy you were able to give me as a sister. Don't let ThunderClan forget me, tell stories of my life so that the Clan's memory of me doesn't die out so soon."

Frostfur nodded her head at Rainsong's words. "You'll be all the queens tell their kits for seasons without end. You'll be ThunderClan's hero for as long as I'm alive."

Rainsong nodded, then closed her eye and took in another long shaky breath before opening her eye and placing it on Fireheart. Fireheart gulped, what would the dying warrior say to him? Did he even know her well enough for him to be worth getting a goodbye?

"Fireheart, StarClan chose well when they chose who would carry the fire that would save all the Clans." She mewed, her single pale blue eye shining with admiration. "I knew you would be special when I first heard your song in the rain. Promise me you will lead this Clan to the best of your ability." Rainsong demanded, her blue eye piercing him just as they once had when he had first joined the Clan.

Fireheart gulped. "I promise."

"I'm holding you up on that promise, Fireheart." Fear shot up through Fireheart, it must have been visible for Rainsong's single-eyed gaze softened. "Don't worry, I know you won't fail me on that promise. Oh, and take that dog to camp will, you?"–she gestured to the dead dog lying on the ground not far from the group of cats– "I wouldn't know, and I won't find out. But it might make a decent meal for the Clan." Her pale blue eye sparkled with humour, then darkened quickly as she started coughing.

Rainsong coughed again, spitting up more blood. Worry shook throughout Fireheart's bones, was Rainsong already leaving this world?

Rainsong's blue eyes looked around for a while, as if she couldn't see, then it finally landed and Whitestorm. The senior warrior's amber eyes were wet with grief, sorrow and showed a deep connection with the dying she-cat that Fireheart didn't know existed.

"Whitestorm..." Rainsong began. "Even if I could redo my decision, you and I both know it would have stayed the same. But I need you to know that I've always loved you. I've loved you since the beginning and I'll love you to the end." Fireheart felt that his eyes must've flown out of their sockets at this revelation. Rainsong had loved Whitestorm?

"But the end for you is now." The white-tom interrupted with a whisper.

"Death is not the end, Whitestorm. I'll be waiting for you, I'll wait for as long as it takes, even if that's forever..." Rainsong trailed off, her eye glowing one last time with love for all the cats around her. Then she breathed in one last trembling breath and her eye dimmed as they looked up to the darkening sky for the last time.

Fireheart couldn't remember very well as to what had happened after the tortoiseshell warrior had let out her last breath. But he did remember that Frostfur had thrown her head back and let out a terrible wail of grief, sadness and anger.

Rainsong's POV

I looked at all of my kin and my closest friends one last time, my heart beaming with love for them. I looked up at the sky as it was darkening and the stars were just beginning to appear.

Skykit? Robinwing? Fuzzypelt? Brindleface? Bluestar? Are you coming for me?

I took in one last breath, keeping my eye on the evening sky. Then

everything went black.

When I blinked, my eye–no *eyes*, opened to see StarClan's hunting grounds. But where was every cat? I looked up, it was a night sky with stars. Stars that were swirling and soon came shooting down to the ground. One by one, cats and even more cats were appearing in front of me, surrounding me in a circle.

The first cat I could see was Bluestar. Then it was Skykit–who was jumping up and down and squealing with excitement, then Brindleface who came up from behind Skykit with her sons Elderkit and Tulipkit. After that trio, came the littermates, Spottedleaf and Redtail, then came Robinwing and Fuzzypelt. Lionheart, Runningwind, Patchpelt, Sunstar, Pinestar, and, and– I eventually lost track of the cats as more and more cats came down from the sky and surrounded me. There were so many cats, more than I probably knew. In fact, it looked as if all of StarClan had come. I even spotted Moth Flight. Thankfully, the cats eventually stopped coming down from the sky.

Bluestar stepped forward. "Rainsong, all of StarClan thanks you for your service to your Clan. You have demonstrated loyalty like no other cat and have become a role-model for every cat in the generations to come."

Bluestar dipped her head to me, and every cat followed. Astonishment flared through me.

"Thank you..." Was all I could manage. Then, before I could even blink, every cat disappeared except for a few cats who stayed.

"Rainsong!" Skykit squealed as he raced over to me, his tail sticking straight up in the air.

I bent down to touch my muzzle to his. "Hello, Skykit. It's been a while since I've seen you."

Then he launched into a rant about how I didn't have to lose my eye for a mission, but how he thinks it really worked...and a lot of other things.

Looking up, I saw that Moth Flight was there. I looked at her curiously, what did she want?

"I want to just say that, maybe you did help your Clan the best without being a medicine cat." She conceded, throwing me a sheepish glance.

"Thank you, Moth Flight." I told her patiently. With a soft snort, the medicine cat stalked away and out of sight.

After Moth Flight left, Brindleface, Robinwing, Fuzzypelt and Bluestar swarmed me. They talked and led the conversation as they walked me through StarClan's territories. I missed ThunderClan dearly, but it was my decision to let go of them. *I'll take care of them, even if I'm dead.* I vowed silently to myself. Before joining in the chatter with my kin and friends.

Fireheart Third Person POV

"Do you know how she was injured so badly?" Fireheart asked Cinderpelt as he walked with her back to camp. Whitestorm and Cloudtail were carrying Rainsong's body back to camp.

"Yes, when she first woke up, I asked her and she explained to me." Cinderpelt responded. "Apparently she was making sure Dustpelt wouldn't get mauled. And she saw that one of the dogs was trailing behind and thought she'd do every cat a favour by killing it. So that's what she did. She jumped on it and attacked it. She managed to kill it but not before she was badly hurt."

They walked silently into the gorse tunnel that led to camp, when they appeared in camp, the group was met with a weary Graystripe trying to calm down the situation between the RiverClan warriors, Mistyfoot and Stonefur and the elders.

Fireheart quickly bounded away to help his friend, but his mind was slightly preoccupied at how easily Rainsong had given up and willingly died.

~ Timeskip because I have no patience for that argument ~

They began the vigil for both their noble leader, Bluestar and for

the wise and highly-respected warrior, Rainsong.

Fireheart stepped up first to say some words in honour of the two dead she-cats. "Bluestar, was a fearsome and intelligent leader who only did what was best for the Clan. She may have been a bit unsettled in the end, but she made peace with StarClan in her last breaths." He took in another grief-stricken breath. "Rainsong was highly-respected amongst many of us. She was wise and always proved assumptions about her wrong. She may have been small, but she had the biggest heart and the strongest loyalty I've seen in any cat. Both cats will be honoured greatly and remembered for as long as I live." He vowed.

Many cats had words for their leader and dead warrior. But Fireheart only remembered the ones that stood out to him the most.

"Rainsong and Cloudtail were the only cats who really were optimistic for me after the incident with the dogs." Lostface had said, bravely standing in front of ThunderClan. "Cloudtail had sympathy for me, he understood how I felt. But Rainsong, she had empathy and compassion for me, she felt what I was feeling and did something so that I wouldn't feel so sorry for myself. She helped me so that I could still be a warrior despite my injuries."

Cloudtail had gone right after the ginger-and-white she-cat. "Princess may have been my mother. Brindleface may have suckled me as a kit. But Rainsong was also someone I considered my mother. She played moss-ball with me and entertained me for days on end. I..." Cloudtail had faltered and had to clear his throat. "I...I promised her when I became an apprentice that I would one day play moss-ball with her one more time. And she had teased me saying that by the time I was a warrior that she would be an elder. So I had promised her that I would change her moss daily and fend off the ticks and fleas from her. When she was saying goodbye...she had said she was sorry that I couldn't keep my promise. I don't know why she said sorry, it wasn't her fault. But I know that I would have kept my promise without complaint, I knew how much promises meant to her."

Later, Whitestorm had also shared words. "Bluestar was like a mother to me. I can't remember my real mother very well because I

lost her at a young age. But I do know that her name was Snowfur, and she was Bluestar's sister. Bluestar treated me like her own kit and raised me. Rainsong...I loved her very dearly, since the moment I knew of her existence. I respected her, for she made a decision that I doubt any other cat could have made if they stood in her paws."

Fireheart and the rest of the Clan had looked at Willowpelt when the senior warrior had said those words. But all the gray she-cat did was nod her head in respect. Clearly, Willowpelt knew how Whitestorm had felt about Rainsong and knew he wouldn't completely love her but had still taken him on as a mate.

"Rainsong practically raised me." Longtail had said, shaking with grief and looking down at his paws. "She spent all the time she could to play with me and make me into the cat I am today. Without her teaching me loyalty, I don't doubt that I would be off with Tigerstar right now. And I thank her for that. I thank her for teaching me that loyalty is one the most important things in life. If you don't have loyalty, you don't have morality."

In truth, Rainsong's life had touched every cat in the Clan. But, those four cats had been the most tainted by Rainsong's existence. Maybe Fireheart wouldn't have to work so hard to keep Rainsong's memory alive. The elders already were doing that during their speeches. They had shared stories of all the kinds of mischief Rainsong had done as a kit and as a 'paw.

As Fireheart settled for vigil, he looked up at the sky. Were Bluestar and Rainsong already up there in StarClan?

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Yes people, she is very much dead. And no, the fanfiction is still FAR from over. Thought I was lying when I said it far from over before? Nope, it IS actually really far from over. So yeah, she's dead. Honestly I forgot to make her spill Tigerstar's plans, but just forget about that. It's too late. (This is what happens when I get too excited for some parts that I completely forget about other things I planned.) I hope you guys have fun trying to figure out how the fanfiction is still far from over. Another chapter is coming out right

away so you guys don't have to mourn her for a week straight! (I mean, you could've not been mourning and hated Rainsong, but I don't see why you'd read this far if you hated her.)

With care,

LittleOwl

~ A Gift For You ~

Fireheart's Third Person POV

The stars swirled before his disbelieving eyes and began to spiral downward, toward the forest, toward Fourtrees, toward him. Fireheart waited, his heart pounding. And the cats of StarClan came stalking down the sky. Frost sparkled at their paws and glittered in their eyes. Their pelts were white flames. They carried the scent of ice and fire and the wild places of the night. Fireheart crouched before them. He could scarcely bear to go on looking, and yet he could not bear to look away. He wanted to absorb this moment into every hair on his pelt so it would be his forever. After a time that might have lasted a hundred seasons or a single heartbeat, all the cats of StarClan had come down to earth. All around Fireheart the hollow of Fourtrees was lined with their shimmering bodies and blazing eyes. Fireheart crouched in the centre, surrounded on all sides. He began to realise that some of the starry cats, those sitting closest to him, were achingly familiar.

Bluestar! Joy pierced him like a thorn in his heart. And Yellowfang! Then he drew in a familiar, sweet scent, and turned his head to see the tortoiseshell fur and gentle face that he had dreamed of so often. *Spottedleaf—oh, Spottedleaf!* His beloved medicine cat had come back to him. Fireheart wanted to spring to his paws and yowl his joy to the whole forest, but awe kept him silent, still crouching. Another cat padded towards him, settling herself beside Bluestar, she was a pale tortoiseshell and had two pale blue eyes gleaming with pride. *Rainsong!* Fireheart identified the she-cat with excitement.

"Welcome, Fireheart." The sound seemed to belong to all the cats Fireheart had ever known, and yet at the same time it was one clear voice. "Are you ready to receive your nine lives?"

Fireheart glanced around, but he couldn't see any cat speaking. "Yes," he replied, forcing his voice not to shake. "I'm ready."

First a golden tabby tom rose and padded forward, Lionheart! The old ThunderClan deputy didn't seem so old now that he was in StarClan.

"Lionheart!" Fireheart gasped. "Is it really you?"

Lionheart did not reply. When he was close enough, he stooped and touched his nose to Fireheart's head. It burned against him like the hottest flame and the coldest ice. Fireheart's instinct was to shrink away, but he could not move.

"With this life I give you courage," Lionheart murmured. "Use it well in defence of your Clan."

The pain ebbed, leaving Fireheart weak and trembling. The darkness faded and he found himself in the unearthly clearing again. If that was one life received, he had eight more to go. How will I bear it? he thought in dismay.

Lionheart was already turning away, moving back to his place in the ranks of StarClan. Another cat rose and came toward Fireheart. At first Fireheart did not recognize him, but then he glimpsed a dark, dappled coat and bushy red tail and realised this must be Redtail. Fireheart had never met the ThunderClan deputy, who was murdered by Tigerstar on the very day Fireheart came to the forest as a kittypet, but he had sought out the truth about his death and used it to prove Tigerstar's treachery. Like Lionheart, Redtail bowed his head and touched his nose to Fireheart's.

"With this life I give you justice," he mewed. "Use it well as you judge the actions of others." Once more an agonising spasm rushed through Fireheart, and he had to grit his teeth to stop himself from yowling. When he recovered, panting as if he had raced all the way back to camp, he saw Redtail watching him.

"Thank you," the former deputy meowed solemnly. "You revealed the truth when no other cat could."

Fireheart managed to nod in acknowledgment as Redtail went back to sit beside Lionheart again, and a third cat emerged from the ranks. This time Fireheart's jaws dropped open when he recognized

the beautiful tabby, her coat glimmering with a silvery sheen. It was Graystripe's lost love Silverstream, the RiverClan queen who had died bearing his kits. Her paws scarcely skimmed the ground as she bent down to him.

"With this life I give you loyalty to what you know to be right," she meowed.

Fireheart wondered if she was referring to the way he had helped Graystripe to see his forbidden love, trusting to the strength of their relationship even though it went against the warrior code. "Use it well to guide your Clan in times of trouble," Silverstream urged him.

Fireheart braced himself for another agonising pang, but this time there was less pain as the new life rushed through him. He was aware of a warm glow of love, and realised dimly that that was what had marked out Silverstream's life—love for her Clan, for Graystripe, and for the kits she had died to give life to.

"Silverstream!" he whispered as the silver-gray she-cat turned away again. "Don't go yet. Haven't you any message for Graystripe?" But Silverstream said nothing more, only glancing back over her shoulder, her eyes filled with love and sorrow that told Fireheart more than all the words she could ever say.

He closed his eyes, preparing himself for the next life-giving. When he looked up again, a fourth cat was approaching him. This time it was Runningwind, the ThunderClan warrior who had been killed by Tigerstar in a fight near the Thunderpath.

"With this life I give you tireless energy," he meowed as he bowed his head to touch Fireheart. "Use it well to carry out the duties of a leader."

As the life coursed through Fireheart he felt as if he were racing through the forest, his paws skimming the ground, his fur flattened by the wind. He knew the exhilaration of the hunt and the sheer joy of speed, and he had the feeling that he could outrun any enemy forever. His gaze followed Runningwind as he returned to his place.

When the fifth cat appeared his heart gave a leap of joy. It was Brindleface, Cloudtail's foster mother, who had been cruelly slaughtered by Tigerstar to give the dog pack a taste for cat blood.

"With this life I give you protection," she told him. "Use it well to care for your Clan as a mother cares for her kits."

Fireheart expected this life to be gentle and loving like Silverstream's, and he wasn't ready for the bolt of ferocity that transfixed him. He felt as though all the fury of their ancient ancestors TigerClan and LionClan were pulsing through him, challenging any cat to harm the weaker, faceless shadows that crouched by his paws. Shocked and trembling, Fireheart recognized a mother's desire to protect her kits, and realised how much Brindleface had loved them all—even Cloudtail, who was not her own. I must tell him, Fireheart thought as the fury ebbed, before he remembered that he was bound to say nothing to any cat about what he had experienced in the ritual.

Brindleface drew back to sit with the other cats of StarClan again, and another familiar figure took her place. Guilt washed over Fireheart as he recognized Swiftpaw.

"I'm sorry," he murmured as he looked into the apprentice's eyes. "It was my fault you died."

Angry at Bluestar's refusal to make him a warrior, and desperate to prove himself, Swiftpaw had gone out to track down whatever was preying on the cats in the forest. The dog pack had killed him, and Fireheart knew he would blame himself forever for not trying harder to make Bluestar change her mind. But Swiftpaw showed no anger now. His eyes shone with a wisdom far beyond his age as he touched his nose to Fireheart's.

"With this life I give you mentoring. Use it well to train the young cats of your Clan." The life Swiftpaw gave him was a pang of anguish so great Fireheart thought it would stop his heart. It ended in a jolt of pure terror, and a flash of light red as blood. Fireheart knew he was experiencing what Swiftpaw had felt in the last moments of his life. As it ebbed away, leaving Fireheart gasping, he began to feel like a hollow in the ground as rain falls into it and

spills over. He thought that his strength would hardly sustain him to receive lives from the three cats that were still to come.

The first was Yellowfang. The old medicine cat had the same air of obstinate independence and courage that had impressed and frustrated Fireheart in equal measure when she was alive. He remembered the last time he had seen her, dying in her den after the fire. Then she had been in despair, wondering if StarClan would receive her even though she had killed her own son, Brokentail, to put an end to his bloodthirsty plotting. Now the gleam of humour was back in her yellow eyes as she stooped to touch Fireheart.

"With this life I give you compassion," she announced. "Use it well for the elders of your Clan, and the sick, and all those weaker than yourself."

This time, even knowing the pain he would have to bear, Fireheart closed his eyes and drank in the life hungrily, wanting all of Yellowfang's spirit, all her courage and her loyalty to the Clan that was not hers by birth. He received it like a tide of light surging through him: her humour, her sharp tongue, her warm heartedness, and her sense of honour. He felt closer to her than ever before.

"Oh, Yellowfang..." Fireheart whispered, his eyes blinking open again. "I've missed you so much."

The medicine cat was already moving away. The cat who took her place was younger, stepping lightly, the sparkle of stars in her fur and in her eyes: Spottedleaf, the beautiful tortoiseshell who had been Fireheart's first love. She had come to him in dreams, but he had never seen her as plainly as this since she had been alive. He breathed in her sweet scent as she bent over him. This cat, more than any, was the one with whom he wanted to speak, because the time they had had together had been too short to let them share their true feelings.

"Spottedleaf..."

"With this life I give you love," she murmured in her soft voice. "Use it well, for all the cats in your care—and especially for Sandstorm."

There was no pain in the life that poured into Fireheart now. It held the warmth of the high sun in greenleaf, burning to the tips of his paws. It was pure love; at the same time he experienced the sense of security he had known as a tiny kit, nuzzling his mother. He gazed up at Spottedleaf, wrapped in a contentment he had never known before. He thought he caught a proud gleam in her eyes as she turned away, and his disappointment that she had not stayed to talk to him was mixed with relief that she approved of his new choice. Now he had no reason to fear that he was being unfaithful to Spottedleaf in his love for Sandstorm.

At last Bluestar approached Fireheart. She was not the old, defeated cat Fireheart had known recently, her mind giving way under the stress of her Clan's troubles. This was Bluestar at the height of her strength and power, prowling toward him across the clearing like a lion. Fireheart was almost dazzled by the glory of starlight around her, but he forced himself to meet her blue gaze squarely.

"Welcome, Fireheart, my apprentice, my warrior, and my deputy," she greeted him. "I always knew you would make a great leader one day."

As Fireheart bowed his head, Bluestar touched him with her nose and went on; "With this life I give you nobility and certainty and faith. Use it well as you lead your Clan in the ways of StarClan and the warrior code."

The warmth of Spottedleaf's life had lulled Fireheart, and he was unprepared for the agony that shook him as he received Bluestar's. He shared the fierceness of her ambition, the anguish she had suffered when she gave up her kits, the ferocity of battle after battle in the service of her Clan. He felt her terror as her mind fragmented and she lost her trust in StarClan. The rush of power grew stronger and stronger, until Fireheart thought his pelt would never contain it. Just as he thought he must yowl his pain or die, it began to ebb, ending in a sense of calm acceptance and joy. A long, soft sigh passed through the clearing.

Fireheart looked around, *what else was to be done?*, he thought.

Then, Rainsong padded forward. Sending confusion to settle in

Fireheart's mind. The StarClan warrior continued to approach him till she was sitting only a tail-length away, her blue eyes gleaming up at him with excitement and pride.

"Fireheart, you are about to witness and be a part of an event that has never happened before to another leader." Her gaze sharpened and pierced through his own. "You know that a leader's nine lives ceremony should never be repeated to another soul. But swear in the name of StarClan that you will not say a single word on the topic of what is about to happen. Do you swear your silence?" Rainsong's narrowed gaze watched him expectantly.

Fireheart swallowed. "I do, I swear my silence on what is about to happen in the name of StarClan."

Rainsong dipped her head in acknowledgement to his words.

"You have received your nine lives." She announced, looking up to meet Fireheart's eyes. "Courage, Justice, Loyalty, Tireless Energy, Protection, Mentoring, Compassion, Love and Nobility are what will help guide you as you lead your Clan. I will not be giving you a life, I have come here to pass on a gift of mine to you. A gift that only you are now worthy of holding. The gift to hear the songs of other's when they can't find it themselves. Use it wisely and honour the promise you made to me in my dying moments, and you will be a fine and fit leader for ThunderClan. StarClan leaves the fate of ThunderClan in your paws."

Reaching upwards, the she-cat that Fireheart had looked up to and respected so much touched her nose lightly to his. Instead of how receiving a life made him feel so many indescribable emotions, the gift that Rainsong was giving him made memories appear in his head. Not *his* memories, but *hers*. Each memory had Rainsong with another cat, both sitting in the rain and listening attentively to it. Each of the scenes had a different combination of sounds, *each cat's song*, Fireheart realised with a jolt.

Fireheart blinked open his eyes to see StarClan's grounds once more. Rainsong was looking up at him with pride and respect gleaming in her eyes. Then, with no other words, she got up and left to join the circle of cats once more.

Bluestar padded up to him once more.

"I hail you by your new name, Firestar," She announced. "Your old life is no more. You have now received the nine lives of a leader, and StarClan grants to you the guardianship of ThunderClan. Defend it well; care for young and old; honour your ancestors and the traditions of the warrior code; live each life with pride and dignity."

"Firestar! Firestar!" Just as the forest Clans would acclaim a new warrior by name, so the cats of StarClan acclaimed Firestar, in rich voices that tingled in the air. "Firestar! Firestar!"

Suddenly the chanting broke off with a startled hiss. Firestar tensed, aware that something was wrong. Bluestar's glowing eyes were fixed on something behind him. He spun around and let out a choking cry.

A massive hill of bones had appeared at the other side of the clearing, many tail-lengths high. It shone with an unnatural light, so that Firestar could see each separate bone edged as if with fire—the bones of cats and the bones of prey, all jumbled together. A hot wind swept over him, bearing the reek of carrion, even though the bones gleamed white and clean. Firestar gazed wildly around him, seeking help or answers from the other cats. But the clearing was dark. The cats of StarClan had vanished, leaving him alone with the terrible hill of bones. As Firestar felt panic welling up inside him, he sensed the familiar presence of Bluestar by his side, warm fur pressed against his flank. He could not see her in the darkness, but her voice whispered in his ear.

"Something terrible is coming, Firestar. Four will become two. Lion and tiger will meet in battle, and blood will rule the forest." Her scent and the warmth of her fur faded away as she finished speaking.

"Wait!" Firestar yowled. "Don't leave me! Tell me what you mean!"

But there was no reply, no explanation of the dreadful prophecy. Instead, the red light that gleamed from the hill of bones glowed brighter. Firestar stared at it in horror. Blood had begun to ooze out

between the bones. The trickles merged into a river that flowed steadily toward him, until the stench of blood clung to his fur. He tried to flee, and found his paws were fixed in place. A heartbeat later, the sticky red tide was washing around him, gurgling and reeking of death.

"No!" Firestar yowled, but there was no response from the forest, just the steady whisper of blood lapping hungrily at his fur.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

So yeah. Rainsong did the impossible! (People, pls don't attack me for what I did, it's an AU [alternate universe] so if I say this is possible, it's possible. [I mean I guess it's also a What If? But whatever ;-;]) Now, in the next chapter I will have a title that is inspired from a song from a Disney/Pixar movie. Can you guess which? (Also, most of the writing is from the actual book. I was too lazy to write it in my own words. [tho tons of fanfiction have most of their dialogue from the movie/book] So credits to Erin Hunter. I just switched around some stuff so it would make some sense. [I also edited some words so that it's Canadian English friendly] And I added the Rainsong part on my own.)

Wishing you well,

LittleOwl

~ Remember the Ones that Came Before ~

Firestar Third Person POV

Shadows gathered around him as the last of the light died. Firestar was acutely conscious of being completely alone for the first time since joining the Clan: no warmth of other cats sleeping close by, no soft meows and purrs as his friends shared tongues, no gentle snoring or the sound of cats shifting in their dreams.

For a few heartbeats he felt lonelier than ever. Then he told himself to stop being so mouse-brained. He had an important decision to make, and it was vital for ThunderClan that he get it right. His choice of deputy would affect the life of the Clan for seasons to come.

Settling deeper into the moss, he wondered whether he ought to sleep now, and ask Spottedleaf in a dream which cat would be the right deputy. He closed his eyes and almost at once he caught a trace of Spottedleaf's sweet scent. But no vision came; he could see only darkness.

Then he heard a whisper in his ear, filled with Spottedleaf's gentle teasing. "Oh, no, Firestar. This is your decision."

Firestar sighed in frustration. Maybe Rainsong would help him? The she-cat had always been wise, and it seemed StarClan only made cats even wiser.

The darkness faded away to reveal a pale tortoiseshell with an amused expression.

"Now, did you really think I would pick for you?" Rainsong mewed with a gentle tone. "As Spottedleaf said, this is your decision, Firestar. We can't do this for you."

She then proceeded to reach up and touch her nose to his, making the darkness fade back into place.

Letting out another sigh, Firestar opened his eyes. "All right, Spottedleaf and Rainsong. I'll decide." He conceded aloud.

For a long moment, Firestar thought to himself on the matter. When his final decision was ready, he got up and out of his new den. He sprang up onto Highrock and paused for a moment.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey join here beneath the Highrock for a Clan meeting." He yowled.

His summons of the Clan were immediately met, warriors and apprentices pelted out of their dens. Elders and queens stuck their heads out and kits stopped their playing.

Firestar saw Whitestorm strolling over from the nettle patch with Cinderpelt. There was no air of anticipation about him as he stopped for a quick word with Fernpaw and Ashpaw before taking his own place beside the Highrock. As the senior warrior settled, Firestar swore he saw a pale tortoiseshell and white cat beside Whitestorm. Blinking to see if his eyes were showing the truth, the figure disappeared and he presumed his brain was playing tricks on him from grief.

Swallowing his nervousness, Firestar began. "The time has come to appoint a new deputy." Pausing, he felt the presence of Bluestar very close to him as he remembered the ritual words she used to speak. "I say these words before StarClan," he continued, "that the spirits of our ancestors may hear and approve my choice."

Every cat gathered below him watched him with great anticipation, excitement gleaming in their eyes.

"Whitestorm will be the new deputy of ThunderClan." He announced.

For a heartbeat there was silence. Whitestorm was blinking up at Firestar, a look of pleasure and surprise spreading over his face. Firestar realised that the surprise was part of what he liked so much

about the old warrior; Whitestorm had never assumed that he would be the one chosen.

Slowly he rose to his paws. "Firestar, cats of ThunderClan," he meowed, "I never expected to be given this honour. I swear by StarClan that I will do all I can to serve you."

As he finished speaking, sound gradually swelled from the assembled cats, a mixture of yowls and purrs and voices calling, "Whitestorm!" All the Clan began to press around the white warrior, congratulating him. Firestar knew that he had made a very popular choice. As the cheering continued, Firestar saw a flickering figure beside the new deputy. Narrowing his eyes, he attempted to focus on it. Almost as if the figure knew what he wanted, it focused and became clear. It was the same pale tortoiseshell and white cat he had sworn he'd seen earlier! With a jolt, realisation swept over Firestar. The cat was Rainsong!

Rainsong–Firestar was quite sure it was her–dipped her head to him. Which to Firestar, felt like confirmation that he had made the right choice. Then a gentle breeze picked up through the camp and swept the StarClan warrior away.

Graystripe Third Person POV

Graystripe narrowed his eyes at what he saw. In fact, he wasn't even sure it was real. It looked like Sorrelkit was talking to Darkstripe. Which was in fact, slightly odd if anything, but perfectly normal. But what made him so unsure was the third cat present. If one could even call it a cat.

What he presumed was a cat was quite transparent. He could see the forest behind it. The cat itself however, was a pale tortoiseshell with white paws, belly, right ear tip and white splotch around its left eye. The figure was so familiar...Rainsong! Graystripe identified the cat with a jolt.

Rainsong, was sitting beside Sorrelkit, with her tail wrapped around the kit and she was hissing ferociously at Darkstripe. Graystripe wasn't sure if Darkstripe could see her or not, but if he did, clearly he thought it wasn't real.

Then Graystripe wondered why Rainsong would be hissing at Darkstripe. He inspected the scene closer. Darkstripe was feeding some berries–no, not just any berries, but deathberries–to Sorrelkit.

He bounded forward, which seemed to startle the transparent Rainsong, who looked at him. Relief was washing over the pale tortoiseshell as she flickered out of view.

~ Wee little Timeskip ~

Graystripe stood outside the medicine den with Whitestorm. The Clan's deputy was awfully silent as he sat, waiting on news of his kit.

"You know..." Graystripe started, breaking the silence. Whitestorm looked up from his paws and met his gaze. "I think Rainsong is still watching over us... Sorry..."

The white deputy looked on silently for a moment before replying: "It's alright Graystripe. And I do think you're right. Every warrior that passes watches over us from the sky."

Graystripe shook his head. "No I meant, I think Rainsong's spirit is trying to protect us. *Physically*."

Whitestorm tilted his head in question. "Do explain."

"I'm not sure, but I think I saw her spirit. I saw her spirit with her tail curled around Sorrelkit and she was hissing at Darkstripe–rather ferociously, I should add."

Whitestorm sighed. "You know Sorrelkit's littermates?"

Graystripe nodded. "Sootkit and...Rainkit, was it?"

The white warrior nodded his head. "Yes, w–"

"Wait! *Rain*kit? As in like *Rain*song!?" He interrupted with an exclamation. "Oh, sorry."

"I'm not entirely sure." Whitestorm admitted. "It was Willowpelt who suggested his name. But I do think she did it in honour of

Rainsong. Willowpelt had always known I loved Rainsong, and she still accepted that when she took me on as a mate. Most she-cats would have protested against it. But Willowpelt respected it."

Graystripe couldn't help but let his jaw fall in shock.

Firestar Third Person POV

"I, Firestar, leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to you as a warrior in his turn." Turning to the Thornpaw, Firestar continued, "Thornpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

Thornpaw's reply was firm and confident. "I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan," Firestar declared, "I give you your warrior name: Thornpaw, from this moment you will be known as Thornclaw. StarClan honours your loyalty and your intelligence, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan."

Stepping forward, Firestar rested his muzzle on the top of Thornclaw's head, feeling the new warrior quiver with excitement. Thornclaw licked his shoulder in return, and met his gaze with a long look in which happiness and sorrow were mingled. Firestar knew he was remembering his den mate Swiftpaw, dead before he could know the fulfilment of being a warrior. As Thornclaw stepped back to join the warriors, Lostface slipped over to him.

"Thornclaw!" she purred, swiping her tongue over his ear. She had kept her promise to be the first cat to greet him with his new warrior name, and her voice held warmth and pride in his achievement.

Then the rest of the cats followed in her lead. Firestar once again saw Rainsong's spirit cheering Thornclaw with the Clan that was gathered beneath him. Firestar had grown used to seeing her spirit around camp as life went on. He could always spot her walking around the camp or beside Whitestorm. It was fascinating to see a spirit walk among the living. Because Firestar could see her so

easily, it was almost as if she continued living with the Clan.

Clearing his throat, he continued. "Before you go, I've something more to say. First, I want to honour the apprentice who should have been here, receiving his warrior name along with Thornclaw. You all know how Swiftpaw met his death trying to hunt down the dog pack who threatened us. His Clan will always remember that."

There was a murmur of agreement from the assembled cats. Firestar glanced at Longtail, who had been the dead apprentice's mentor, and saw a look of pride and grief cross his face.

"In addition," Firestar added. "I want to give thanks from the Clan to Fernpaw and Ashpaw. They showed the bravery of warriors in the race against the dogs, and although they are still too young to receive their warrior names, we honour them."

"Fernpaw! Ashpaw!" The two apprentices looked overwhelmed to hear themselves praised by their Clan mates, and Dustpelt's eyes shone with delight. Only Darkstripe, Fernpaw's mentor, remained silent, staring coldly in front of him without even turning to look at his apprentice. Firestar waited until the noise died down.

"There's one more ceremony to perform." He flicked his tail to beckon Lostface out of the crowd. Nervously she stepped forward to stand in front of him; Cloudtail followed her, remaining a tail-length or so away.

A murmur of surprise went through the watching cats. Many of them, Firestar realised, would not know what was about to happen. The name-changing ceremony for a warrior who had already been given a new name had not been held for many seasons.

Remembering what One-eye had told him, he began to speak. "Spirits of StarClan, you know every cat by name. I ask you now to take away the name from the cat you see before you, for it no longer stands for what she is."

He paused and saw the young ginger-and-white she-cat shiver, as she waited, nameless, before StarClan. Firestar hoped she would like the name he had chosen for her; he had thought hard before he

was sure he had gotten it right. When thinking of a name for the brave young warrior, his mind had flashed back to Rainsong's goodbyes. '... see how bright your heart is.' Is what Rainsong had said to the ginger-and-white she-cat in her last moments. Seeing that what Rainsong had said was only the truth, Firestar had snagged two words from her wise words for the scarred warrior's new name.

"By my authority as Clan leader," Firestar announced, "and with the approval of our warrior ancestors, I give this cat a new name. From this moment she will be known as Brightheart, for though her body has been gravely injured, we honour her brave spirit and the light that shines on within her."

He stepped close to the newly named Brightheart, and as he had done in the warrior ceremony, rested his muzzle on her head. She responded like any newly named warrior by licking his shoulder.

"Brightheart! Brightheart!" The name rose from the crowd of cats.

Firestar searched for Rainsong's spirit. When he finally spotted her, he found that she had an expression of gratitude and pride on her face. Turning her head, she met Firestar's gaze and dipped her head in respect.

~ Timeskip ~

Graystripe bounded off to the warriors' den while Firestar swallowed the last few gulps of vole and swiped his tongue over his mouth. By the time he had finished, Graystripe had reappeared and the two friends headed for the mouth of the gorse tunnel. Reaching it, however, they stopped short as a familiar black shape slipped into the clearing.

"Ravenpaw!" Firestar exclaimed happily. "It's good to see you."

"It's good to see you," Ravenpaw responded, touching noses in greeting with Firestar and then with Graystripe. "Graystripe, I haven't seen you in moons! How are you?"

"I'm fine. It's easy to see you're doing well," he added, eyeing

Ravenpaw's glossy black pelt.

"I came to pay my respects to Bluestar, and Rainsong." Ravenpaw explained. "You remember, Firestar, you said I could."

"Yes, of course." Firestar glanced at Graystripe, whose paws were working urgently in his haste to be off. "Ravenpaw, can you go and find Cinderpelt? She'll show you the place where Bluestar and Rainsong are buried. Graystripe and I are just off on a mission."

"That sounds like the old days!" meowed Ravenpaw, half enviously. "What is it this time?"

"We're going over to RiverClan to check on my kits," Graystripe told him in a rush. "I'm worried about them, now that Tigerstar is taking over."

Ravenpaw's shocked look reminded Firestar that he knew nothing of the recent developments in the forest. Rapidly he told the black cat what Tigerstar had announced at the last Gathering.

"But that's a disaster!" Ravenpaw hissed when he had finished. "Is there anything I can do to help? I could come with you." His eyes were gleaming. Firestar guessed Ravenpaw was excited by the prospect of adventure. How different he was now from the nervous apprentice he had once been, bullied by his fierce mentor, Tigerclaw!

"All right," he meowed, trusting his instincts that it would be good to have Ravenpaw with them. "We'll be glad to have you."

As he bounded through the forest, his two oldest friends by his side, Firestar felt his mind flood with memories of how they had trained and hunted together as apprentices. For a short time he could almost imagine that those days had returned, that he had shed his responsibilities like falling leaves and was young and carefree again.

(Oh my goodness. I FORGOT ABOUT RAVENPAW. NUUUUUUU. TnT I forgot to make Rainsong have a message for him. I forgot that I actually needed the scene from the book, pre-nine lives ceremony

so that Fireheart could pass on the news. OOOOF. YOU KNOW WHAT. PRETEND IT WAS THERE.)

~ Timeskip by a LOT ~

Firestar touched his nose to Graystripe's shoulder. Suddenly Graystripe went rigid, staring past his leader. "Firestar..." he rasped.

Firestar whirled around to see Sandstorm and Dustpelt fighting side by side at the edge of the battle. They didn't seem to need his help, and at first he couldn't understand what had distressed Graystripe. Then the mass of cats parted briefly to reveal Bone, the huge BloodClan deputy, crouched over another cat who moved feebly beneath him. So much blood clotted the victim's fur that Firestar could hardly make out its colour, and it took him a couple of heartbeats to recognize Whitestorm.

"No!" he yowled, and he hurled himself at Bone with Graystripe hard on his paws. Bone sprang backward, only to cannon into Bramblepaw and Ashpaw, who came charging across the clearing at the same moment. Firestar saw his apprentice leap onto the huge deputy's back, while Ashpaw bit down into his hind leg. Confident that Bone would be distracted for a while, Firestar crouched beside Whitestorm, almost oblivious to the battle that surged around them. Recognition glimmered in the white warrior's eyes when he saw Firestar, and the tip of his tail twitched.

"Good-bye, Firestar," he rasped.

"Whitestorm, no!" Firestar felt a wail of agony building up inside him. He should never have brought his deputy into this battle, when all along the white warrior had seemed to know that it would be his last. "Graystripe, find Cinderpelt."

"Too late," Whitestorm breathed. "I go to hunt with StarClan."

"You can't—the Clan needs you! I need you!"

"You will find others...." The white warrior's gaze, growing rapidly dimmer, flickered to Graystripe and back again. "Trust your heart, Firestar. You have always known that Graystripe is the cat StarClan

destined to be your deputy."

"He's right, Firestar." A new voice sounded. Both Firestar and the dying deputy looked up to see who had spoken. Sitting across from Firestar, on Whitestorm's other side, was a pale tortoiseshell and white she-cat with stars glittering in her pelt.

"Rainsong..." Whitestorm and Firestar both breathed in unison.

"Have you come to take me to StarClan?" The white warrior whispered in an awe-filled tone.

"Yes, Whitestorm. I've come to welcome you into StarClan's hunting grounds." Rainsong murmured, amusement glittering in her star-speckled eyes.

"Goodbye, Firestar..." Whitestorm sighed and closed his eyes.

Firestar watched for a moment as a white figure got up from the dead deputy's body. Both Rainsong and Whitestorm's spirits touched noses lightly before walking up to the sky with their tails entwined together.

"Whitestorm..." Firestar wanted to mewl his grief like a tiny kit. For a heartbeat he pushed his nose into his deputy's blood-soaked fur, the only mourning ritual that the battle allowed.

Then he turned to Graystripe, who was staring in shock at the old warrior's body. "You heard what he said," Firestar meowed. "He chose you." Rising to his paws, he lifted his voice above the tumult of battle. "I say these words before the body of Whitestorm, that his spirit may hear and approve my choice. Graystripe will be the new deputy of ThunderClan."

A yowl of agreement from behind startled him, and Firestar turned to see Sandstorm and Dustpelt pausing to nod briefly at Graystripe before dashing back into the battle again.

Graystripe had not moved, his yellow eyes fixed on Firestar. "Are you...are you sure?"

"Never surer," Firestar growled. "Now, Graystripe!"

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the BloodClan deputy struggling free from Bramblepaw and Ashpaw. Before Firestar could spring at him, a screech of defiance sounded above the noise of battle and several more apprentices hurtled across the clearing. Bone was barely visible under the writhing heap of furious young cats. Bramblepaw and Ashpaw were there, with Featherpaw and Stormpaw and, yes, Tawnypaw, fighting beside her brother. Within a few heartbeats Bone had stopped trying to defend himself; his body went into a series of spasms, ending in his twitching tail, and as Firestar watched the twitching stopped. Ashpaw let out a hoarse cry of triumph.

At the same instant Jaggedtooth appeared out of nowhere. Firestar felt his fur stand on end. Once a rogue, then a member of ShadowClan, and now part of the insult to the warrior code that was BloodClan. The massive warrior flung himself on the apprentices and fastened his teeth in the nearest—Bramblepaw — dragging him off Bone's body. At once Tawnypaw launched herself at the rogue cat. "Let go of my brother!" she spat. The rest of the apprentices sprang forward with her, and Jaggedtooth abruptly dropped Bramblepaw, turning tail and fleeing across the clearing with all the apprentices in pursuit.

Breathing hard, Firestar glanced around, and his stomach turned over as he tried to judge how the battle was going. Though Darkstripe and Bone were dead, and Jaggedtooth had been driven off, the clearing still seemed full of BloodClan warriors, and yet more were racing down the slope. ThunderClan had lost Whitestorm, and between the battling cats Firestar caught a glimpse of Torn ear from WindClan lying motionless. Brackenfur and Mousefur fought on side by side, but Brackenfur was limping and Mousefur had deep claw marks stretching all along one side. At the edge of the clearing Frostfur was dragging herself into the bushes, with Fernpaw helping her, and not far away Runningnose, the ShadowClan medicine cat, was pressing cobwebs on a wound in Blackfoot's shoulder, until the ShadowClan deputy shook him off and threw himself back into the fray. Leopard star appeared briefly, yowling hoarse encouragement to her warriors, before she vanished again in a surge of BloodClan cats.

We're losing, Firestar thought, fighting panic. I must find Scourge! With the BloodClan leader's death, he knew the battle would be over. The cats from Twolegplace had no sense of tradition or loyalty to the warrior code. Scourge held them together, and without him they would be nothing. Firestar felt his fur begin to bristle as his gaze found Scourge at last. The small black cat was crouched at the base of the Great Rock, his claws slicing at a warrior he had trapped there. Firestar's belly lurched as he recognized Onewhisker.

With a yowl of defiance he leaped across the clearing. Scourge whipped around, leaving Onewhisker to crawl away, bleeding.

The BloodClan leader bared his teeth in a snarl. "Firestar!"

Without warning, he leaped. Firestar rolled with the impact and landed on top of the smaller cat, planting one paw on his neck. But before he could bite down, Scourge wriggled away with the speed of a snake. The dogs' teeth on his claws flashed as he raked them across Firestar's shoulder. Excruciating pain lanced through Firestar's body. He forced himself not to flinch but leaped forward again, sending Scourge flying back against the Great Rock. Briefly the black tom was stunned, and Firestar managed to bite down on his foreleg.

Pain like fire seared through him again with another blow from the BloodClan leader's claws, and in the shock of it Firestar lost his grip on Scourge. The BloodClan leader reared back, his paw raised for the death blow. Firestar scrabbled to get away, but he was not fast enough. Agony exploded in his head as the reinforced claws struck down. flame washed over his eyes, fading to leave nothing but darkness. A soft, black tide was rising to engulf him; he made one final effort to get up, but his paws would not support him, and he fell back into nothingness.

~ Wee skip because I'm too lazy to write it all in my own words and copy pasting shouldn't be used so freely ~

Firestar launched himself at his enemy. And with every stride, he was aware of the StarClan warriors racing alongside him, matching his pace: Lionheart's golden strength; the lithe, muscular body of Runningwind; Redtail's dark fur, his bushy red tail streaming out

behind him; Yellowfang with her claws outstretched; Spottedleaf, swift and determined; Rainsong with her eyes gleaming and her too large ears pinned back; Bluestar with all her strength and skill in battle restored.

Firestar felt the presence of each of the cats that had given him his nine lives and gift through each scratch and bite he left upon Scourge. They were there as he and the BloodClan leader became a flurry of claws and teeth; ginger and black; light and darkness. Firestar felt their presence as he bit down on Scourge's neck for the killing bite.

As the terrible wailing from the BloodClan members faded, Firestar heard a soft voice ringing in his ears.

"This is only the beginning. But I don't doubt you'll hold your promise true."

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Wow. I wrote like 6 books in the span of 23 chapters. Though to be fair, I did skip a ton of the actual books. But like dang, I'm done with the first series! I'M DONE THE FIRST SERIES! YAY! >:3 I'm freaking done with the first series. ToT I never thought this day would come so sooooon. First of all, I want to thank YOU for reading this far. I mean I know that at the time I'm writing this, I only have 1 reader. (Thank you, Veve) But I mean, if someone can put up with the cringy first chapters, and make it all the way here, it's something worth saying thank you. So, thank you! I genuinely appreciate this. Buuuuut, this is not the end my friends. We've still got like...6 serieses to go? 5 serieses? I dunno at this point. But stay tuned!

With enthusiasm,

LittleOwl

P.S. I still can't get over the fact I'm done with the first series.

P.P.S For the second series, there will only be like around 2 chapters. You'll see why. ;)

Future LittleOwl: I forgot this chapter wasn't published so I was just writing this entire time- I was about to upload the new chapters I've written when I figured out I didn't publish this one. XD

~ Vague Messages ~

Message 1

Brambleclaw Third Person POV

Leaves rustled as the young tabby cat slid through a gap between two bushes, his jaws wide open to drink in the scent of prey. On this warm night in late greenleaf, the forest was full of the scuffles of tiny creatures. Movements twitched endlessly at the edge of his vision, but when he turned his head he could see nothing but thick clumps of fern and bramble, dappled with moonlight.

Suddenly he stepped out into a wide clearing and gazed around in confusion. He could not remember being in this part of the forest before. Smooth-cropped grass, glowing silver in a cold wash of moonlight, stretched in front of him as far as a softly rounded rock where two other cats were sitting. Starlight sparkled in both their furs. One was a blue-gray she-cat. While the other was a pale tortoiseshell and white she-cat the size of an apprentice. The young tabby's bewilderment increased as he recognized both she-cats.

"Bluestar? Rainsong?" he meowed, his voice shrill with disbelief.

He had been an apprentice when both the great leader of ThunderClan and its most loyal warrior had died, four seasons ago. Bluestar had leaped into the gorge with a pack of blood-hungry dogs after her and Rainsong had died killing one of the dogs in battle. Like all of ThunderClan, he had grieved for both she-cats and honoured Bluestar for the way she had given up her life to save them and Rainsong for the way she gave up her dignity and life to be able to serve her Clan. He had never thought to see both she-cats again, and he realised for the first time that he must be dreaming.

"Come closer, young warrior," Bluestar meowed. "We have a message for you."

Shivering with awe, the tabby tom crept across the shining stretch

of turf until he crouched below the rock and could look up into both Bluestar's eyes and Rainsong's sharp pale blue ones.

"I'm listening, Bluestar." he mewed.

"A time of trouble is coming to the forest." she told him.

Rainsong opened her muzzle to speak. "A new prophecy must be fulfilled if the Clans are to survive. You have been chosen to meet with three other cats at the new moon, and you must listen to what midnight tells you."

"What do you mean?" The young cat felt a prickle of dread, cold as snowmelt, creep down his spine. "What kind of trouble? And how can midnight tell us anything?"

"All will be made clear to you," Bluestar replied. Her voice faded, echoing strangely as if she were speaking from a cavern far beneath the earth. The moonlight also began to grow dim, leaving thick black shadows to creep out of the trees around them.

"No, wait!" the tabby cat cried out. "Don't go!"

"We will not leave you, Brambleclaw." Rainsong's soft mew assured him, her voice echoing around him as it faded. "We are watching over you, always."

Message 2

Leafpaw Third Person POV

Tonight something seemed to be blocking her thoughts. The silence was broken by the sound of rushing water, loud as thunder, and then the darkness shifted to show her a waterfall, crashing endlessly down into a pool below. Before Leafpaw could properly understand what she was seeing, clouds swirled over it. Out of them came a terrible snarling, and she caught a glimpse of sharp fangs. She sensed the presence of warrior ancestors and reached out for the comforting presence of StarClan. But she caught only a flickering vision of lean, prowling cats, their fur streaked with mud and blood. Their eyes glared with desperation, as if they stared at some terrible sight that was hidden from Leafpaw. She thought she cried out to

them, but they did not answer, and she was not even sure that they were aware of her.

A wind howled around her, sweeping all the visions away, and Leafpaw woke up with a jolt. She blinked in confusion, staring around the cavern that was dark now except for the faint glitter of Silverpelt. In the dim light she could just make out two cats crouched beside her, a beautiful tortoiseshell with a white chest and white paws and another cat almost identical to the first, but with paler colourings and a white ear tip as well as a splotch of white on the second cat's left eye. The sweet scent of herbs clung about to the first cat's fur and a soft sun-shine like scent swarmed around the second cat's pelt.

For a heartbeat Leafpaw mistook the first cat for Sorreltail, until she remembered that her friend was back in the ThunderClan camp. And where were Mothwing and the medicine cats? Leafpaw realised that except for herself and the strange tortoiseshells, the cavern was empty. Both the she-cats opened their eyes and turned to blink at Leafpaw.

"Greetings," the first one mewed softly. "Do not be anxious for your sister or your Clan. A time of great trouble has come, but the Clans are strong and have the courage to meet it."

Leafpaw froze. She had woken up in another dream. Her eyes widened as she realised who the first tortoiseshell cat must be. She had heard many stories of the medicine cat who had befriended her father when he first came to ThunderClan, and guided him in dreams on his path to becoming leader.

"Are you . . . are you Spottedleaf?" she meowed.

The tortoiseshell cat bowed her head. "I am. I see that Firestar has told you about me."

"Yes." Leafpaw stared curiously at the she-cat. "He told me how much you helped him."

"I loved him as well as any cat," Spottedleaf purred. "Maybe even more than I should have done, as a medicine cat. If StarClan had

not chosen me to walk their path, things might have been different." Her eyes narrowed with affection. "I never had kits of my own, Leafpaw, but I cannot say how happy it makes me that Firestar's daughter will be following the path of a medicine cat. I know that StarClan has great things in store for you."

Leafpaw swallowed and turned to the second she-cat, her eyes were pale blue and sparkled with pleasure. Leafpaw couldn't place what shade of blue the StarClan cat's eyes were, they were almost like the colour of water when it was at its clearest. But even that wasn't quite right.

"Hello there little one." The pale tortoiseshell cat mewed in a soft and quiet voice.

"A-are you Rainsong?" Leafpaw askes in a wondering voice. Rainsong was a dead warrior who had served her Clan to the end. In the elder Frostfur's stories, she was always described to have the oddest blue eyes any cat had ever seen.

"Yes, Leafpaw." Rainsong replied. "I am Rainsong."

"Is everything in the stories true?" Leafpaw couldn't help but blurt out. "Did you really let Tigerstar pull out your eye to fool him? Did you really kill a dog before you died?"

"I'm not one to boast, but yes. The stories are true. You didn't think Frostfur was weaving lies, did you?" Rainsong teased, amusement lighting her eyes.

"No!" Leafpaw immediately replied, shame burning on her cheeks.

"It's alright, little one." The pale tortoiseshell reassured her, running her tail along Leafpaw's spine. "I also think it would've been hard to believe myself."

Leafpaw basked in the silence and comfort for a moment.

"May I ask you something?" she meowed hesitantly.

"Of course."

"Can you see Squirrelpaw? Is she all right?" There was a long pause where both the StarClan she-cats shared glances.

"We cannot see her," Spottedleaf replied at last, "but we know where she is. She is safe, and on her way home to you."

"Why can't you see her, if you know where she is?" Leafpaw challenged.

Rainsong's gaze shone with gentleness and compassion. "Squirrelpaw is in the paws of different warrior ancestors now."

"What do you mean?" Leafpaw remembered the fearsome, blood-streaked cats she had sensed when she tried to make contact with Squirrelpaw. In her dream, her eyes flew wide and she sprang to her paws. "Whose warrior ancestors are these? There can't be more than one StarClan!"

Spottedleaf laughed softly. "The world is wide, dear young one. There are other cats who are guided by other spirits. There is always more to learn."

Leafpaw's head whirled. She stammered, "I thought—"

"StarClan does not control the wind or the rain, do they?" Rainsong prompted gently. "They do not command the sun to rise or the moon to wax and wane. Do not fear, little one."

"From now on, wherever you walk, we will walk with you. . . ." Both she-cats spoke in unison, their voices fading as they both seemed to melt into darkness. For a heartbeat longer, Leafpaw could see their lithe and graceful frames shining like a star and their glowing eyes.

Then she was blinking awake, emerging from her dream into the cavern where Mothwing and the medicine cats were stirring around her. Is it true? she wondered, too dazed to speak out loud. Are Squirrelpaw and the others in the paws of another Clan? And are there really powers other than StarClan's—and does that mean that StarClan won't be able to save the forest after all? As she staggered to her paws, she could still catch a trace of Spottedleaf 's sweet

scent and Rainsong's sunshine-like one.

Message 3

Squirrelpaw Third Person POV

Crouching, Squirrelpaw crept silently toward the unsuspecting creature. It had its head half-buried under an oak leaf and hadn't noticed her. This was going to be an easy catch. Suddenly, rapid pawsteps sounded behind her. Terrified, the mouse darted out from under the oak leaf and scuttled away beneath the roots of a tree. Squirrelpaw spun around, bristling with fury.

A small pale tortoiseshell cat with sharp pale blue eyes was standing behind her. "Hello, Squirrelpaw," she mewed. "I have something to show you."

"You've just ruined the best catch I'm likely to get all day!" Squirrelpaw snapped back. She had never seen this cat before, though she carried the scent of ThunderClan. She stopped and put her head to one side. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Rainsong." Squirrelpaw blinked. She had heard all about the long dead ThunderClan warrior. Why would Rainsong come to her? She stepped forward to touch the she-cat's nose in greeting, but as she went closer, the image faded.

Bewildered, Squirrelpaw stared into the trees. She pricked her ears, listening for movement, but heard nothing and turned to resume her hunt. The scent of prey that hung in the air was too tempting. Perhaps Rainsong had wanted only to greet her, nothing more. Squirrelpaw prowled deeper into the woods, following a path that led toward Snakerocks. But as she crept through the undergrowth, the forest seemed to change, and she didn't recognize the trees around her. Surely she should have reached Snakerocks by now. Had she taken the wrong path? She quickened her pace until she was racing through trees she had never seen before.

A tiny voice in her mind reminded her that it was just a dream, and she wasn't really lost. She blinked, trying to wake up. But when she opened her eyes, she was still trapped in the strange woods, and her

alarm grew until her heart pounded like a woodpecker's beak on bark. She ran on, hoping to find a landmark she recognized, but the forest grew darker and more silent, as if the trees themselves were watching her. There didn't seem to be anything else alive in these woods— no sound of prey, no scent of her Clanmates or any other Clan.

"Rainsong!" she called. "Help me!" There was no reply. The trees grew more thickly here, and the shadows between the trunks swallowed her until she could hardly see where she was putting her paws.

"Don't be frightened." The soft voice seemed to echo from every direction at once, and Squirrelpaw spun around, trying to find where it came from. There was a faint scent of ThunderClan, and then she saw Rainsong's pale pelt glowing among the trees like the distant moon in a mottled sky.

"I'm lost, Rainsong!" she called.

"No, you're not." Rainsong reassured her gently. "Follow me."

Panting with relief, Squirrelpaw wound her way through the tree trunks. As she approached, the shadows seemed to draw away and the forest grew lighter, although there wasn't any moon that she could see.

"Follow me." Rainsong murmured.

She turned and headed into the trees, running as confidently as if she were following an invisible path. Squirrelpaw pelted after her. Rainsong ran like the wind, but Squirrelpaw raced over the ground until she felt as though she were swooping through the trees like a bird. Exhilaration flooded her so that she hardly noticed the forest become familiar once more. Then she recognized the Great Sycamore, reaching high into the sky. And here were the Snakerocks, a tumbled heap of round, sandy boulders where snakes basked in greenleaf, but which offered good prey in colder weather.

Rainsong leaped up to the top of the rocks, then down the other side and on through the forest. Squirrelpaw scrambled after her

quickly. On they went until Squirrelpaw detected the tang of the Thunderpath. Suddenly, without warning, Rainsong stopped. Squirrelpaw skidded to a halt, nearly bumping into her, and followed the medicine cat's gaze. Ahead of them, every single tree had been stripped away, and the forest floor was churned into mud right to the edge of the Thunderpath. Wooden Twoleg nests ringed the clearing, and monsters sat hunched and silent nearby.

"This way." Rainsong mewed. She led Squirrelpaw across the slippery, rutted earth toward the nests.

"It's so quiet." Squirrelpaw whispered.

Oddly, she felt soothed by the eerie quiet, and she followed Rainsong over the open ground without fear. Rainsong stopped beside one of the wooden nests, and Squirrelpaw looked up at it in surprise.

"What is this place?" she mewed. "Why have you brought me here?"

Rainsong twitched her fluffy white-tipped tail. "Look through the hole," she urged. "Look at the cages."

Cages? The word sounded strange to Squirrelpaw's ears. She noticed a small gap in the wall, about a fox-length up. She stretched her forepaws up the side of the nest, her belly brushing the scratchy wood, and peered in. Rows of dens made of cold-looking shiny web were stacked along the walls. Those must be the "cages." Squirrelpaw could see a dark, soft-edged shape huddled in each cage. Cats! Her heart raced as scents flooded her nose—RiverClan, WindClan, rogue. She stared breathlessly through the hole, and then she smelled the warm scent of ThunderClan. With a jolt of recognition she saw her sister curled up in one of the cages near the roof of the wooden nest.

"Leafpaw!" She gasped. She clawed herself upward, thrusting with her hind legs, trying to clamber through the hole.

"You can't get in, Squirrelpaw." Rainsong stood on her hind legs to reach up beside her. "This is only a dream," she murmured. "But when you wake, Leafpaw will still be here."

"Will I be able to rescue her?"

"I hope so," Rainsong answered softly.

"But how?" Squirrelpaw yowled, jumping down to the ground. Suddenly, her surroundings and the StarClan she-cat started fading. "Wait! Don't go!"

"Do not fret, Squirrelpaw. I will not leave you. I will walk by your side as you walk the path laid out before you." Rainsong's soft mew reassured her as it faded into the darkness along with everything else.

Not Really A Message

Moonlight washed over the hillside, casting heavy shadows around a thick wall of thorn bushes. The bushes surrounded a hollow with rocky sides that sloped down steeply to a pool in the shape of a full moon. Halfway up the side of the hollow, a trickle of water bubbled up between two moss-covered stones, glimmering like liquid starshine as it fell into the pool below. The branches rustled and parted as cats emerged at the top of the hollow and began to pick their way down to the water's edge. Their pelts shone with a soft, pale light, and their pawsteps left a frosty glitter on the moss behind them.

A tortoiseshell she-cat was the first to reach the pool. She looked around with glowing eyes. "Yes," she purred. "This is the place."

"You're right, Spottedleaf. When we chose the four cats to lead the Clans out of the forest, we chose well." The reply came from a blue-gray warrior who was approaching from the other side of the hollow. She leaped down from a jutting rock to face the tortoiseshell across the moonlit water. "But the Clans still have a hard task ahead of them."

Spottedleaf dipped her head in agreement. "Yes, Bluestar. Their courage and faith will be tried to their limits. But they have come this far—they will not give up."

More starry warriors joined them, clustering around the water until

the hollow was lined with their sleek, shining shapes.

"Our journey was hard, too," one cat meowed.

"We felt the pain of leaving the paths we had walked for so long," added another.

"Now we must learn to walk in new skies." Spottedleaf 's voice was full of confidence. She sat on a rock near the tumbling stream and wrapped her tail around her paws. "We must guide our Clans to this new meeting place, where we can speak to the leaders and medicine cats. Then this will truly be home for all five Clans."

A murmur of agreement rose, and a gleam of hope shone in the eyes of the cats around her.

"They will catch fish from the lake," one cat meowed.

"And prey is running in the hills and beside the water," another put in. "All the Clans will find food, even in leafbare."

The blue-gray warrior still seemed uneasy. "There's more to life than fresh-kill," she mewed.

A bracken-colored tom thrust his way to the front of the crowd. "They're not kits," he pointed out impatiently. "They know how to avoid Twolegs and their dogs. Foxes and badgers, too."

"Not all trouble comes from Twolegs," Bluestar snapped. She swiveled her head to glare into the tom's eyes. "And not from foxes or badgers either, Oakheart. You know that as well as I do. The Clans bring trouble within themselves."

The warriors glanced uneasily at one another, but Oakheart dipped his head. "Of course. And they always will. That is part of what it means to be a warrior."

"Trouble from within greatest danger brings." A new voice spoke, deep and gravelly. Bluestar whipped around, her neck fur rising, and stared at the newcomer standing at the top of the hollow. It was too big and solid to be a cat. Instead, it seemed as if a clot of darkness had entered the circle of thornbushes, in which the

watching cats could just make out broad, muscular limbs and the gleam of small, bright eyes. After a few heartbeats Bluestar relaxed.

"Welcome, friend," she meowed. "StarClan owes you thanks. You have done well."

"By me is little done," the newcomer replied. "These cats their destiny have faced with courage."

"The Clans have travelled far and suffered a great deal of sadness that we were powerless to ease." A small tortoiseshell and white she-cat agreed from beside a white tom that appeared massive compared to her. "They kept going even when we lost sight and hearing of them among the mountains, when they walked the paths of a different Tribe. Now they must learn to be four Clans again." She looked solemn. "There will be much pain, especially for those who traveled together to the sun-drown-water. They won't find it easy to forget their friendship."

"That's right, Rainsong. They must mark out their new territories as soon as they can." Oakheart's voice rumbled in his throat. "There'll be trouble there."

"Every loyal warrior will want the best for their Clan." meowed Bluestar.

"So long as it is their Clan that they fight for," returned Oakheart, "and not themselves."

"That's where the danger lies," murmured an anxious voice. A tomcat with a glossy black coat was gazing down into the silvery water as if he could see danger rising to the surface like a giant fish. "I see one cat, hungry for power that is not deserved..."

"Not deserved?" A lean tom with a crooked jaw sprang to his paws on the other side of the pool, the fur on his shoulders bristling in fury. "Nightstar, how dare you say 'not deserved'?"

The black tom's pelt rippled in the moonlight as he looked up. "Very well, Crookedstar, not deserved yet." he meowed. "This cat needs to learn the virtue of patience. Power is not a piece of prey to be

grabbed before it escapes."

The cat with the crooked jaw sat down again, though the anger stayed in his eyes. "Would you have all our warriors as timid as mice?" he muttered.

Nightstar's eyes narrowed and his tail-tip twitched, but before he could spit out a reply another cat padded forward: a thick-furred gray she-cat with a broad face and a fierce gleam in her eyes. She stood beside Spottedleaf at the mossy edge of the pool and gazed down into the water. After a few moments, ripples began to spread in circles from the middle of the pool and wash against the bank. The gray she-cat lifted her head. "I have seen what will come," she growled. "There are dark times ahead."

A stir of anxiety passed through the cats like wind rippling through reeds, but no cat dared to question her out loud.

"Well?" Bluestar demanded when the silence had stretched out for several heartbeats. "Tell us what you mean, Yellowfang."

The gray she-cat hesitated. "I am not certain what I have seen," she rasped at last. "And you won't like what I have to tell you." She closed her eyes, and when she spoke her voice was deeper and quieter than before, so that every cat had to strain to listen: " 'Before there is peace, blood will spill blood, and the lake will run red.'"

Bluestar stiffened, and she bent her head to look into the water. A red stain was spreading across the surface, rippling outward until the water flamed scarlet. It seemed to reflect the fire of sunset, yet above the hollow the moon still floated in thin drifts of cloud. A gasp of horror rose from the cats. Spottedleaf padded forward, trembling, and stared desperately into the water as if she were searching for something that would challenge Yellowfang's ominous words.

"Are you trying to find out what will happen to Firestar?" Bluestar asked her gently. "Don't search too hard, Spottedleaf. You of all cats should know that sometimes there is nothing we can do."

Spottedleaf raised her head, and there was a fiercely determined light in her eyes. "I would do anything to help Firestar." she hissed. "I will protect him with all the power of StarClan."

"But even that may not be enough." The small pale tortoiseshell warned her. Around them, the warriors of StarClan began to pad away from the pool, climbing the slope and slipping back through the thorn bushes until the shimmer of their pelts vanished and the only light in the hollow came from the reflection of the moon in the water.

The creature in the shadows remained a moment longer, watching in silence until the last cat had gone. Then she stirred, and a shaft of moonlight struck her powerful shoulders.

"Midnight, this is not your place," she growled to herself. "Is no more to do." She paused and added, "Once more, maybe, with Clans I will meet. Clouded is time to come." As she turned to push her way back through the thorns, the moonlight caught the broad white stripe down the badger's head; then Midnight was gone, and the hollow was left empty.

Message 4

Cinderpelt Third Person POV

Cinderpelt watched regretfully as Leafpool's shape began to disappear in the distance. *What did I do wrong?* She asked herself. Feeling a presence beside her, Cinderpelt turned her head to find a small tortoiseshell she-cat with stars sparkling in her fur.

"Is it my time?" Cinderpelt croaked.

"Not yet." Rainsong replied in a calm tone. Then, she turned her head to fix her sharp blue gaze on Cinderpelt. "Cinderpelt, you have to let her go. She'll figure out soon enough that her heart lies with ThunderClan. But she has to leave to figure this out."

"Can't you just tell her what she already knows?" Cinderpelt couldn't help but wail.

Rainsong's pale blue eyes softened with sympathy. "I'm afraid that

Leafpool wouldn't believe us unless she figured it out for herself."

"Us?"

"Spottedleaf is currently with Leafpool, telling her that she should follow her heart." Rainsong replied in a soft tone as she started to fade.

"Don't go! Can't you stay until I can come with you?" Cinderpelt pleaded in desperation for comfort.

"You may not be able to see me, dear Cinderpelt. But I have always been with you. And I'm not willing to change that yet. I promise I will be there to welcome you into StarClan."

"You promise?" She couldn't help but ask.

Rainsong's figure had now faded, but her voice let out a *mrrow* of laughter. "I promise, but StarClan may just have some different plans for you."

With that final confusing statement, the forest became silent once more.

Message 5

Leafpool Third Person POV

Both Spottedleaf and Willowpaw's shapes began to fade, as another tortoiseshell came to replace them.

"Hawkfrost's destiny is in the paws of StarClan." The she-cat murmured as she padded closer to Leafpool. "He is not your concern."

"Rainsong!" Leafpool rejoiced as she recognized the StarClan she-cat. "You haven't spoken to me in so long!"

Rainsong dipped her head in greeting. "I would have loved to, but as I wasn't a medicine cat, I thought I'd let Spottedleaf take care of that."

"StarClan are grateful to you," Rainsong went on, "for the help you're giving Willowpaw. She will need you as much as Mothwing if she is to grow into a full medicine cat. I know you'll keep your part of her training a secret—you have already proved you can stay silent."

"Thank you, Rainsong." Leafpool meowed, grateful for the StarClan cat's trust. She hesitated and then went on, "I wish I could see Cinderpelt. She never comes to me, and I miss her so much! Are you sure she isn't angry with me?"

Rainsong nuzzled the top of Leafpool's head, making her feel like a kit again, secure in the nursery with her mother. "Quite certain. Stop worrying about Cinderpelt, dear one. She is closer to you than you know. Would you like me to prove it to you?"

Leafpool blinked. "Oh, Rainsong, if only you could!"

Rainsong bent her head to lap from the glittering water and twitched her ears to tell Leafpool to do the same. Awe shivered through Leafpool from ears to tail-tip. She bent her head and lapped a few drops. This was not the icy water of the Moonpool that would sweep her into dreams. Instead, it was cool and fragrant with the scents of healing herbs. Leafpool felt as though it were soaking into every part of her body, giving her strength and courage.

"Now follow me," Rainsong directed. Leafpool padded in the other cat's paw steps across the clearing and into the trees. Suddenly she realised that she was back in her own familiar forest, with the thorn barrier to the ThunderClan camp looming up in front of her.

"Why have you brought me here?" she asked.

Rainsong did not reply. She led the way through the thorn tunnel and across the camp to the nursery. Close to the entrance, Daisy was lying among her kits, all of them curled up and deeply asleep. Leafpool edged past them lightly. The dead she-cat led her to the far corner of the nursery, where Sorreltail was sleeping. Her four kits were nuzzling close to her belly. Three of them slept, but as Leafpool watched, Cinderkit raised her head and blinked open blue eyes, fixing Leafpool with such an intense, familiar gaze that she

could not look away.

"Now do you understand?" Rainsong purred.

"It ...it can't be true," Leafpool whispered. "Why ... how?"

"It is true." Rainsong assured her. "Do you feel better knowing this?"

"Oh, yes!" Leafpool breathed out. "Thank you, Rainsong."

"Now we must go back." Rainsong mewed. "It's time to make Willowpaw into a true medicine cat."

Cinderkit's jaws gaped in a huge yawn, showing a pink tongue and tiny sharp teeth. Her eyes closed again and she nestled into her mother's fur. Leafpool bent her head until the kit's fluffy gray fur tickled her nose and she could drink in her warm kit scent, then turned and followed Rainsong out of the nursery. *Good-bye, Cinderpelt*, she thought as the thorn branches closed up behind her.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

This was just a compilation of messages I was able to let Rainsong pass along. Also credits to Erin Hunter because this was mostly copy and paste then adding bits of my stuff.

I also hope you're going to enjoy what's coming next. Hehe.

~ LittleOwl

~ A Short Visit & A Message ~ (Bonus Scene)

Leafpool Third Person POV

Something's wrong!

"I can see another kit!" Squirrelflight called. "But it's not moving! Push harder!"

Leafpool had no breath to speak. She tried to press her paws against her belly, manipulate the kit the way she would if she were helping a queen in the nursery. But her legs flopped weakly to the ground. She felt Squirrelflight trying to help, prodding and nudging with her own paws, but she hadn't been trained, and Leafpool had no strength to tell her sister what to do. Dark shadows clustered around her and she felt herself ebbing away. She knew that cats could die if a kit got stuck. *Help me, StarClan ...*

Then the air stirred beside her, and two new, familiar scents filled the hollow tree. Leafpool felt strong paws pressing down on her flanks, and the kit inside her started to turn. She opened her eyes and saw the two faint outlines of starlit cats. One was gray-furred and flat-muzzled, the other was a pale tortoiseshell with pale blue eyes. Yellowfang! Rainsong! Squirrelflight was standing beside Leafpool, huge-eyed and gaping.

"Make yourself useful," Yellowfang ordered, and her voice sounded like the wind between the stars. "Give Leafpool some water, and rub some warmth into that black kit."

Squirrelflight rolled the moss closer to Leafpool so she could drink, then started pummelling the tiny shape beside her belly until the little cat squeaked. Leafpool felt Yellowfang shove a stick between her teeth.

"This is going to hurt," the old cat grunted. She leaned on Leafpool's

belly with a force that made her shriek in protest. "Have a little faith," Yellowfang hissed.

With a wrench, the kit was born, a huge golden tabby tom with broad shoulders and a deafening yowl. Squirrelflight dragged him beside the black kit and Leafpool stared down at the tom in disbelief. My son! She felt him start to suckle and let her head fall onto the leaves. She had never been so exhausted in her life. She felt as if she had been turned inside out, and wanted nothing more than to sleep for a moon.

But Rainsong shook her roughly awake. "Stay with us, Leafpool." she ordered in a soft but harsh mew. "There's one more kit to be born."

"I can't." Leafpool whimpered without opening her eyes. "I'm not strong enough."

"You have to be." Squirrelflight told her, her amber eyes fierce in the darkness. "Come on!"

She propped Leafpool's head against her shoulder and held her close as yet another spasm rolled through Leafpool's body. This time the kit slipped out easily, a pale gray tabby even smaller than its littermates.

"Another tom." Yellowfang announced, efficiently peeling off the sac and delivering the mewling bundle to Leafpool's belly.

"Two sons and a daughter. Congratulations, Leafpool." Rainsong mewed in an ecstatic voice, and Leafpool caught a spark of emotion glistening in Yellowfang's eyes.

"Thank you," she whispered. She bent over her babies and started licking the stickiness from their fur. Above her, she heard Yellowfang telling Squirrelflight that they both needed to get some rest, then Squirrelflight could fetch prey and more water.

"Wait for the kits' eyes to open before you go back to the hollow." Yellowfang rasped. There was a pause. "If you go back."

As she slipped into the stillness of sleep, Leafpool thought she might

stay in this hollow tree forever. Everything that matters to me in the world is here.

"Sleep well, Leafpool. Remember that we'll always be here. I'll come visit soon."

Message 6

Leafpool Third Person POV

Leafpool watched her kits play from the entrance of her den. They were now five moons, nearly old enough to become apprentices. She had continued her role as medicine cat without difficulty in the moons after she and Squirrelflight had returned to ThunderClan with Squirrelflight's 'kits'. Though Rainsong had promised to come visit her, the pale tortoiseshell hadn't shown up in the last five moons. Which unnerved Leafpool greatly.

"Do not fret, Leafpool." A gentle mew suddenly sounded from behind her.

Leafpool whipped around to find Spottedleaf sitting in the middle of the den.

"Rainsong is quite alright." Spottedleaf informed her.

"If she were alright, wouldn't she come herself to say so?" Leafpool argued.

Spottedleaf ignored her question and continued: "In fact, she'll be coming to you in a matter of time, I think. That's if things go as Bluestar and I planned."

"What do you mea–" Leafpool cut off as the StarClan she-cat suddenly disappeared.

~ End of Bonus Scene ~

Hehe. I hope this proves to you that this Fanfiction isn't just a mess, but in fact a mess with a giant plan.

~ LittleOwl

~ Death Again ~

Rainsong's POV (Two moons pre-message 6 of bonus scene)

I took another bite of the mouse I was sharing with Whitestorm when my ears pricked and a strong invisible feeling pulled me towards the Dark Forest border.

Whitestorm noticed and asked: "What's wrong?"

"Something is coming..." I muttered, mostly to myself. Getting up, I walked mindlessly towards the border.

Whitestorm followed me, and as I was about to cross, he pulled me back by the scruff.

"*What* are you trying to do?" He hissed in a scolding manner as he dropped me.

"There's something going on there! And I'm going to find out what, all I know is that it will endanger not only the Clans but *us* as well." I spat back in contempt.

"Rainsong, you've got more sense than that!" He pleaded with me. "Don't go over there!"

I touched my nose to his for a moment, then pulled back. "Don't worry, I promise I'll come back to you."

His gaze softened. "Please...don't go. You might not come back."

"I promised I would, didn't I?" I replied. "You know that I don't break my promises. Go back to the others and wait for me there, if I don't come back soon, you can come look for me."

With one last look at Whitestorm, I charged over the border. Dropping into a crouch, I moved silently through the undergrowth of the Dark Forest, following the invisible pull. Sadly, it stunk badly in the Dark Forest. Soon, not too far from the border, I reached the

spot the invisible pull had wanted me at. It seemed that two cats were talking in hushed voices. Crouching deeper into the bush, I listened.

" ... Destroy the Clans... Recruit from the living..." I believe this voice belonged to Brokenstar.

" ... They won't know they're even betraying their own Clans!" Bellowed Tigerstar. I gritted my teeth in distaste, I hated that cat.

As I listened, the horror inside me began to grow. I had to go back and tell the rest of StarClan. Creeping out of the bush backwards, I accidentally stepped on a twig, snapping it in half. The conversation between the two most vile cats I've ever known had stopped.

" ... I'll go see what that was, Brokenstar." Tigerstar growled.

Cursing, I turned and was about to begin running back to the border, when he stepped out of the bush.

Not wasting another moment, I began to run. I hadn't even gone two fox-lengths when he slashed my side with his claws.

With a gasp, I ran even faster. Finally, I saw the border. Hobbling now, I made it over the border and collapsed in exhaustion. I blinked rapidly, trying to stay awake. But darkness consumed me.

Luckily, it wasn't dark for long, images started flashing before my eyes. No, not images. Memories.

They were all flashing before me, in reverse chronological order. The funny thing? I couldn't remember what memory it was after it flashed.

Saying goodbye.

The dog scratching me.

Brindleface's death.

Fireheart becoming deputy.

Returning to ThunderClan.

Losing an eye.

Tigerclaw's banishment and leaving ThunderClan.

Yellowfang's final goodbye to me.

Cinderpelt becoming the medicine cat apprentice.

Cinderpelt's permanently crippled leg.

Yellowfang becoming Thunderclan's new medicine cat.

Ravenpaw's "death".

Spottedleaf's death.

Redtail's death.

The kittypet Rusty becoming Firepaw of ThunderClan.

My naming ceremony.

Bluefur becoming Clan leader.

Hunting and battle lessons.

Sunstar's death.

My apprenticeship ceremony.

But then it reached my memories as a kit.

No. I couldn't let the best memories of my life be taken away from me like that. I wrapped every part of my soul possible around those precious moments. Then, all those memories quite literally soaked into me. Before I could take in what happened, everything flashed white.

Whitestorm Third Person POV

It had been a while since Rainsong had promised to come back. She

had promised she would come back soon, but it had been a worrisome amount of time now.

"Lionheart! Redtail!" He called both cats. "Will you both come with me to find her?"

Both cats nodded their heads, their expressions turning serious. As they treaded to the border, Whitestorm couldn't help but think of the worst that could have happened to Rainsong.

When they reached the border, Lionheart spoke. "Let's search along the border first. Don't stray too far from each other in case we find something."

"That's a good plan." Redtail agreed.

Whitestorm nodded, then strayed over to the left to begin searching for Rainsong. As he searched along the border, he caught a stale bit of Rainsong's scent.

"Lionheart! Redtail! I've found her scent!" He exclaimed.

As both cats came bounding over, he continued along the border, following the stale but present scent. As he continued to follow the scent, a steady wind began to blow. *The wind must've pushed the scent to where it started*, Whitestorm realised. Eventually, the scent began getting stronger, and stronger.

"What in the name of StarClan is *that*?" Redtail suddenly meowed, pointing with his muzzle towards an awfully small thing lying on the floor up ahead.

Whitestorm didn't waste another second and bounded forward to inspect it. As he stopped, he heard the two other deputies hurrying to catch up. Whitestorm bent down and carefully inspected the thing. As his nose met fur, he jumped up with a yelp of shock.

"What is it?" Lionheart asked.

"It's a kit!" He replied in shock.

"Is it breathing?" Redtail demanded.

"Well if it weren't, it would be fading." Lionheart pointed out.

Whitestorm turned to the two toms. "Do you know a queen with a pale tortoiseshell kit?" He asked in a confused tone. "Or a queen with a kit this tiny."

"You've got a point, I haven't seen a kit this small before. It's around half the size of a normal newborn." Redtail agreed.

At Redtail's words, a jolt of realisation hit Whitestorm. Which caused him to start choking and spluttering.

"Rainsong was that small when she was kit..." Lionheart said in a hoarse voice, taking the words out of Whitestorm's mouth.

They all shared glances as to what this meant.

Suddenly, a small pitiful yawn came from below them. The kit had awakened and had uncurled from its sleeping position. Sure enough, the kit was a pale tortoiseshell with white paws. However, unlike Rainsong, the splotch of white around its left eye resembled very closely to a cloud. The same applied to the splotch of white on its right ear tip and to where the paws transitioned into legs.

Bluestar Third Person POV

"She's evidently growing!" Bluestar spat. "She shouldn't have to grow up in StarClan. What happens if she grows into an elder in StarClan and dies in StarClan? Her spirit may disappear. Rainsong, of all cats, should not have this fate. She was more loyal than any of us here."

"But if we send her to live with the Clans, they will know who she is when she talks about the old territories." Crookedstar argued.

"Haven't you talked to her? It's been three moons since whatever incident caused this, and you haven't talked to her yet?" Bluestar growled. "She doesn't remember anything! Whitestorm says that she went to the Dark Forest because she felt something was going on there. She can't even remember what happened there! Much less remember she once lived in an actual forest."

Bluestar turned her head to see her nephew, Whitestorm, playing with the little kit that used to be Rainsong.

"Even if you all decide that Rainkit will not be sent back, *I* will do everything in my power to send her to the Clans." She hissed in a low tone. "I will not condemn her spirit to complete disappearance."

Silence swept over the group of cats. Many of them exchanged glances and some whispered among themselves.

"Very well, Bluestar. We will send Rainso–" Raggedstar was cut off as Spottedleaf padded through the circle of cats and interrupted him.

"Rain*kit*."

Raggedstar sighed and corrected himself. "Very well, Bluestar. We will send Rainkit to the Clans."

"You must send Skykit with her." Yellowfang suddenly rasped. "Ever since Skykit found out what happened, he and Rainkit have been inseparable."

"Very well, Skykit and Rainkit will both be sent to live with the Clans." Raggedstar grudgingly conceded.

"Thank you." Bluestar dipped her head and padded away as the rest of the cats dispersed.

As she approached Whitestorm and both Rainkit and Skykit, the white tom she had raised let out a long sigh.

"They're letting her leave aren't they?" He half-whispered.

"I'm sorry, Whitestorm." Bluestar replied. "She is."

"It's alright, I know it's so that her spirit won't die."

They watched in silence as the kits played a little distance in front of them.

"It's just hard. She told me she'd wait forever for me to come join

her in StarClan. Then this happens." Whitestorm said in a grief filled voice. "I try not to think selfishly, but I'd have to wait an eternity to see her again. I only want her to be happy, even if that means she takes on a mate in her second life. I know it is selfish to think like this, but I just wish it could be me."

Bluestar hesitated before replying: "I will send you down to live with the Clans as well if you'd like."

Whitestorm's ears pricked up as he turned to look at her in surprise. "You can do that?"

Bluestar nodded. "Yes, but since it is only I, you will most likely end up very far from where she is. Possibly in the old forest territories."

Joy flooded her nephew's golden gaze. "I wouldn't mind, I'd walk the entire world to be with Rainsong."

Bluestar dipped her head in respect for the love her sister's kit had for Rainkit who was once Rainsong. "They plan on sending her back to the Clans in a moon. You may stay with her until some cat finds her. Then, I will send you back to life myself."

Whitestorm nodded eagerly. "Thank you, Bluestar."

Firestar Third Person POV

"There will be three cats, kin of your kin, with the power of the stars in their paws."

Skywatcher's prophecy echoed in Firestar's head as he slept. Repeating and repeating. Till suddenly, a faint outline of the old SkyClan cat appeared, back towards Firestar.

"There will be three cats, kin of your kin, with the power of the stars in their paws. There will be a fourth cat that falls with the rain from the stars. She was the first and will be the last with the gift of song." Skywatcher's voice said, before he disappeared entirely and Firestar was left in the darkness.

Out of the darkness, Bluestar padded forward.

"Bluestar!" Firestar exclaimed, relieved that he wasn't alone.

"When there is a Storm in the Sky, there is always Rain. And in the Rain, there is always a song." She replied in a flat tone. "Be warned Firestar, something is coming, and the three will only be able to win the great battle if the fourth cat is found. Watch carefully for her."

Suddenly, a harsh gust of wind blew by and swept away the blue-gray leader with it.

~ Found ~

Firestar Third Person POV (The trio are 1 moon into their training, so Jaypaw is now studying to be med cat)

The night after both Skywatcher and Bluestar had shared some disturbing phrases, Firestar could not sleep. Something was nagging him to go out, in the rain.

Failing for another time, Firestar gave in to the nagging feeling and walked silently out of camp. Silently, he walked through the forest, following the nagging feeling as rain dripped down on him.

Finally, he came upon a small clearing where a very small kit sat. Her abnormally large ears pricked up as if listening carefully to her surroundings. Yet, she didn't seem at all startled when Firestar came up beside her and sat down.

"Hello there, little one." He mewed softly. "What are you doing?"

The pale tortoiseshell kit turned and looked up at Firestar, sending shock through his bones. The she-kit had one pale sharp blue eye while the other was a shocking bright yellow-amber colour. Around her left eye–the sun-like one–there was a splatter of white that resembled a cloud. On her right ear tip, the same marking was present.

"I'm listening to the song!" The little she-kit replied in a sweet voice.

"Why out where there isn't any cover?" He asked in a quavering voice.

"You hear it best when you aren't under a bush." She answered in a tone oblivious to his shock while sending a pointed glare at a nearby shrub.

"Are you alone? Where's your mother?" Firestar asked, looking around.

"I'm not alone! Skykit is under the bush over there, sheltering. He doesn't like rain very much." She continued. "And Whitestorm was here–"

"Whitestorm!?" Firestar gaped. "How do you know that na–"

"Yeah! He was here a few seconds ago." The kit interrupted while she looked around. "I think he left, back to where we came from."

"And where did you come from?"

"From up there." She pointed to the sky with her nose.

"I see..." Firestar was becoming awfully confused. "What's your name?"

"I'm Rainkit!" She answered, beaming up at him.

"Rainkit! Hurry up and get under here, it's cold! You'll get whitecough!" A new voice exclaimed.

Turning around, Firestar found a sturdy looking blue-gray tom-kit with a pale ginger splotch on his chest and dark blue eyes.

"I'll come in a bit, Skykit!" Rainkit shot back.

The kits had Clan names, the she-kit knew the name Whitestorm and for some strange reason, she looked an awful lot like Rainsong.

" ...Watch carefully for her." Bluestar's words flashed through his mind. Had the previous ThunderClan leader meant the little she-kit?

"Why don't you both come with me?" Firestar asked, silently hoping the kits wouldn't find it suspicious and argue. "I can take you to my Clan, we can give you shelter, a soft nest and plenty of food. It isn't safe for kits to stay out here where there are predators."

Skykit's eyes widened, as if such a place couldn't possibly exist. Rainkit merely tilted her head and looked like she was thinking.

"We'll come with you!" Skykit immediately shouted as Rainkit

opened her mouth to say something herself.

"Hey! You can't speak for me!" She pouted. "But yeah, I want to go with you too."

Relieved that they weren't making it difficult, Firestar led the way as the two kits teased each other and followed him. As they walked, Firestar couldn't help but feel shifty and uncomfortable as if some cat were keeping their eyes on him. Looking back, he found Rainkit staring at him with wonder.

"Are you Firestar?" She suddenly blurted out after a prolonged eye contact between the two.

"I beg your pard–" He was about to ask before the small she-kit suddenly got a dazed look in her eyes before shaking her head.

"What were you saying?" She said in a sweet tone, as if she hadn't said a single odd thing.

Upon arrival, they found the camp in hysterics. Every cat was awake and Brambleclaw seemed to be ordering for patrols.

"What's going on here!?" Firestar yowled.

"There you are!" Sandstorm half-screeched before bounding over and scolding him. "You should have told *some* cat you were going out! I woke up to find your side of the nest empty! Empty!"

"Sandstorm, I'm not a kit, I couldn't have been taken by a badger or a fox." He pointed out.

His mate merely blinked for a moment, some sense starting to enter her head. "I guess you're right. I'm afraid our brains weren't in their right states."

Brambleclaw yawned. "I agree, I think I would have had some sense if it weren't for the fact that we've been woken up only a bit past moon high."

"Who're they?" Leafpool suddenly asked. Her eyes locked on the two kits.

"Ah, right." Firestar looked at the pair of kits. "Rainkit, Skykit, this is ThunderClan. Your new home."

"Leafpool, take them and have Jayfeather give them a thorough check-up. Brambleclaw, Sandstorm, Graystripe, Dustpelt, Brackenfur, Thornclaw, Brightheart, Cloudtail, Ashfur, Ferncloud and Longtail go and wait by the medicine den entrance. I'd like to talk to all of you, Leafpool, you too." He ordered.

Jaypaw Third Person POV

Jaypaw sniffed the kits carefully for infection or sickness. He checked their heartbeats and how plump they were. He did his work silently so that he was able to eavesdrop on the conversation happening outside in hushed voices.

"What were you able to find out?" Firestar asked some cat.

"The tom–Skykit, claims they're littermates and that they're four moons old." Leafpool replied. "But the she-kit–Rainkit, looks around two moons old. However, she is also rather adamant that she's Skykit's littermate."

Jaypaw took some tansy from the herb store. He passed it to the kits. "Each of you eat some of it. It'll help you fight off coughs–if you have one, and will help prevent you from getting whitecough and greencough."

After he heard the kits swallow the tansy, he moved closer to the entrance of the den and listened in on the conversation again.

"She reminds me a lot of Rainsong. They look nearly identical." Brightheart's soft mew said.

Rainsong? As in the Rainsong from Ferncloud's nursery tales? Jayfeather wondered.

"Absolutely what I thought when I found her." Firestar agreed. "She even acts like her. When I first found them, Rainkit was looking up at the sky claiming that she was listening to the song in the rain."

"I remember that, Rainsong would take us to listen to our own

songs when we were apprentices." Dustpelt purred. "It's a shame the next bunch of apprentices couldn't get that training. It was rather valuable and useful."

"Indeed. I also had a message from Bluestar two nights ago." Firstar added. "She told me: 'When there is a Storm in the Sky, there is always Rain. And in the Rain, there is always a song.' I'm unsure as to what it means, but it sounds like it has an awful lot to do with Rainsong."

The group of cats before him started murmuring to one another.

Leafpool was the first to speak up. "Two moons ago, Spottedleaf came to me. She told me that Rainsong would come to me in a matter of time. I don't know in what sense she meant it, but could this possibly be it?"

The murmuring started up again before Firestar cleared his throat to speak.

"We are all tired, exhausted in fact. So why not leave this matter for another time? Ferncloud, you're still suckling Icekit and Foxkit, would you mind taking care of Rainkit and Skykit as well?"

"Yes, Firestar. I would be honoured to take care of them, especially if it really is Rainsong." The queen purred back.

"Are you blind?" A much closer voice startled Jaypaw.

"Yes, I am." He snapped back, pointing his face downwards to where the kit's scent was strongest. "What does it matter?"

"Nothing." Rainkit replied. "But you don't have to be such a grump about it."

The comment left a rare sting in Jaypaw's chest. Letting out a huff of dignity he walked further into the den to make it seem as if he wasn't listening.

"Jaypaw, has Squirrelflight not told you that eavesdropping is rude?" Leafpool sighed as she padded calmly into the den.

"No, sh–" Jaypaw's excuse was cut off as the she-kit interrupted him.

"But you were all talking so loudly at the entrance of the medicine den." Rainkit pointed out. "I could hear you just fine from the nest."

Leafpool tensed from beside him, fear scent flowing off her.

"I didn't hear anything if that's what you're worried about." Rainkit continued. "I was busy talking to Skykit."

"I'm tired!" The tom-kit suddenly wailed. "Where are we sleeping?"

"Aren't you both hungry?" Leafpool replied in surprise.

"No! I'm just tired!" Skykit grumbled, as if his message weren't clear.

"Jaypaw, did you check them both?"

"Yes, I gave them both tansy in case as well. No injuries, no infections and no illness." He reported.

"Good, I'll take them to Ferncloud then, you get some sleep." Leafpool mewed.

Jaypaw gave a brief nod of his head as he curled up in his nest. Falling asleep to the strange thoughts the senior warriors had left him.

Ferncloud Third Person POV

"You dears must be starving!" Ferncloud purred softly as both Rainkit and Skykit entered the nursery. "Would you like some milk?"

The pale tortoiseshell wrinkled her little nose. "Milk? I don't want milk! I'm not even hungry!"

Shock flared through Ferncloud, *were they already weaned? Or perhaps they wanted their own mother's milk?*

"Very well then, why don't you both come here?" Ferncloud uncurled herself from around Icekit and Foxkit. "These ones are a

moon younger than you. This is Icekit"–she pointed with her tail to the all white she-kit– "and this is Foxkit." She moved her tail to her ginger tom-kit. "And what are your names?"

"I'm Skykit!" The blue-gray tom replied. "And this is Rainkit." He gestured to his much smaller companion who was too busy yawning to answer herself.

Ferncloud looked down at Rainkit, her heart couldn't help but turn to mush at the sight of the adorable kits. As Rainkit met her gaze, Ferncloud felt like she was in another place as the kit's sharp pale blue eye and golden sun-like one locked onto her own eyes. *Rainsong...* Ferncloud blinked to find both Skykit and Rainkit snuggled against her own kits. Curling herself around the four kits, Ferncloud stayed up, bothered by her nagging thoughts.

~ Wee Timeskip to the morning ~

Ferncloud opened her muzzle in a yawn as sunlight steadily streamed in from the holes in the nursery walls. Before she could wake the kits, or even stretch, both Hollypaw and Cinderpaw poked their heads in.

"Hi, Ferncloud!" Hollypaw greeted with a mew. "Jaypaw told us what happened last night, so we wanted to see the kits!"

"I was about to wake them anyway." Ferncloud replied in a tired mew.

Uncurling her tail from around the four kits, Ferncloud nosed them all awake one by one. Hollypaw and Cinderpaw watching intently.

"Wake up, little ones." She murmured softly to the little squirming and yawning kits.

Icekit was the first to come to her senses as she stared in wonder at the two newcomers. "Who're they?" She asked aloud.

"Those are your new denmates!" Ferncloud purred in reply. "Foxkit, Icekit, these are Skykit and Rainkit. They came yesterday without anyone to take care of them. Be nice and treat them like your own littermates, alright?"

"But what if *they* aren't nice to *us*?" Foxkit asked.

"We'll be nice to you guys!" Skykit retorted quickly. "Plus, we're a moon older than you both. So we'll protect you."

"Yeah!" Rainkit agreed with her chest puffed up.

Foxkit peered down at her, his head tilted in curiosity. "If you're four moons old, why're you so small? You look like you're only two moons old."

Rainkit let out huff. "I'm small because I'm small." She snipped in response.

"Are they going to be warriors too?" Icekit asked in an excited tone to Ferncloud.

"Yes, I believe so." Ferncloud purred.

"What's a warrior?" Rainkit asked.

Ferncloud ushered the kits outside. "Icekit, Foxkit answer their questions." She turned around to the two apprentices still sitting in the nursery. "Hollypaw, Cinderpaw, do you mind keeping an eye on them? I'd like to go for a quick walk."

"Of course, Ferncloud." Cinderpaw replied with an excited purr. "They're in good paws."

"Thank you." Ferncloud mewed over her shoulder.

~ Wee skip ~

Over the course of a few days, Ferncloud quickly noticed how her adopted littermate, Cloudtail, took great interest in playing with Rainkit. Leaving the kits with the apprentices to play, she took her chance and asked him why.

"I feel that I still owe Rainsong." Cloudtail confessed. "So if it is in fact Rainsong, I'd like to do what she did for me."

Fernsong licked Cloudtail's ear. "That's sweet."

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Can you see what I meant by I have big plans? Hehe, this is it! Rainsong has been reincarnated alongside Skykit! They are currently both four moons old, as told above. So three moons younger than Hollypaw, Lionpaw and Jaypaw when they appear to the Clans.

I hope that if anyone reads this, you'll stick around to the end. (Which won't be for a while, haha...)

~ LittleOwl

Future LittleOwl: Okay, so I've got a few things to say. Thank you to the two (I think, that's what my statistics are saying) readers that have been reading this fanfiction! Secondly, thank you to @Agatha-all-along for the vote! I seriously appreciate it and I do hope that you're enjoying the fanfiction and that you'll stick around!

Lots of thanks,

LittleOwl

300+ Reads Special

Firstly, I'm back. :D

Secondly, thank you all so very much for 300+ reads!! >< It's not as big of a milestone like 500 or 1k, but I appreciate it so much! I'll get back to writing the next chapter as soon as I can get out of this writer's block. I promise, nothing, not even writer's block can stop me now.

Now on the topic of the special, what I chose for the special is actually probably long overdue. Haha...

Today, the 28th of August 2022...

I present to you...

(Almost there)

[image]

On top is Rainsong in her first life (before you know, Tigerstar did the thing). The bottom one is Rainkit, so Rainsong reincarnated. (Haha, thought I would spoil her second life's warrior name? Nope, I planned this out very well.)

Also, I apologise for the wonky tail (I'm no good at drawing them XD), the more in front fore-leg (I noticed how disproportionate it is to the paw after I finished it, and I don't currently have the time to fix it) and the slightly weird muzzle. I'm also pretty new to things like shading (though, you can't really see it...) so it's kinda wonky and missing in most places. Also the back paw is placed slightly wrong. (And no, I am not being too hard on myself, it's called being a perfectionist, which I admit can suck sometimes.)

I'm no good at drawing cats, so this all happened thanks to @moosh_moosh12 . I used her very helpful and amazing art tutorial in her Art Book. She's also got some pretty cool works (Warrior cats fanfics included), so definitely go check her out! She's also an amazing and kind person who responds very quickly to your comments. (Thank you again, moosh_moosh!)

Thank you all again so much for 300+ reads! I'll get the next chapter as soon as I can! (Heads up, it might not be soon considering that this week I'm very busy, but I'll do my best to get it uploaded!)

~ The Price's Echo ~

Leafpool Third Person POV

Leafpool was organising the herbs when a shrill shriek pierced the peaceful atmosphere in the camp. Shooting up onto her feet, Leafpool quickly padded out to see what the commotion was.

In the centre of the clearing, more and more cats began to gather there. Pushing through the crowd, Leafpool managed to get to the middle where she found Rainkit wailing and a confused and worried Cloudtail.

"What happened?" She demanded.

"I don't know!" Cloudtail replied in alarm.

"Bring her to my den, and tell me everything." Leafpool turned around and padded through the path the crowd had made.

Cloudtail obeyed and picked up Rainkit by the scruff and followed Leafpool.

"Set her down in the nest over there." Leafpool instructed, gesturing to one of the nests. "And tell me what happened."

As Leafpool began examining the kit, Cloudtail explained: "We were playing moss ball with the other kits. When she suddenly shrieked and started wailing."

Leafpool nodded quickly as she continued her examinations. "There isn't anything wrong with her. She doesn't have a thorn in her paw and she doesn't seem to have broken or sprained anything." She bent down and asked Rainkit: "What's wrong, little one?"

Rainkit sniffled before wailing: "I can't see!"

"Open your eyes please." Leafpool instructed calmly, while panic flared under her fur. She carefully looked over the kit's eyes. "She

doesn't have any moss or anything in her eye..."

"Then what's wrong!?" Cloudtail demanded.

"I don't know!" She snapped back in response. "I'll have to keep an eye on her for a while to figure out what's wrong."

Ferncloud Third Person POV

Ferncloud paced anxiously in front of the medicine cat den. She had left Dustpelt to look after the other three kits and awaited news on Rainkit.

Leafpool poked her head out of the entrance. "She was able to see again after a while. But she's sleeping now. And I'd like to keep an eye on her for a while."

Ferncloud nodded, relief soothing her hyper-active nerves. "Thank you, I'll go back to the other kits now." With a quick dip of her head, Ferncloud made her way to the nursery.

Leafpool Third Person POV

"Jaypaw, Rainkit will be staying with us for a few days. So be kind, and don't upset her." Leafpool instructed in a stern voice to her apprentice.

Jaypaw rolled his jay blue eyes. "When have I ever upset a kit?"

"Kits get easily upset, don't you dare try to irritate her just to go against my words." Leafpool retorted.

Her instruction was met with silence.

"Fine." Jaypaw finally replied.

Jaypaw Third Person POV

Jaypaw was woken again by the soft shifting of moss. He let out a heavy sigh, Rainkit had been shivering and shifting in her nest all night. He couldn't get a single wink of sleep! This was already the third night of the constant noise. Leaning over the side of his own

nest, he poked the kit with his nose to find that her entire body was shivering.

Thinking for a moment on what to do, Jaypaw finally let out a heavy sigh. Grumbling to himself, he crawled out of his nest and planted himself beside Rainkit. Closing his eyes and praying that Leafpool wouldn't comment about it in the morning. As he fell asleep again, he felt Rainkit quit her shivering.

A harsh prodding appeared on Jaypaw's cheek. Grunting he woke up to find that Rainkit was shoving her small paws against his face and side.

"Get off my tail!" She squeaked, clearly noticing that he was now awake.

"Pardon?" Jaypaw asked in a dazed tone, still only half-awake.

"You were sleeping on my tail! I can't feel it!" The little kit spat, continuing to shove his face and side.

Realisation flashed through Jaypaw's brain as he finally came to his senses. Quickly, he got to his paws and moved to his own nest.

"Mouse-brain! You haven't even said sorry!" Rainkit harrumphed.

Jaypaw glared in the direction of the little kit in silence.

After a continued moment of silence, Rainkit spoke again, this time in a much lighter tone. "Why are you so mean?"

Jaypaw blinked in surprise. *Did she really just ask that?* He wondered if Rainkit was purposefully being ungrateful and outspoken.

"Well, you haven't thanked me for keeping you warm last night." Jaypaw finally snapped back.

"Hmph. You slept on my tail, why am I supposed to be thankful for that?" Rainkit shot back.

Jaypaw couldn't believe his ears! He had gone out of his own way to provide that kit some warmth and this was how she thanked

him!? *That's it*, Jaypaw decided. He was going to do exactly what Leafpool had told him not to do. Upset, Rainkit.

"Where's Leafpool?" He calmly changed the subject.

"She went out for herbs." Rainkit said. "I was sleeping when she left, it was around dawn I think."

"Then how in the name of StarClan did you know she left?" Jaypaw pointed out.

"I can still hear when I sleep. And I overheard Brambleclaw tell Firestar about it when I first woke up." She responded.

Jaypaw huffed and walked out the medicine den to check the elders.

"Hey! What am I supposed to do?" Rainkit squeaked from behind him.

"I don't care, just don't touch the herbs and stay in there!" He shouted back in response.

~ Leafpool is BACK From Herb Hunting ~

"I can't see!" Rainkit suddenly wailed, causing both Jaypaw and Leafpool to jump.

Recovering from the noise, Jaypaw continued looking after the thorn in Brackenfur's paw while Leafpool went to check the kit.

"Rainkit, it's alright." Leafpool mewed softly. "Which eye can you not see out of? Or is it both?"

"I can't see in my left eye!" Rainkit wailed.

"What about last time?" Leafpool asked.

Rainkit's sniffling stopped for a moment before she replied: "My left."

"Does it hurt?"

The kit stayed silent, thinking. "No."

"Then if it happens again, can you just calmly tell us? A yelp of surprise is fine, but try not to wail, okay, little one?" Leafpool instructed calmly.

"Yes, Leafpool." Rainkit sniffed.

"Now, why don't you go play with your brother and your denmates?"

"But I can't see out of my–" The kit began.

"Ow!" Brackenfur yelped as the thorn was pulled from his pad. Jaypaw identified some blood flowing out.

"Clean your pad, if it gets irritating or it bleeds again, come back." He instructed with a short snap.

As he heard the warrior leave, Jaypaw smelled Rainkit and Leafpool by the entrance of the den.

"I want you to come back here tonight!" Jaypaw heard Leafpool instruct Rainkit.

"But it's cold in there! I want to sleep with Ferncloud and Skykit!" He heard Rainkit's complaint.

Jaypaw grumbled to himself. *What about last night?* He thought to himself with a snort.

"You can share a nest with Jaypaw again, I saw you this morning. You both looked quite comfortable and warm." Leafpool purred, as if the idea lifted a weight off of her heart.

"Fine..." Rainkit grumbled in reply. "Though I'd rather not have some cat sleeping on my tail again." She mumbled afterwards in a soft voice before scampering out the den.

That night, when Jaypaw was absolutely sure Leafpool was asleep, he stretched himself. Forcing Rainkit to the edge of the nest and hogging the rest of it for himself. The she-kit squealed but didn't

complain or make another noise. Jaypaw felt his muzzle stretch into a grin, this would surely annoy Rainkit if he continued it.

Rainkit Third Person POV

Rainkit shifted uncomfortably at the edge of the nest of moss and ferns, Jaypaw had seemingly purposely taken up the majority of the nest to bother her. It had now been the third night of sleeping at the edge of the nest, and Rainkit hadn't been able to manage getting any sleep.

Lifting her head up, Rainkit glanced jealously at Leafpool. The medicine cat's back was to her, and she was sleeping peacefully. Glancing over her shoulder at a sleeping Jaypaw, Rainkit got up and tiptoed over to Leafpool's soft nest. *Surely, Leafpool wouldn't mind sharing a nest, right?* After a moment of debating with herself, Rainkit crawled into the medicine cat's nest and curled up beside her. Finally comfortable compared to the last two nights, Rainkit fell asleep, snuggled up against Leafpool.

A sudden amount of hissing and yowling interrupted Rainkit's sleep. As she blinked her eyes sleepily, she peered out from over the nest's edge to find Leafpool scolding Jaypaw.

"If she weren't uncomfortable, why would she move over to my nest, Jaypaw!?" Leafpool yowled, her eyes lit with fury.

"How would I know!? I was sleeping!" Jaypaw retorted with a snort.

Rainkit strained her ears against the pair's noisy meows. They were being far too loud for Rainkit's liking and she could practically feel her ears going numb from the pain.

"Couldn't you both stop yowling like dogs? Please?" She finally wailed, causing both medicine cat and medicine cat apprentice to turn their eyes to her. "My ears are hurting."

"Of course, dear!" Leafpool replied at once in a soothing tone. "Would you like to tell us why you switched nests in the middle of the night?"

"Jaypaw was hogging up the nest, I didn't think *you'd* mind sharing

a nest, so I moved."

Though Leafpool tried to hide it, Rainkit caught her shooting a dirty look at Jaypaw. As Rainkit's gaze switched from cat to cat, the sight in her left eye began to flicker and finally disappeared. Reminding herself of Leafpool's suggestion, Rainkit closed her muzzle that had almost released a wail of shock.

Perhaps if I shook my head it would clear, she thought. Rainkit squeezed her eyes shut and began to furiously shake her head from side to side.

"Rainkit!" Leafpool's shocked mew called.

Dazed, Rainkit stopped shaking her head and blinked her eyes open. Sadly, her efforts had been of no use, she was still blinded in her left eye.

"Rainkit! What were you doing!?" Leafpool shrieked, bending over Rainkit and sniffing her up and down.

"I can't see out of my left eye again, I was trying to fix it!" Rainkit finally wailed, unable to feel anything but frustrated.

"Hush, now. Your sight came back the last times, right?" Leafpool soothed.

Rainkit let out a tiny sniffle as she thought about the past few days. "Yes."

"If you just wait patiently, your sight will come back." Leafpool mewed softly as she looked Rainkit up and down.

"But how will I become a warrior if I can't see out of my eye sometimes?"

Leafpool Third Person POV

Leafpool looked closely and Rainkit's sun-like eye, checking for abnormalities. But all Leafpool could see was that Rainkit's left eye looked dazed and unfocused.

"But how will I become a warrior if I can't see out of my eye sometimes?" The kit's question came out in a wail.

"Don't you worry, Brightheart lost her right eye in an accident, and she's still a warrior." Leafpool murmured softly in response. "I'm sure Brightheart would be ecstatic to have an apprentice."

"Who's Brightheart?"

"Brightheart is the ginger and white she-cat with the injured face."

"I thought her name was Lostface." Rainkit mewed all of sudden.

Leafpool could feel her face scrunch up in confusion. "I don't belie–" Leafpool was cut off as the little tortoiseshell got a far-away look in her working eye and began to shake her small head. After the little fit, Rainkit looked back up at Leafpool as if she hadn't said a thing.

"What were you saying?" The she-kit purred sweetly.

"N-nothing." Leafpool thought for a moment before adding: "I think you'll just have to live with your left eye's sight coming and going, little one."

Rainkit let out a sight that should've come from an elder. "Alright..."

"At least you're free to go back to sleeping in the nursery now." She purred, watching as the little kit's eyes lit up with joy. "Why don't you go play now? I'm sure your denmates will be happy to play."

Leafpool watched Rainkit scamper out the medicine den with amusement.

Turning to Jaypaw who was sorting the herbs, she said: "I want you to check the nursery and elders' den, I have things to report to Firestar."

Jaypaw merely grunted in reply.

Leafpool stopped at the entrance to her father's den. "Firestar?" She called.

"Leafpool, come in." Came his reply.

Poking her head in, she found Firestar sitting up in his nest.

"I came to report that, I don't think there's anything wrong with Rainkit." She started.

"That's great." Firestar interrupted with a purr.

"However, her vision in her left eye keeps coming and going, I believe she'll just have to live with it."

Her father sat still for a moment, his green eyes unfocused and in the past. When he finally seemed to come back from the past, he said: "Very well, anything else?"

"Yes. She called Brightheart, Lostface. Which is a horrible name and I don't believe any cat has had such one." Leafpool replied, a shiver running up her spine.

At the name 'Lostface', Firestar had flinched and his eyes had flashed.

"Lostface was Brightheart's first warrior name. She was named that by Bluestar when she was first injured."

Leafpool couldn't help but suck in a breath and let her eyes widen in shock. Both father and daughter sat still and silent for a long while.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Mwa-hahaha. Yeah, someone needs to call the police, is it really legal to make someone suffer this much, even if they're fictional? I must be ill, because I have sooooo much suffering planned for poor Rainkit. Rainsong just can't catch a break, even in her second life.

Also, I am so sorry for not uploading a chapter sooner. See, I was volunteering at a camp from Monday-Wednesday, and we had staff meetings afterwards. So I didn't have proper time to write, plus I was still trying to come up with some ingenious plot. This chapter was supposed to be longer, but I cut the length so I could update.

Also, school starts in four days for me, so I'm busy getting ready for school. I'll try my best to get the next chapter up, but don't expect it till the week of the 11th to the 17th.

Also! For fellow fans of KotLC, I am going to start slowly posting chapters for my new KotLC fanfic! So if you are a fan of Sophie Foster and her many friends, stay tuned, because it is coming! I hope you guys had a good summer and have a good school year.

Till the next chapter,

LittleOwl

~ 500+ Reads Special ~ + Some news

:] This is unfortunately *not* the speed paint. I've decided it'll take too long and so if anything you guys will have to wait till at least 1k (if I ever get there) for a speedpaint of any sorts. BUT I did remember I had like 78 saved incorrect quotes. A lot, but I'm

slightly obsessed.

So, instead, I present to you, your 500 reads special:

Incorrect Quotes with Rainsong and the Crew!

Rainsong: Time for plan G.

Whitestorm: Don't you mean plan B?

Rainsong: No, we tried plan B a long time ago. I had to skip over plan C due to technical difficulties.

Firepaw: What about plan D?

Rainsong: Plan D was that desperate disguise attempt half an hour ago.

Graypaw: What about plan E?

Rainsong: I'm hoping not to use it. Firepaw dies in plan E.

Dustpaw: I like plan E.

Graystripe: *dies*

Rainsong: Timer starts now! When is he coming back? I say two months!

Sandstorm: Nonsense. One month.

Whitestorm: Nah, half a month.

Fireheart, sobbing: WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GRAYSTRIPE JUST DIED!

Dustpelt, scratching chin in thought: One week.

Rainsong: What should I do?

Whitestorm: *holds out paw* May I suggest dinner with a friend?

Rainsong: Well, none of my friends are available, so I guess I'll

have to go with you.

Rainsong: I wish I was a cat, but not in a furry kinda way, more like a "I can sleep all day and hit people with no consequences" kinda way. (This was too ironic, I had to include it)

Graystripe: A pessimist sees a dark tunnel.

Fireheart: An optimist sees light at the end of the tunnel.

Dustpelt: A realist sees a hungry fox.

Rainsong: The hungry fox sees three mouse-brained meals just standing there.

Rainsong: I owe you one.

Whitestorm: That's ok. You can just date me and we'll call it even.

Fireheart: I've done a lot of dumb stuff.

Dustpelt: I witnessed the dumb stuff.

Sandstorm: I recorded the dumb stuff.

Graystripe: I joined you in the dumb stuff.

Rainsong: I TRIED TO STOP YOU FROM DOING THE DUMB STUFF!

Lionheart: I lost Rainsong.

Whitestorm: How did you LOSE Rainsong?!

Lionheart: To be fair, she is very small.

Some Rando ShadowClan Cat: How many children do you have?

Rainsong: Biologically, legally, or emotionally? Because there *is* a difference.

Bluestar: Bye Whitestorm! Bye Sandstorm! Bye Fireheart! Bye Rainsong! Bye Whitestorm!

Lionheart: You said 'bye Whitestorm' twice.

Bluestar: I like Whitestorm.

Rainsong: *coughs blood*

Whitestorm: Don't die, Rainsong!

Rainsong: Don't tell me what to do!

Lionheart: I'm not being weird. Am I being weird?

Rainsong: Yes, and that's coming from me.

Rainsong: Could you guys at least try to see this from my perspective?

Brindleface: *crouches down*

Whitestorm: *kneels down*

Bluestar: *comes down from Highrock*

Rainsong:

Rainsong: I hate all of you.

Graystripe: Can you be quiet?! I'm trying to think.

Rainsong: Don't worry. Doing anything for the first time is difficult.

Bluestar: I hate to tell you this, but one of you was adopted.

Whitestorm & Fireheart:

Whitestorm: Only one...?

Rainsong: Did you just call me a mouse, you fox-heart?! I'm right here frog-brain!

Bluestar: Where's Rainsong?

Dustpelt: Don't worry, I'll find her.

Dustpelt, shouting: Whitestorm sucks!

Rainsong, distantly: Whitestorm is the best cat ever! So come say it to my face you fox-hearted mouse-brain!

Dustpelt: Found her.

Lionheart: You're not my friend anymore.

Rainsong: I was your friend?

Rainsong: *chokes on something*

Dustpelt: Jeez, Rainsong, don't die on us.

Rainsong: Don't tell me what to do, I'll die whenever the hell I want!

Whitestorm : When Rainsong was born, Starclan said, "She's too perfect for this world."

Bluestar : Please. When she was born, the Dark Forest said, "Oh, competition."

Lionheart: *running towards Rainsong with open arms*

Rainsong: *moves out of the way*

Lionheart: Hey, why'd you move?!

Rainsong: I thought you were going to attack me.

Lionheart: I was going to hug you!

Rainsong: Why would you hug me?

Lionheart: WHY WOULD I ATTACK YOU!? (just pretend cats can hug :3)

Dustpelt: Not gonna lie, I'm kind of afraid of Rainsong...

Sandstorm: As you should be.

Dustpelt: No, for real, she's kind of-

Sandstorm: As. You. Should. Be.

Rainsong, to just about any cat: And remember, if I get harsh with you it is only because you're doing it all wrong.

Rainsong: What do you call disobeying the Warrior Code?
Fireheart: A hobby.
Rainsong: *death stares him*
Fireheart: That I do not engage in.

Sandpaw: So what, now I'm just supposed to do everything that Rainsong does? What if they jump off a cliff?
Whitestorm: If Rainsong were to jump off a cliff, she would have done her due diligence regarding the height of the cliff, the depth of the water, and the angle of entry. So yes, if you see Rainsong jump off a cliff, by all means, jump off a cliff.
Sandpaw: You'd jump off a cliff.
Whitestorm: Gladly, provided Rainsong did first.

Whitestorm, holding a rock: Rainsong just gave this to me and said "I feel like you deserve the moon but all I can give you is a rock".
Lionheart: If you don't take her as your mate, I will. (The fluff in this one is unbearable > <)

Bluestar: What's the dumbest thing you believed as a kit?
Rainsong: That nap time was a punishment.

Rainsong: Whitestorm taught me to think before I act.
Rainsong: ...So if I smack the Dark Forest out of you, rest assured that I thought about it and am confident in my decision.

:D

The news: I'm still writing. YAY

~ Determination ~

Third Person Hollypaw's POV

"We must send a patrol to help WindClan," Firestar decided.

Spiderleg blinked. "Have you forgotten the last time we fought dogs?"

"We lost warriors that day," Sandstorm remembered grimly.

"It's up to WindClan to look after themselves," Jaypaw growled. Firestar glanced at Brightheart. She had lost half her face when she'd confronted a pack of vicious dogs many moons ago.

"What do you think?" he asked gently. "We nearly lost everything when the dogs attacked us."

She held her head high, but Hollypaw could see she was trembling. "We can't let the same thing happen to WindClan."

"But if we go, we risk leading them here," Dustpelt pointed out.

"They might find their way here anyway," Firestar meowed.

Brambleclaw nodded. "WindClan territory is too close to our own to ignore this," he agreed.

"Exactly." Firestar gazed at each of his warriors. "You will be risking your lives to save WindClan, but you will also be defending ThunderClan from a deadly enemy."

"We must help them!" Birchfall called.

Spiderleg paced in an agitated circle. "We have to drive the dogs away!"

"Ashfur! Graystripe!" Brambleclaw called. "You've fought dogs before. I'll need your experience. Birchfall and Spiderleg! You come

too."

Lionpaw lifted his muzzle. "What about me?"

Brambleclaw glanced at Ashfur. "Is he ready?"

Ashfur gave a quick nod.

"Okay," Brambleclaw meowed. "Millie!" He swung his head toward the kittypet. "You know about dogs from when you lived in the Twolegplace, don't you?"

Millie nodded. "They don't scare me," she meowed. "And I know how easy they are to trick."

"Good." Brambleclaw nodded. "Come with us, then." He turned to his apprentice. "You too, Berrypaw."

Berrypaw unsheathed his claws, his eyes shining.

"Shall I come too?" Whitewing meowed.

"Yes. We'll need you to show us which way Thornclaw and Cloudtail went," the deputy told her.

"What about me?" Hollypaw was staring hopefully up at her father. He shook his head, and she felt the disappointment settling in.

"I need you to stay here and help Brackenfur guard the camp," Brambleclaw explained. "Someone will have to patrol the entrance and make sure no dogs get in if we can't stop them at the border."

Hollypaw flicked her tail. "Yes, Brambleclaw."

The deputy glanced at Firestar. "Will Onestar accept our help?"

"I think so. Onestar's proud, but he's no fool," Firestar meowed.

"Ashfur?" Ferncloud had left the nursery—Rainkit hard on her paws—and was padding toward her brother.

Hollypaw knew that their mother, Brindleface, had been killed by Tigerstar to give the other dog pack a taste for cats' blood.

Ferncloud would have only the worst memories of dogs.

"Be careful." The she-cat rubbed her cheek along Ashfur's.

"Don't forget I've outrun a dog pack before," he meowed.

"You had me at your side then," she reminded him.

"And now I have you and your kits to protect." He licked her between the ears. "I won't let you down."

"Can I come!?" Rainkit squeaked suddenly, loud enough for all the Clan to hear.

Hollypaw couldn't help but swallow a laugh and roll her eyes at Rainkit. Firestar would never allow a kit out of camp, especially for a dog attack, not to mention how tiny Rainkit still was! But when Hollypaw looked a little closer, she noticed a fiery determination in the little tortoiseshell's eyes.

"No, you're only a ki—" Brambleclaw began.

"Yes, she may go. But Rainkit, you *must* stay hidden and you will *not* engage in a fight." Firestar interrupted, to which the entire Clan audibly gasped. Hollypaw felt her own jaw become slack.

"Firestar!" Ferncloud yowled indignantly. "She's only a kit!"

"Yes, I am well aware of that." Firestar agreed then nodded at Brambleclaw. "Go on, WindClan's fate is waiting."

With a squeal of excitement Rainkit followed the battle patrol out with a flurry of pattering small paws.

Hollypaw sat down on her haunches as she processed what had just happened. Turning, she found Jaypaw looking with his jaw dropped open and his blind blue eyes opened wide with shock.

Later, when the patrol had returned a shining-eyed Rainkit danced into the hollow.

"That was great!" She squealed as she jumped in the air with

excitement.

"How was it!?" Foxkit asked eagerly as he, Icekit and Skykit—Rainkit's littermate—crowded around the tiny kit.

"It wa–" The little tortoiseshell kit was cut off as Firestar yowled loudly from Highrock.

"Rainkit!" Firestar's green eyes were angry but also exasperated, a slightly taken aback Brambleclaw beside him.

Rainkit lowered her head, and turned to face the flame-coloured leader.

"Did you really bite a dog and hang onto it for dear life?" Firestar asked, his voice tired and peeved.

"Yes, Firestar..." Rainkit muttered, her forepaws rubbing against each other. Hollypaw felt her eyes shoot wide open.

"And what did I *explicitly* tell you before you left?" He inquired, his voice tired, as if he expected this outcome.

"To stay hidden and not engage in any fighting." Rainkit repeated from memory while staring at her shuffling paws.

"And, why did you disobey *explicit* instructions?" Firestar continued.

"Because I wanted to help so I was going to help no matter what any cat said." The little she-kit replied, her head held high, her chest puffed and her eyes shining with the same fiery determination as earlier.

Hollypaw was shocked at Rainkit's outspoken words. *How dare a kit talk like that to a leader!* However, to Hollypaw's surprise, Firestar merely sighed and stalked back into his den.

Many of the senior warriors let this matter go and simply went back to their daily tasks. But Hollypaw and many of the other younger cats—most of whom were too young to remember or even be born in the old territories, Hollypaw noted—were disturbed and started to talk amongst themselves. Leafpool and Squirrelflight even went

up to Firestar's den.

Feeling slightly jealous and bothered, Hollypaw went up to Brackenfur for the day's training.

~ Skip ~ + *Third Person Jaypaw's POV*

"What a fuss you're making over me," Mousefur rasped. "Anyone would think I was about to join StarClan." She forced a purr, and Jaypaw felt the pain of it shake her body. "I don't think they're ready for me yet. And besides, if I go, who will make sure Longtail remembers to check his pelt for fleas?"

"You'll be better in no time," Jaypaw told her, willing it to be true.

Pawsteps padded quickly outside the den, and the honeysuckle rustled. Jaypaw smelled Daisy's scent at the entrance.

"Leafpool?" The kittypet sounded worried.

Leafpool lifted her head. "Yes?"

"Ferncloud and Rainkit are unwell."

Alarm shot through Jaypaw.

"What's wrong?" Leafpool asked.

"She's wheezing, and her eyes and nose are streaming."

Mousefur let out an agonised groan. "I went to the nursery yesterday to see the kits," she croaked.

"Foxkit, Icekit and Skykit seem fine," Daisy mewed at once.

"I'll come and check on Ferncloud," Leafpool meowed.

"Shall I stay with Mousefur?" Jaypaw offered.

"No." Mousefur began to cough. "Check on the kits!" She pushed the rest of the catmint away from her. "Don't waste your time fussing over an old warrior like me."

"You must take these herbs," Leafpool insisted, pawing them back under Mousefur's nose. "You're not as strong as Ferncloud."

"Check on the kits first," Mousefur answered stubbornly.

"Okay, I will." Leafpool slipped out of the elders' den. Jaypaw followed her as she raced across the clearing. He squeezed into the nursery behind her. The familiar smell of his old home was tainted by the smell of sickness. Ferncloud was struggling for breath, and even without touching her, Jaypaw could feel the heat pulsing from her body. Rainkit was even worse, her small form limp was shaking with every breath, her nose streaming and a pained expression upon her face.

"It's definitely greencough," Leafpool announced. "But the other kits are not infected."

"We should get Ferncloud and Rainkit away from them," Jaypaw suggested.

"I can look after the rest instead." Daisy had followed them into the nursery. "They're close enough to weaning now."

"Thank you," Leafpool meowed, nudging Ferncloud to her paws.

Grief flashed from Ferncloud as Foxkit and Icekit began mewling. "I'll be back soon," she promised weakly.

Daisy's fur brushed their tiny pelts as she curled around them. "We'll have fun with all this space to ourselves," she told them. "Ferncloud will just be across the clearing. She's not leaving the camp."

"Why can't she stay here?" Foxkit wailed.

"Because we don't want you getting sick too," Daisy explained.

"Be good," Ferncloud mewed, her breath coming in gasps as Leafpool began to guide her from the den.

"Don't worry, we'll be fine," Icekit called. Jaypaw could sense the anxiety behind Icekit's brave words. He flicked his tail over her back.

"I'll ask Hollypaw to come and teach you all the new fighting moves she's been learning," he offered.

"Really?" Icekit squeaked, brightening.

"Bring Rainkit, then fetch Mousefur," Leafpool called to him from outside. "We'll settle all three cats in the medicine den, where we can keep an eye on them."

Jaypaw hooked his teeth into Rainkit's scruff to lift her but immediately stopped when a pained raspy shriek rose from her. Clearly, the little pale tortoiseshell was in immense pain.

"I'm sorry, Rainkit, but I have to move you for your denmates' safety." He murmured before attempting to lift her again.

This time, a small grunt was all that came out and he was about to dark out the nursery when Skykit blocked his way, with a determined look on his face but his chin quivering.

"Rainkit's going to be okay, right?" He asked in a whisper.

Jaypaw grunted in reply: "She will be if you let me out and treat her in the medicine den."

At his words, the sturdy tom-kit stepped aside and Jaypaw quickly moved Rainkit to the medicine den.

Jaypaw's heart began pounding again as he scrabbled out of the medicine den. He had wanted a chance to protect his Clanmates, but a warrior could do it with teeth and claws, while all he had to offer was a pawful of pulpy roots. How could this be his destiny?

Third Person Hollypaw's POV

Hollypaw twitched her nose. *Something was different.*

The air smelled damp and warm. Happily, she stretched in her nest, pushing against Hazelpaw's back with her hind paws.

"Get off!" Hazelpaw complained.

"Can't you smell it?"

Hazelpaw yawned. "Smell what?"

"It's warmer!" Hollypaw jumped out of her nest.

She ducked out of the den and screwed up her eyes against the light. The frost had gone. The clearing was damp where the ice had melted, the bushes dripping, and sunshine was already filling the camp with pale yellow. At the top of the cliffs, the trees seemed wrapped in a green haze. Newleaf had arrived at last.

Firestorm was grooming Sandstorm below Highledge. His bones looked sharp beneath his pelt as he crouched to lick Sandstorm's ears, but his tail flicked happily. Icekit, Foxkit and Skykit squealed with delight as Birchfall and Berrypaw chased them in circles outside the nursery. Ferncloud rested beside Daisy at the den entrance, clearly enjoying the morning's warmth. Her eyes were clear, and only a little crust around her nose betrayed that she had been so ill. Poppypaw was on the mend too, recovering in the elders' nest with Mousefur, though she wouldn't be well enough to go to the Gathering tonight.

Hollypaw heard paws pounding through the thorn barrier, and Thornclaw charged into camp at the head of a patrol. A mouse dangled from his jaws. Whitewing followed him, carrying a small chaffinch, and Ashfur and Lionpaw came in last, each carrying a vole.

Hollypaw's eyes grew round. She hadn't seen so much fresh-kill in ages.

As Thornclaw dropped his catch onto the patch of earth that had been empty for too long, Firestar got to his paws to greet the returning patrol. "It looks like the prey's running richer already!"

Lionpaw padded excitedly around Ashfur. "There were primroses on the ShadowClan border and buds on the Sky Oak!"

"And prey seemed to be moving in every burrow," Whitewing added.

Firestar scanned the clearing.

"Brambleclaw?" The deputy came hurrying out of the warriors' den, Squirrelflight behind him.

"The prey's running again." Firestar flicked his tail toward the fresh-kill pile. "Lead another patrol out toward the WindClan border and see what you can catch."

Brambleclaw's eyes lit up with excitement. "Berrypaw!" he called to his apprentice. "We're going hunting."

Berrypaw stopped chasing the kits.

"Can we come too?" Foxkit begged.

Icekit swiped her brother playfully around the ears. "We're only kits," she mewed. "They'll never let us go with them."

"But watch this hunting move!" Foxkit crouched down, sticking his tail in the air and wiggling his haunches. He lunged forward and landed on a leaf, pinning it to the ground.

Icekit's short whiskers quivered with amusement. "Next time we need leaves, I'm sure Brambleclaw will ask you to help!"

"C'mon, Icekit! We all know you want to go too!" Skykit shot back, his blue eyes glittering with jealousy as he watched Berrypaw pad away.

"You'll make a great warrior," Berrypaw told them. "And I promise to bring something tasty back for you all."

Hollypaw darted forward. "Can I go with them?" she asked Brambleclaw.

"You're going to the Gathering tonight," he meowed. "I want you to save your energy for that."

"But I've been asleep half the morning," she protested.

"You're half-starved, like the rest of the Clan," Brambleclaw told her.

"Rest and eat today. You can hunt tomorrow."

"But Lionpaw's been hunting!" Hollypaw answered hotly. "It's not fair."

"Life isn't fair. Stay in camp." He nodded to Squirrelflight and together they led Berrypaw out into the forest.

Furious, Hollypaw turned and stomped across the clearing. Her Clan was starving and they wouldn't let her hunt! For a moment she wondered whether to sneak out of camp and hunt by herself. But if she got caught Firestar probably wouldn't let her go to the Gathering or hunting tomorrow. It wasn't worth it.

Still a bit grumpy, Hollypaw stomped into the medicine den to find a fretting Jaypaw with his back to her. Peering over his shoulder, she found little Rainkit twitching and shivering in her sleep.

"How is she?" She asked, a bit of guilt settling in, she had just been pouting about not being able to hunt while Rainkit was still suffering from greencough.

"She's getting worse." Jaypaw replied in a snippy manner, his body shaking with fury and his voice flat as if he was hiding anger.

"Why? Aren't there new stalks of catmint?" Hollypaw asked, her voice choking with anxiety for the kit.

"There's more than enough catmint." Jaypaw answered. "But it isn't helping her."

Hollypaw felt the shock flit through her bones. "What do you mean it isn't helping her!?" Her voice hitched as she spoke.

"I don't know!" Jaypaw exploded. "But it isn't helping her! Nor is it helping with you interrogating me!"

Hollypaw recoiled in shock, *since when did Jaypaw show that he cared so much about some cat?*

Jaypaw slumped. "She's so sweet. She puts up with my grumpiness, she snips back at me. She's the only one who's ever made me feel

hurt, no cat's ever been able to do that. She knows how to pierce my heart and I don't want her to show every other cat how."

Hollypaw felt awe fill her before she snorted. "Are you joking? Rainkit knows how to make any cat feel hurt."

Jaypaw sniffed indignantly. "What'd you mean?"

"Didn't you hear her the other day? Berrypaw was acting all stuck up and showing off the other day and wanna know what she said? 'No wonder you've got such a wide head, you've got no brain but it's filled with so much pride!' Berrypaw actually shut up and didn't show off for the rest of the day!" Hollypaw felt amused at the memory. "And Foxkit was teasing her about her size and she said 'Well if you're so great, mighty and big, why aren't *you* a warrior yet!?' It was hilarious, though, Foxkit told Ferncloud and Rainkit ended up having to apologise.

"Oh, and did you see her when Spiderleg was telling her off about the dung beetle she put in his nest? He had said that she better learn her lesson about respect and she responded with: 'Well you aren't my mentor, and I sure wouldn't want you as one, you don't do a very good job of teaching respect.'"

Now Jaypaw's muzzle was twitching as if he were suppressing a smile.

Hollypaw nudged him with her shoulder: "Jaypaw worthy insults, right?" She continued. "Wanna know what she told Mousefur?"

"Mousefur!? Rainkit snipped at Mousefur!?" Jaypaw couldn't help but gasp. "What'd she say!?"

"Mousefur was complaining about her stiff joints and Rainkit was sick of it and said: 'You've been sitting in that nest and haven't moved since Skykit and I got here! No wonder you're stiff, you need exercise!' Yes, she really did say that."

Jaypaw shaking with laughter at this point. "You were right, she knows how to hurt every cat."

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Yes, short chapter. Also this was one of the three pre-written chapters I had, OuO. So I only have two other chapters pre-written. But they won't be coming in the following weeks I'm afraid, I posted this one because well, I'll be away for a week coming the 22nd. So that means I won't be able to write anything as I can't take my chromebook with me. So I decided to post this short chapter and this explanation.

Secondly, THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR THE VIEWS. It skyrocketed! I posted the 500+ views special not too long ago and it's already at 885. Thank you all so much, I appreciate this so greatly. I'll think of something for the 1k special, aha. Also I only just realised how short the Spotify playlist is, so that will def be for like 10k/50k or something. (Currently listening to it now as I write this A/N). So to top it all off: THANK YOU AND MAY THE UNIVERSE (or God if you're religious) BLESS YOU

One Word: Wow

o-o

How am I supposed to start this-?

Okay, how about: Thank you all soooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo much for the support, this cringy fanfic has reached 1k views!!!

I feel so honoured right now, I mean I knew it was coming, but I didn't expect it so...SOON! Thank you guys sooooooooo much! There are not enough words in the English Vocab to describe my thanks to you all.

On the matter of the special:

1. You guys will unfortunately not be getting it till after my trip.

2. I have no idea what to give you guys.

I mean I have a FEW ideas (as in like 1 and possibly 2)

One would be a bonus What If? scene. From Cloudtail's point of view (obviously, he's an adorable sassy ball of fluff and I can't believe I haven't written from his POV yet)

Another would be, well...

More Incorrect Quotes :]

Another would be uhhhh give me a moment to think.

A bonus scene? ;-; though, I just shove those in whenever I feel like and doesn't feel exactly...RIGHT for a 1k special.

OH! Maybe a preview/teaser for a future warrior fanfic I have coming up? (You have 2 to chose from)

So your choices, and please vote otherwise I'll be using a measly wheel again. I'd much rather you guys give an opinion and get what you want. ^^

1. Incorrect Quotes

2. What If...? scene from Cloudtail's POV

3. Teaser for future fanfic #1

4. Teaser for future fanfic #2

Honestly, for the teasers, it's kind of a gamble.

I hope you're enjoying the fanfic, and I can't wait for the votes. Once again just comment your choice either down below or next to the piece of text of your choice.

THANK YOU ALL ONCE AGAIN!

LittleOwl, signing out! (For like two weeks, aha :])

1K+ Reads Special!

The moment you've all been waiting for!

Preview #1:

Coming soon...

What if there was another Clan? One, lost in history from their silence? The one that protected the Moonstone from being discovered by rogues and loners? A Clan who ceased to exist in the eyes of the other Five Clans? What if it started with 6, before it became 4?

The Founder

Silent Moon had always been more watchful and silent than engaging and loud. To the others, she seemed...more of a follower. However, she had a knack for leading, and her close friends knew this. When the casting of the stone event presents itself, Silent Moon chooses to leave, to the places beyond. With her close friends following her, they, alongside Gray Wing and many others, struggle through the journey through Highstones. But after they pass over the mountains, Silent Moon decides she wants to establish her own group in the forest right beside the mountains. Will Silent Moon succeed in her hopes for her own group?

The Saviour or the Bringer of Doom?

Moonpaw never wanted her name. She was the first ever cat in all of the Clan to be named after the great founder, Moonstar. Many of her Clanmates think that she will bring a great era to the Clan, some others think that using the name 'Moonpaw' is taboo and will destroy the Clan. Not only is her name constantly pushing her

down, but her mother just happens to be the Clan's current leader and descendant of Moonstar herself. Will Moonpaw succumb to the pressure? Or will she successfully live a fairly normal life?

A prophecy from the nightmares of the old,

"The cold will come. They will leave. Gone with the Wind that ripples the River, the River that changes with the Shadows, the Shadows that seem to grow when Thunder strikes and the Thunder that roars in the Sky for only a moment in the dark."

and one from the time of the ancients,

"The new Moon, one feather of an Eagle out of many, the single Cloud, the soft Snow and the bright leaf of Maple shall make the journey. First to the homeland then to the land of new. If the newest of Moons should fail, the fate of all shall be crumpled to nothing. If she was to succeed, she has ensured the survival of every and all Clans."

Follow as both Silent Moon and Moonpaw struggle through their very different times and problems.

Preview #2:

Coming soon...

Wiltedkit was quite sure she was a normal kit, she had two littermates who loved her very much, she played moss-ball and she was able to fluff up her fur to look fearsome! She was a normal cat, if anything. That is, until she finds out that her normal isn't actually 'normal'. What will happen to her as she struggles to adapt and just live her life? Follow Wiltedkit as she walks her path to find her place in the Clan and see who her heart will belong to.

The safe (and if somewhat normal) life or the life of scandalous but pure love?

Who will you side for? Who will she end up choosing? (Who are we even talking about? Lol, I know, but you guys won't unless you read it when it eventually comes out.)

Thank you

So how do I start this?

Okay how about this:

Thank you guys so much for 1.5K+ reads and all the support! Though you guys are a really silent audience (there's nothing wrong with that) I *do* notice whenever you guys put this ridiculously cringe fanfic in your reading lists. And you guys don't know it and I couldn't possibly describe it, but this means so much to me. The fact that you guys think this work of cringe is actually good tells me that there *is* a chance I could one day make my own fictional world and weave it into a story of my own.

Now on the sad note. I did promise I won't be discontinuing this fanfic, and I'm not. But I'm finding it a bit hard to pick this back up at the moment. Not only do I have like two other warriors fanfics I'm trying to work on, a KotLC fanfic I'm TRYING to update, but I've finally started my own actual book. This is the first time I've actually been able to start a book of my own despite the amount of ideas I've had. So before the motivation disappears, I want to get as much of it done as possible. Also, I've finally broken my warriors obsession so that's another reason. But I promise I'll come back, whether it be in a few months or half a year or maybe even a year. Frankly, I doubt that I'll go over a year before I pick this back up again.

I will try, I PROMISE to try and pick this back up as soon as I can. (Hopefully it'll be soon.)

Thank you guys so much, I hope to see you guys soon!

Lots of love,

LittleOwl

~ One Last Message ~

Third Person Jaypaw's POV

Sunhigh was approaching—Jaypaw could feel the warmth on his back. He padded into the camp with a wad of dock leaves clasped in his jaws. The sour flavour had sucked all the moisture from his mouth. It disguised every other scent, and he had to rely on the memory of his paws to find the path back to the medicine den. As he crossed the clearing, he could hear the pawsteps of his Clanmates hurrying around him. The whole Clan had been busy since before dawn preparing for the daylight Gathering. They're only going to spend the day hunting and fighting, Jaypaw thought irritably. *Why are they acting like it's something special?* They get to do that anyway.

"Squirrelflight!" Firestar called down from Highledge.

"Yes?" She sounded out of breath. "Did you find a good route for the squirrel hunt?"

"I sent Brambleclaw out with a patrol," she replied. "He's checking it now. The ShadowClan border might be best. The squirrels are still busy there, digging up their nut stores."

"What about the tree-climbing contest?" Firestar prompted.

"Spiderleg told me that the Sky Oak is in full bud, but he doesn't think it'll be damaged by having so many apprentices climbing it at once."

"Good," Firestar meowed. "Are there hunting patrols out? We don't want our visitors to think we are prey-poor."

"Two. Birchfall and Thornclaw are leading them."

"Jaypaw!" Firestar scrambled down from Highledge and caught up to him. "Leafpool will need your help today in case of any accidents.

You won't be able to join in any of the contests, I'm afraid."

The whole Clan had been tiptoeing around him like mice since the daylight Gathering had been announced, too scared to say out loud what he knew they'd all been thinking—that he would be useless in any apprentice contest. He had noticed right away how they never mentioned his name as they speculated about which apprentices would win. Jaypaw didn't reply to Firestar and scraped angrily through the bramble entrance to the medicine den.

"Oh, good!" Leafpool was waiting for him. "You found lots. Now we'll be ready for any scratches."

Jaypaw dropped the dock leaves on the ground. He flicked his tongue, trying to wet it again. "I don't see why we have to be responsible for all the other Clans," he complained. "If their apprentices want to show off on our territory, their own medicine cats should look after them."

"All the medicine cats will be working together to make sure every cat is cared for properly," Leafpool reminded him.

"I bet Willowpaw and Kestrelpaw haven't spent the morning looking for herbs," Jaypaw muttered. "Even they will have been practising their hunting skills for the contests."

He sensed frustration in Leafpool's quick movements as she stored the dock with the other herbs, but her mew was calm. "I know how much you want to take part, Jaypaw, but I need you to help me."

The fury that had been simmering in Jaypaw's belly suddenly bubbled over.

"Don't lie!" he fumed. "I'm not allowed to take part because there's no way I can compete against real apprentices! Firestar doesn't want me embarrassing the Clan."

"You know that isn't true!" Leafpool told him, shocked.

"Then why doesn't he let me try one of the contests?"

"Maybe if you'd had more battle training or hunting experience, he

would!" Leafpool's mew was brittle as she tried to keep her temper. "But you started your medicine training late, and the outbreak of greencough has stopped us from working on your other skills."

Jaypaw didn't reply. Hollypaw had been a medicine cat apprentice for only the blink of an eye, and she'd had battle training from Leafpool. He was beginning to wonder if his mentor had decided it was a waste of time to teach him any warrior skills at all.

Leafpool changed the subject. "Squirrelflight must be getting tired. She's been busy all morning. Will you take her some herbs?"

Jaypaw padded sulkily to the herb store and mixed the leaves Squirrelflight would need, then folded them in a wrap, which he picked up delicately between his teeth. He nosed his way out of the den and listened for his mother's voice. He found her beneath Highledge talking to Brambleclaw.

Jaypaw dropped the herbs at Squirrelflight's paws. "Leafpool wants you to eat these."

"That's kind of her." Squirrelflight sniffed at the herbs. "Did you mix these yourself? They smell sweeter than usual."

"I put in some heather nectar to help with the taste," Jaypaw mumbled.

Squirrelflight thanked him with a brisk lick between his ears. "That was thoughtful."

"It's nothing," he muttered.

He turned away before she could do anything else embarrassing, though he couldn't ignore the small glimmer of happiness that flickered in his chest. Suddenly pawsteps drummed through the entrance and skidded to a halt. It was Lionpaw and Hollypaw; their excitement howled into the camp like a rush of wind, rippling Jaypaw's fur.

"They're here!" Lionpaw panted.

Hollypaw trotted in circles, unable to keep still. "WindClan are

heading down toward the lake!"

Foxkit's, Icekit's and Skykit's tiny paws pattered from the nursery.

"Are they really here?" Foxkit demanded.

"Any sign of ShadowClan?" Icekit's mew was tinged with nervousness.

"Not yet," Lionpaw told him. "But it looks like just about the whole of WindClan have come."

"I wish we were going!" Skykit mewed.

"We'll have fun here," Ferncloud called from the nursery entrance.

"Why do we have to stay in camp?" Icekit wailed. "It's not fair."

"Life isn't fair," Jaypaw growled, and padded mutinously back to the medicine den. *That's why I'm going to be stuck in camp like a kit!*

Birchfall and Thornclaw pounded through the thorn tunnel, their patrols crowding after them. Jaypaw smelled the delicious flavours of fresh-kill. Every cat must have caught a piece of prey.

"Well done!" Firestar told them. "No cat will go hungry today."

A yowl rang through the forest above the hollow.

"That's Leopardstar!" Lionpaw mewed. "RiverClan have arrived!"

"It must be time to go," Hollypaw put in. "The Gathering starts at sunhigh."

Hollypaw was taking part in one of the first contests, a match to see which apprentice had the best fighting skills. At the same time, Lionpaw would be set against a WindClan apprentice in a hunting contest. Jealousy seared Jaypaw's fur. Rocks clattered from Highledge as Firestar bounded down into the clearing, but Jaypaw nosed his way into the medicine den, away from the eager mews of the warriors and apprentices as they paced impatiently around the entrance. He tried to block his ears as Firestar called "Good luck!" to

the Clan. But he still heard the drumming of paws as ThunderClan raced away through the thorn tunnel. An eerie silence gripped the camp.

"Jaypaw." Leafpool's mew sounded from the herb store. "Will you help me make up some poultices?"

Jaypaw forced away his black thoughts and padded to Leafpool's side to begin chewing up some of the dock he had brought back earlier. As they worked, Icekit, Foxkit and Skykit charged noisily around the clearing.

"Don't forget," Ferncloud was calling, "you each have to bring me a beetle, some moss, and a fly."

"I'm going to win!" Icekit mewed.

"No, you won't," Foxkit replied. "I'll find them first and I'll be the champion!"

"Wrong! Both of you couldn't possibly beat me!" Skykit challenged with a yowl.

Their mews echoed around the deserted camp, and Jaypaw was aware of the emptiness like hunger in the pit of his belly. Am I always going to be left behind?

"That's enough for now." Leafpool's mew took him by surprise. "There's enough there for scratches on every cat in all four Clans."

Jaypaw spat out the last mouthful of dock and sat back on his haunches, licking his paws to clear the taste from his tongue.

"I should be at the Gathering, in case there are injuries," the medicine cat announced. "Besides, I want to go and watch Hollypaw fight. Why don't you come with me?"

Jaypaw shook his head. There was no way he was going if he wasn't allowed to take part. "I still have to look after Rainkit." He mewed as an excuse, the tiny tortoiseshell kit was currently settled in her nest, still suffering from greencough.

"Very well." Leafpool didn't try to persuade him. Instead she padded quietly out of the den. Left alone, Jaypaw suddenly felt lost.

Far in the distance he could hear the excited cries of warriors and their apprentices drifting through the trees. He wanted to wail to StarClan that it wasn't fair. But he would not behave like a kit, however much he was treated like one.

Instead, he began to tidy up the herbs, pushing all the leaves into neat piles and lining up the poultices, ready for any cats who might return injured and checking Rainkit's fever now and then.

Suddenly a strange sensation began to prick his tail. It crawled along his spine, setting his pelt tingling. Images flooded his mind, swelling behind his eyes. He was buried, unable to breathe, choking on dry earth soaked in the stench of fox and badger. His mind swirled in terror. Where was the fox? The badger? He expected to feel their teeth rip his flesh at any moment. He stared wildly around, but all he could see was crumbling brown soil. Above him light flickered, then dimmed as more soil tumbled down on him, stinging his eyes, filling his ears and nostrils. He was drowning—not in water this time, but earth.

"Help!" Dirt filled his mouth as he tried to scream. He scrabbled desperately, trying to fight his way out.

Was StarClan so disappointed that they had ordered the earth to swallow him up? He kicked out with his hind legs, trying to fight his way up. His lungs were screaming for air. He could see his paws churning in front of his muzzle. But they were not his own mottled paws; they were pale and wide, their fur thick and bunched at the claws.

He was seeing through Lionpaw's eyes!

Jaypaw drove the images out of his head and knew he was back in the medicine den, surrounded by the scent of leaves, the sound of Rainkit's shallow rasps and with the hollow empty and silent outside.

Where was Lionpaw right now?

The hunting contest!

He would be scouring the ShadowClan border for prey. Like lightning, Jaypaw snatched Rainkit by the scruff—who shrieked in surprise—and shot out of the medicine den and pelted into the forest, every sense alive as he wove through the undergrowth like a snake. He had to get to Lionpaw before this thing—whatever it was—happened.

Third Person Hollypaw's POV

Suddenly Hollypaw saw a distinctive gray shape flash across the top of the slope. "Jaypaw! You just missed me winning the contest!" But her brother didn't seem to hear. He pelted away into the trees, heading for ShadowClan territory with—*was that Rainkit hanging from his jaws!?* What in the name of StarClan was he up to now—and dragging Rainkit with him!?

Third Person Rainkit's POV

Rainkit was jolted awake as teeth firmly grasped her scruff and bolted out the medicine den with her. Terror rolling around in her stomach, Rainkit watched the scenery pass by as Jaypaw—if her nose was telling her right—ran as if StarClan were fading.

When he finally stopped running for the dear life of StarClan, he dropped her carelessly by a stinking old collapsed heap of dirt before he began to dig. Rainkit was about to mew in protest when she noticed his angry and desperate expression and decided to keep her muzzle shut for once.

Suddenly, a tightening feeling was closing in on her chest. Not feeling so well, Rainkit found a comfortable looking bunch of ferns. As a bout of coughing overwhelmed her, she dragged herself among the ferns for a nice little nap...

When Rainkit finally woke up, with the wonderful sensation of a sunbeam warming her pelt but the terrible feeling of her head feeling like a stone, she found a tired looking Leafpool and an embarrassed Jaypaw over her.

"Whazza matterr-?" She asked, her voice hoarse and slurred and her throat feeling as if a million wasps had stung her.

"Nothing, little one." Leafpool mewed softly, her eyes blinking warmly. "We'll get you back home now."

Gently, the medicine cat picked her up by the scruff and carried her home. Rainkit yawned but was quickly interrupted by her lungs tightening and a fresh sharp bout of coughing. As she coughed, she noted how Leafpool picked up her pace.

When they finally arrived home, Leafpool tucked her gently into the moss. Coughing once more, Rainkit thought she smelled WindClan as the darkness began to seep into her.

"I don't think all that wind from the running was very good for her." Leafpool fretted, somewhere in the awake world. "The weather is warm but the wind is still cold, and now she's coughing more than she was this morning."

"Well, what would you have liked me to do!?" Jaypaw retorted. "Leave her here alone!?"

"Ferncloud was still here! She could've looked after her if you left her here."

Jaypaw was silent for only a moment. "That's besides the point." He grunted.

Rainkit heard no more as the sleepy darkness settled in.

Third Person Jaypaw's POV

Jaypaw blinked open his eyes. He had not intended to dream. But here he was, in an unfamiliar place, standing on a dry, sandy bank in a narrow, high-sided gully. Above him, the night sky stretched like a black river, speckled with stars. There were no bushes to shelter him, no soft ferns thick with the smell of prey, just a few prickly shrubs and smooth boulders casting round shadows like puddles on the ground. A familiar scent pricked his nose.

Firestar.

Jaypaw gazed around, looking for the ThunderClan leader. But Firestar was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly a low mew echoed from the roots of a tree on the far side of the gully.

Pelt pricking with curiosity, Jaypaw padded toward the sound and saw, among the great black arching roots, the shadow of an opening. Firestar's moonlit form was silhouetted against the dark entrance. Jaypaw ducked down behind a thick root.

"I will not fail!" Firestar was meowing.

What was he doing here? Who was he talking to? Jaypaw peered over the root. He could just make out the shape of an aged tomcat sitting in the shadows beneath the tree.

"Sometimes the destiny of one cat is not the destiny of the whole Clan," the old cat rasped.

Firestar's mind clouded with confusion; Jaypaw felt it like mist. The ThunderClan leader's breathing quickened as the tom spoke again, his voice suddenly smooth.

"There will be three, kin of your kin, who hold the power of the stars in their paws."

Blood pounded in Jaypaw's ears. An image scorched his mind: he saw himself beside Lionpaw and Hollypaw, eyes gleaming and pelts rippling with strength. With a dreadful, ominous certainty, he knew what the old cat was trying to tell Firestar.

He, Hollypaw, and Lionpaw were the three cats in the prophecy.

Coldness reached through his pelt, setting his fur on end as it drove into his flesh. And at the same time, excitement surged through his paws. This was his destiny—and Firestar had known all along, but had chosen not to reveal it. Why? Because he was afraid of having three such powerful cats in his Clan?

Jaypaw stifled the purr that rose inside him, knowing he must not be seen by the other cats. Suddenly it didn't matter that he was

blind, or that he couldn't take part in the contest. None of that mattered in the face of this prophecy, that promised a greater destiny for him and his littermates than anything a cat had dreamed of before. Leafpool was right to be wary of him. All his Clanmates should be. And not just of him, but of Lionpaw and Hollypaw as well.

One day we will be so powerful that we shall command even StarClan!

But then the old cat spoke once more: "There will be a fourth cat that falls with the rain from the stars. She was the first and will be the last with the gift of song."

Jaypaw's blood turned to ice. *What was the gift of song? How could a cat fall from the stars?*

But more importantly, *who was the fourth cat?*

~ End Of Chapter A/N ~

Woah, I'm back (frankly, I'm not surprised at myself.) But yeah, I forgot I had this chapter pre-written so here it is. I have another one that I plan on releasing soon, and I think I've finally found the motivation to continue. So yay! And the winter break starts on Saturday, so I hope I can get at least one chapter up during the holidays.

Happy Holidays, Merry Christmas, Happy Hannukah, Happy Kwanzaa (And if I missed any, I hope you have a wonderful (insert holiday/celebration)) And Happy New Year!

(The above message is just in case I don't post till after all the celebrations)

~ LittleOwl

~ An Odd Kit ~

Third Person Rainkit's POV

Rainkit watched Lionpaw walk into the clearing. Behind him, there seemed to be a see through brown tabby tom following him and watching Lionpaw with a hungry malicious gaze. *Tigerclaw*. The name popped into her head along with many feelings for revenge and deep hatred, but Rainkit was unsure as to why.

Feeling a sudden urge to get up and talk to Lionpaw, Rainkit got to her paws and trotted up to Lionpaw.

Third Person Lionpaw's POV

Lionpaw was walking to the apprentices' den for a nap when all of sudden he felt a cold piercing feeling shiver through his pelt. Turning around, he found Rainkit staring up at him with her blue and amber eyes before she sneezed. *Poor kit is still recovering from greencough*, he thought.

"Is that Tigerclaw?" She blurted out loudly.

Lionpaw's eyes stretched wide, *could Rainkit see Tigerstar!?* Slapping his tail over her muzzle, he led her over to the back of the den.

"What are you talking about?" He hissed, panic spreading out throughout him.

"Why are you fretting!?" Rainkit shot back.

"No reason, now answer my question." He spat while glaring down at the small kit, she was only now just reaching the height of a three moon old kit.

"Well, it's not up to me to judge you," She said in a matter-of-factly tone, completely not answering the question. "But it's up to StarClan, so pay careful attention to who you receive help from."

Lionpaw felt his blood freeze to ice. *What did this kit know about his training with Tigerstar?* However, before he could ask, Rainkit skipped happily away while pausing for a few sniffles and sneezes.

~ Timeskip ~

"What's happening?" A small soft voice asked.

Lionpaw froze, he knew the voice belonged to Rainkit, it had been haunting him most the night. But what was a kit doing up in the middle of a battle, and out in the forest?

Before he could reply to the little kit's question, she held up a claw to her mouth before walking away backwards into a bush, while not once taking her eyes off of him. Lionpaw felt a shiver run through his spine. Why was Rainkit so...Weird?

~ Timeskip ~

Lionpaw felt eyes on him as he walked back into camp. He knew it was probably Rainkit but he couldn't care less, he knew that ending things with Heatherpaw was the right choice, but he felt so heart sick.

"You smell of WindClan." Rainkit stated, her sharp blue eye blinking innocently. Lionpaw frowned, why was the kit's amber eyes so unfocused and clouded?

"What's wrong with your eye?" He blurted out, dodging the question while he could.

"What eye? I lost my left one moons ago!" Rainkit answered, her voice sharper and grumpier now, much like Mousefur's.

Before he could even point out that she still had her left eye, the little tortoiseshell kit got a faraway look in both her eyes and she violently shook her head. Alarmed, Lionpaw thought the kit was upset.

"Hey, hey!" He whisper-shouted. "It's alright—"

"What were you saying?" Rainkit interrupted him all of sudden, her

voice back to its soft tone.

"N-nothing!" Lionpaw stuttered in shock. *Is Rainkit okay?*

~ Timeskip ~ + *Third Person Firestar's POV*

"Rainkit and Skykit are ready to be apprenticed." Firestar announced to the senior warriors before him.

A soft murmur rose from the group.

"Are we really letting them into the Clan completely?" Spiderleg asked, a small amount of shock leaking into his voice.

"Of course we are!" Dustpelt, Spiderleg's father, snapped immediately, causing the long-legged warrior to shrink away in sudden fear.

"But isn't Rainkit...a bit too small to be apprenticed?" Squirrelflight said the last part of her sentence in a whisper, as it had been proven that Rainkit was notorious for howling rude insults at any cat who commented on her size.

At Squirrelflight's question, Firestar noticed many cats stiffen, most notably were Longtail and Dustpelt.

"Size never proved to be an obstacle for Rainsong." Mousefur commented with a snort.

Longtail rolled his blind eyes. "If any cat ever told Rainkit *or* Rainsong that she was too small to be apprenticed, they wouldn't only lose their ears but probably also their tail...and life."

Firestar felt his own whiskers twitch in slight amusement. "I presumed such things, but I also know that Rainkit knows that kits are made apprentices at six moons, she wouldn't stand for any push backs of sorts."

"That's an understatement." Sandstorm purred softly.

"Rainkit *will* be made an apprentice." Dustpelt stated in a tone that suggested the decision was made and daring any cat to object.

"Yes, Dustpelt. Rainkit will be made an apprentice." Firestar agreed, resting his tail on the brown tabby's shoulder for a moment. "In fact, I'll do that when the rain starts and the hunting patrol gets back."

Firestar noted how Brambleclaw, Squirrelflight, Leafpool and Spiderleg were the only ones that looked at each other in confusion. Every other cat part of the discussion knew the special meaning the rain held.

Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, Firestar turned to Brightheart. "How would you like to mentor Rainkit?"

For a brief moment, happiness filled Brightheart's single blue eye before she looked down in a crestfallen manner.

"Oh Firestar, I'd love to. But I don't see how my training would do her any good." She replied with a sigh.

"But that's where you're wrong, Brightheart." Firestar mewed, causing the scarred she-cat to snap her head up to meet his gaze. "For some unknown reason, the little she-kit keeps losing and regaining the vision in her left eye. For that reason, I'd like you to train her."

"Thank you so much, Firestar!" Brightheart managed to say, her purr so fierce it nearly stopped her from being able to speak.

Turning to Graystripe, Firestar asked: "Graystripe, will you mentor Skykit? He reminds me a bit of Ravenpaw, and I think you'd teach him well and get him out of his shell."

"Of course, Firestar." Graystripe meowed, his fluffy gray head dipping to show his gratitude.

Pleased, Firestar got to his paws when he felt a drop of rain hit his nose. Looking up at the sky, he noted that the gray storm clouds had begun to release the rain.

"Well, we'll wait for the hunting patrol and then I will perform the ceremony." Firestar announced.

~ Timeskip ~

"Let all cats who can catch their own prey gather under Highrock!" Firestar yowled as loud as he could.

While he waited for the Clan to gather, Firestar watched Rainkit intently, noting how the little tortoiseshell she-kit was bouncing out of her fur with excitement. Skykit beside her looked like a snake on hyper-alert.

When the entirety of the Clan had gathered, Firestar called the two kits forward.

"Skykit, you have reached the age of six moons and it is now time for you to be apprenticed. From this day on until this kit earns his warrior name, he shall be known as Skypaw." Firestar began the ceremony. "Graystripe, you are once again ready for an apprentice, you have trained Brackenfur well, back when he was your apprentice. You have proven to be a fair and confident warrior, and I hope you will pass these qualities onto Skypaw."

Firestar watched with simple content as his friend and Skypaw touched noses, both their pelts slicked from the rain. Once the new apprentice and his mentor had moved to the side, Firestar called Rainkit forward.

"Rainkit, you have reached the age of six moons and are most *indefinitely* ready to be apprenticed." Firestar twitched his whiskers in amusement at his own words. "From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Rainpaw."

Turning, he beckoned to Brightheart to come forward.

"Brightheart, you have waited for a long time and are most certainly ready for an apprentice. You have proven yourself to be an intelligent and patient warrior, I hope that you will pass on these qualities and all you know onto Rainpaw."

"It would be my pleasure, Firestar." Brightheart purred as she padded towards the eagerly waiting Rainpaw to touch noses.

"Skypaw! Rainpaw! Skypaw! Rainpaw!"

The Clan joyfully cheered for the two new apprentices, no cat

complaining about the rain. Firestar felt his heart swell with joy as he looked up to the sky.

Rainsong, are you still there?

Evidently, there was no answer to his question, but when Firestar looked down once again at the apprentices, he found Rainpaw looking straight at him. Slowly, the small pale tortoiseshell nodded her head, sending a shiver down Firestar's spine.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

Short chapter with it mostly being scaring Lionpaw out of his wits. :)

I apologise for that HUGE break I took, I just wasn't feeling it honestly. But good news, I'm back (let's hope I'm back for a while). Now the problem is that, I can write most of my fanfics during free time at school, but I am unable to access the weebly websites I use for the pdf of the OG books so that I can like track where I am on the timeline. I only do this with like 2 of my fanfics at the moment, this one and my KotLC one which I am *so* close to finishing and publishing a chapter for. So yeah, expect one of the Warriors Fanfics I gave you guys a preview to for the 1k+ reads special, to come out soon. (I just need a cover T-T). But otherwise, I should be on track to working on this and my other bajillion projects. (Don't ask XD) I hope I didn't make you guys wait too long... But otherwise, all's good on my end (I *think*).

If you have any concerns or things you notice that I should probably fix or touch up LET ME KNOW! I want to give you guys the quality work you guys deserve, but I rarely notice my mistakes unless I have the time to re-read what I've written in the past like year.

Thank you *so* much for sticking around!

~LittleOwl

Future LittleOwl: GUYS GUYS I WAS SO PRODUCTIVE THAT I GOT TO POST THIS EARLIER THAN PLANNED! (Obviously meaning I

didn't work at *all* on my school assignments :D)

Also funny thing I wanted to tell you all, but I was working on a new chapter today and Docs decided to suggest that 'Rainpaw' is actually 'Rainbow' spelt wrong. So of course I had a good laugh!

Also little confession, a big reason why I took a break was because I thought my Warrior's phase was going on for a concerning amount of time. So to cure that, I went ahead and grabbed as many interesting books from the library as I could and *read*. It worked, for a little while. But recently I've been writing this again, re-reading Bluestar's Prophecy for the third time and reading a Warriors Facts book thingy I found today on Wattpad. So yeah, I don't think this phase will pass for a while.

If you want, comment how long *your* Warriors phase is/was or what your longest phase was.

Hope y'all are doing well!

~ LittleOwl

~ Friendship ~

Third Person Rainpaw POV

"Idiots!" Rainpaw hissed from underneath the bush she hid in. Of *course* Jaypaw, Hollypaw and Lionpaw would be stupid enough to go into the cave to save the WindClan kits without *any* plan of sorts.

She looked up to the sky, the rain was going to become *very* heavy. Which wasn't good. She could clearly hear an underground river, and that would likely flood with the amount of rain that she predicted was coming.

Keeping her ear close to the ground, she followed the sound of the flowing river till it reached someplace above ground—which happened to be the lake. As she pressed her ear to the sand, she could still hear the underground river, which had changed from a normal-paced flow to a rush as the rain was steadily coming down heavier and heavier.

"Theoretically, if they *did* find the kits on time, which they probably wouldn't considering the rain started ages ago, they would've just gone back out the way they came in—again, if they *hadn't* gotten lost. So assuming they did not find the kits in time and *did* get lost, Jaypaw would find some ridiculous way to get out, which would probably be to flow with the river and out into the lake." Rainpaw concluded. "So therefore, I should help them."

She sighed, it wasn't that she hated water, but she hated it when other cats made more work for *her* to get rid of. Grumbling to herself, she waited patiently with her ear to the sand till she could hear heavy shapes bobbing in the rushing water. When she did, she jumped into the cold frigid water.

Rainpaw clenched her teeth and dove under the water and was met with a giant ginger shape that shot out of the sand deeper down. Surfacing, Rainpaw took a deep breath before diving back down and helping who she assumed was Lionpaw, to surface up by

pushing him upwards. She continued the process with two different black cats—probably Hollypaw and some Breezepaw, though it was hard to tell who was who—and finally with Jaypaw and another WindClan cat. She then pushed herself up towards the surface and took a big breath.

"Is every cat alright?" Hollypaw called out.

After a chorus of yes from all the cats, they all swam to shore.

As Rainpaw lividly pulled herself from the water, completely drenched, she spat the water out of her mouth before turning on the trio. "You mouse-brains!"

Jaypaw glared back at her with his blind eyes. "What do you mean, *mouse-brains*!? We're the ones who knew where the kits were and went to save them!"

"No, you were the ones who blindly went to save the kits without a plan on getting back *out*." Rainpaw hissed in retort. "If it weren't for the fact that I figured out where you all would've come out, you all might've drowned!"

"Who are *you* to give yourself all the credit for saving the kits!?" The all-black WindClan cat growled at her, his fur hanging on his lithe frame.

Rainpaw merely raised an eyebrow. "I'm Rainpaw, and I'm the one who just saved your sorry tail from drowning, now, who might *you* be?"

But before she let the WindClan apprentice reply, she decided to figure it out herself. "Let's see, sour attitude, rude, selfish, and a big pain in the hind-quarters. You sound like Breezepaw, from what I've heard from these three." She gestured with her tail to Lionpaw, Hollypaw and Jaypaw who all looked away in embarrassment at being called out.

"And from the expression on your face," Rainpaw continued, looking him up and down. "I'd say I'm right."

"I-i..." Breezepaw's mouth hung open as he struggled for words.

"Didn't your father ever tell you that gaping is rude, and unmannered?" Rainpaw asked innocently, before adding in a far more dark tone: "Oh wait, from what I've heard, you've also got issues with your father." (I *so* wanted to put daddy issues, but like Warriors is so formally written and they don't really ever seem to call their parents 'dad')

Letting out a delicate sniff, Rainpaw stalked away, leaving the apprentices and the three kits with their mouths hung agape.

~ Timeskip ~

"I hope it went well." Rainpaw said, as she paused her wash, *ugh, I'm not ever going to get the smell of the lake out of my fur*.

"It went fine." Jaypaw said flatly.

"Not very talkative right now, are you?" Rainpaw snorted. "You know, neither of you three have said or made any gestures of thanks."

"Thank you." Jaypaw meowed, once again, flatly.

Rainpaw sighed before moving herself to sit beside Jaypaw who was sorting the herbs and helping him.

"What do you think you're doing?" He hissed, anger simmering underneath the surface.

"Helping you, mouse-brain." She retorted.

"I don't never asked for help." He said sensitively.

"You don't need to ask, you *never* have to ask a friend." Rainpaw continued. "It doesn't matter if you're blind or not, a friend will help you nonetheless. So maybe today's lesson for you is that, not all help is out of pity."

Jaypaw stayed silent at this and just continued sorting the herbs.

"You *do* know I'm your friend right?" Rainpaw asked, slightly hurt at the fact that he might've been *that* insensitive.

"But what if *I* don't count you as a friend?" Jaypaw asked.

"Well...Ouch." She snorted, closing her walls up.

"What if I count you more as a sister?"

That made Rainpaw pause. "As a sister? What would make you count me as a sister?"

"Well, you take care of me," Jaypaw confessed, lowering down his own walls. "And you make me feel the need to look out for you and take care of you."

Rainpaw couldn't help but burst out in laughter. "*You*? *Jaypaw*? Have *feelings*?"

Jaypaw turned his face away. "Well, yeah, I'm not *that* insensitive."

"You sure act like it." She retorted.

"Well..." Jaypaw trailed off, clearly not sure what to tell her.

"You don't want to let anyone in because then they'll know that you're just a big softy who doesn't want to get hurt but desperately wants to help every cat he knows and loves. You also hate the fact that you couldn't become a warrior and that it's your blindness that's stopping you so you're basically angry at everybody who thinks you're at a disadvantage." Rainpaw summed it all up for him.

Jaypaw stared at her with his unseeing blue eyes. "How-?"

"By acting the way you do, you let every cat know more than you think," She answered with a shrug. "So just don't care. If you don't care and show that it doesn't bother you, then nobody will trigger you, of course, that's excluding brainless kits."

"But...won't every cat just think I care so that I *act* like I don't care?" Jaypaw suddenly felt stupid compared to the small and far newer apprentice.

Rainpaw snorted. "Well if you care that every cat thinks that, then *you're* giving them the power. If you *truly* don't care, then *you're* the

one with the power, *not* them. Because if they want to walk out of your life, and you really don't care, great StarClan, you'll be the one to show them the way out."

Jaypaw blinked down at Rainpaw. "Since when did the small cats get all the wisdom?"

"Since forever, it's just that nobody ever bothers to notice them," Rainpaw retorted while rolling her eyes, though Jaypaw obviously couldn't see it.

"That's not true..." Jaypaw trailed off as he remembered how the mentors would come back to camp after training, making special notes about each of the apprentices *but* Rainpaw.

She snorted. "You *know* it's true. It's why I care so much about how every cat makes comments about how small I am. I don't wish to be bigger, but I *do* wish that every cat wouldn't underestimate me so much. I know I just told you not to care so much, but for me... I feel like my size is such a big part and good part of my identity and I don't appreciate it when every cat pushes it down."

"Why don't the mentors ever talk about you?" Jaypaw wondered aloud, Rainpaw seemed like she was *born* to fight.

"Because, I'm laying low at the moment." Rainpaw answered, feeling a spark of excitement flow through her at the fact that some cat had *finally* asked. "I'm still figuring out my technique. Yes, Brightheart's techniques are amazing, but not useful for my size. So I'm figuring out my own. Once I figure it all out, I'll be able to beat..." She paused, thinking about who might be the largest cat in the Clan. "Brambleclaw!"

"Don't bruise him up too much!" Jaypaw couldn't help but purr. "We need him as deputy!"

"Are you sure you aren't saying that because he's your father?" She teased back.

"Of course not!"

They both ended up howling with laughter and only half the herbs

sorted.

*~ **Timeskip** ~ + Third Person Jaypaw POV*

There was no reply. The starshine faded, and scents of tree and bracken filled his mouth. He was standing in a dusky forest, in the midst of fern and grasses. Moonlight dappled the ground as it shone through gaps in the branches above his head. The air was warm, full of the tempting scents of prey.

Just ahead of him, Leafpool was following a narrow path that wound between clumps of bracken. She paused and glanced back over her shoulder. "I wondered if you'd join me," she mewed.

Jaypaw was about to reply when the bushes just ahead of Leafpool rustled and a group of StarClan cats burst out into the open. Jaypaw spotted prey scurrying away from their claws.

A blue-furred she-cat halted briefly to mew, "Greetings, Leafpool." Leafpool dipped her head, but the she-cat bounded onward before she could speak.

Another cat, a powerful ginger tom, gave Jaypaw a friendly flick over the ear with his tail as he sped past.

Most of the StarClan warriors were intent on their prey. Their eyes were bright with delight in the hunt; their pelts gleamed and their muscles rippled in the moonlight. Jaypaw watched as each cat pounced on its prey and turned to race away with the limp body dangling from its jaws. He supposed they were taking it to some starry fresh-kill pile.

Leafpool padded up to him and touched her nose to his shoulder. "You see the silver tabby over there?" She pointed with her tail to where a beautiful she-cat was leaping to catch a plump vole. "That's Feathertail. She was Stormfur's sister. She died in the mountains."

Jaypaw gazed curiously at the cat, wondering if she knew anything about the mountain cats' ancestors. "Can we talk to her?"

"She might not wait for us," Leafpool replied. "She'll want to take her prey back to the StarClan camp."

"I want to ask her—" Jaypaw broke off as Feathertail bounded away. But she didn't follow the other StarClan cats; she headed in a different direction, where the trees and bushes were thicker. "Where is she going?"

"I don't know." Leafpool looked troubled. "Feathertail, wait!" She set off after the silver tabby, and Jaypaw raced along at her side.

They plunged through dense undergrowth and came out into a clearing. A stream ran through it, and on the other side the trees gave way to rocky slopes covered in stunted bushes.

"Feathertail!" Leafpool called again. The she-cat paused on the bank of the stream and looked over her shoulder at them.

"Where are you going?" Leafpool panted, dashing up to her.

Feathertail set down her vole. "This fresh-kill is not for StarClan," she explained. "I bear a responsibility to other cats, ones who still need the help of the Clans, even though many moons have passed."

Other cats?

Leafpool touched her nose to Feathertail's ear. "Are you talking about the Tribe of Rushing Water? Haven't you done enough for them? You gave your life to save them from Sharptooth!"

"A shared past counts for a lot," Feathertail replied, her blue eyes glowing with emotion. "Even if it was brief." She pressed her muzzle against Leafpool's, then picked up her prey, leaped lightly across the stream, and was swallowed up in the shadows under the bushes.

Mouse dung! Jaypaw thought. *I never got to ask her anything!*

Jaypaw shivered. Somehow, StarClan, the ancient cats, and the Tribe of Rushing Water all seemed to be merging to shape the destiny of the cats by the lake. It made sense to Jaypaw. To have the power of the stars in his paws, he would need to have power over all the ancestors, past and present.

As Jaypaw followed Leafpool back the route they came from, his mentor stopped abruptly, her eyes widening as she stared at some

shape ahead. As Jaypaw peered at it, he realised it must be a StarClan warrior that Leafpool recognised, but to Jaypaw's surprise it was flickering in and out of view and seemed a bit confused.

"Who's that?" He asked his mentor.

Leafpool's eyes seemed to soften with relief. "She was a great ThunderClan warrior."

"What did she do that made her so great?" Jaypaw asked with pure curiosity and sincerity, the way Leafpool watched the flickering shape and talked about her, the flickering shape couldn't just be *any* dead ThunderClan warrior.

"She gave up *everything* for her Clan," Leafpool paused, and Jaypaw waited eagerly for her to continue. "She mentored every cat in the Clan, not in the way you think, but in her own special way. She gave up the love of her life, her happiness and was even willing to give up her place in StarClan for her beloved home, ThunderClan."

Jaypaw turned to watch the flickering shape as it slowly became more and more opaque.

"She was the most loyal warrior the Clans have ever known. Even the other three Clans knew of her and think of her as a great warrior. No cat ever doubted she would reach StarClan. She is highly praised by not only the living warriors, but also the ones up here, in StarClan."

"You talk about her as if you knew her personally," Jaypaw noted aloud.

Leafpool shook her head. "She was long dead by the time *I* was born, Jaypaw." His mentor's eyes began to mist. "But she did mentor me in the ways of StarClan, alongside Spottedleaf."

Jaypaw watched as the dead warrior finally stopped flickering and nearly fell over with shock at the resemblance this cat held to his friend. Rainpaw was nearly identical to this cat! *Maybe they're related?* "Who were her kin?"

"Well, she had two elder sisters, Brindleface and Frostfur," Leafpool

began to list. "Longtail and Dustpelt are her younger brothers. Brindleface had four kits, Tulipekit, Elderkit, Ferncloud and Ashfur. Ferncloud and Dustpelt have had three litters together. The first was Spiderleg and Shrewpaw, the second was Hollykit, Larchkit and Birchfall, the last is Icekit and Foxkit.

"Frostfur had kits with Lionheart and they were Thornclaw, Brackenfur, Cinderpelt and Brightheart. Brightheart and Cloudtail had Whitewing, Brackenfur and Sorreltail together had Cinderpaw, Poppypaw, Honeypaw and Molepaw." Leafpool finished.

Jaypaw blinked. "That's a *lot* of kin."

"And she cared so much for each of them..." His mentor agreed.

"What was her name?" Jaypaw asked, finally growing a bit impatient.

Leafpool turned to look at him. "Rainsong."

The StarClan warrior—who was apparently the one and only, Rainsong—began to flicker once more. But just before she disappeared, she turned back, her sharp pale blue eyes flashing once before StarClan's vast forest disappeared all together along with her.

Jaypaw woke back up to darkness and the sounds of stirring cats. *Rainsong? Is that really a coincidence?*

He thought of Rainpaw back home, he was determined that the two were somehow linked. But the question was: *how?*

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

I have news! I have news! I HAVE NEWS!

Firstly, I just released the first chapter for my Super Edition style fanfic called Wiltedblossom's Love! If you have the time, go check it out! If you continue to read it is up to you! A little about it:

It follows a little she-kit who was born deaf in one year and half-deaf in the other as she struggles to adapt from just communicating

with her brothers in their own special way, to talking.

And the cover was drawn by the most talented moosh_moosh12 , so go check her out! She has two amazing Warriors Fanfics that are a work in progress, and make sure to check out her art book! It's filled with amazing things.

Secondly, I have an online friend that I met playing Warriors Ultimate Edition (an amazing way to feed your Warriors addiction, 10/10 recommend it). We were originally planning a private RP to host together, but since my computer got changed to a chromebook (not at *all* good for roblox) we never got to do it. But I did have the idea to maybe change it up a bit and make it into a fanfic with her! She finally contacted me back about the idea, and she said yes! So keep an eye out for that if you'd like! I will most likely be posting half of the fic on my account, and she will post half of it on hers. She currently has no work published but you can find her canyanot-_- .

Merry Christmas to those who celebrate and for those who don't, have a wonderful day!

~ LittleOwl

P.S. I finally did it, I made myself a warriors OC named Littleowl

~ Grudges ~

Third Person Rainpaw POV

"Let me try again!" Rainpaw pleaded to her mentor.

Brightheart merely regarded her with amusement. "Don't you think you've practised enough, Rainpaw? You haven't eaten all morning!"

"And I can keep going!" Rainpaw insisted, Brightheart clearly wasn't hearing the desperation in her voice. "I'm fine, trust me! Just let me have a few more tries!"

"Well, I can't have you starving, can I?" Brightheart teased. "How about we cancel the hunting training that we have planned later and replace that with more battle training!"

Rainpaw groaned in frustration. "I don't want to do battle training *later*, I've almost perfected my technique, both with vision in both my eyes and with no vision in one eye!"

"Alright," Brighheart relented. "But only *once* more."

Rainpaw immediately brightened and ran to the otherside of their little private training clearing and hunkered down into a crouch and carefully watched as Brightheart mirrored her movements.

Slowly but surely, Brightheart began to circle her in a weaving motion that kept her mentor's one seeing eye on her. Hunkering down even further, Rainpaw tucked her hind legs in as close to her body as she could, preparing for when Brightheart would pounce.

Silently, Rainpaw watched every single part of her mentor's movements and noted every single thing. Whether it be Brightheart notably sizing her up and down to even subtly changing the pattern in her weaving motion. So when she noticed that Brightheart began to slowly tense her back legs, she was ready for what came next.

With a fearsome yowl, Brightheart launched herself at Rainpaw.

Now in the split second that it would take Brightheart to land on her, Rainpaw had a decision to make. Either shoot forward from underneath Brightheart, or jump up and meet her in the air. Clearly, any cat would expect for their opponent to shoot out to the otherside from underneath them, so Rainpaw would get some leverage if she met her mentor in the air with the same amount of force. So of course she chose the latter option.

Rainpaw narrowed her eyes and shot upwards, hitting square on Brightheart's stomach which caused them to fall backwards from the direction Brightheart had pounced from. Rainpaw hung tightly with the tips of her claws into Brightheart's pelt so that when her mentor tried to roll over her to crush her, Rainpaw easily pulled away and got back onto her paws.

"That was a nice move." Brightheart admitted as she pulled herself back onto her paws just as quickly.

"Come at me again!" Rainpaw insisted, feeling the energy pouring into her veins.

"But we only said *one* more try, remember?" Brightheart reminded her.

"But you haven't pinned me yet and I haven't pinned you yet." Rainpaw corrected.

"Very we—" Brightheart cut herself off by running at Rainpaw head on.

Rainpaw immediately flung herself forward and raked her paw against Brightheart's flank whilst twisting in midair to land back onto her paws. Twisting around she pounced back at her mentor, who was still recovering from the mild-unbalancing, and finally pinned Brightheart.

Rainpaw panted as the exhilarating tension of a 'battle' faded away. She stepped off of Brightheart and decided it would be a good idea to lie flat on the ground with her belly and face to the sky, so that was exactly what Rainpaw did.

"You did very well," Brightheart said, her voice filled with pride. "But I'm still trying to figure out what your technique is. And that was a very advanced move you used there with the twist and rake."

"My technique is: do the unexpected." Rainpaw admitted, rolling on to her stomach and propping herself up. "You were expecting me to dodge your pounce and skid underneath you, so I did what you weren't expecting, meet you in mid-air. You also weren't expecting me to do such an advanced move that you'd never taught me, so I used it. So to sum it all up, I use your own thoughts against you. I also use the fact that every cat underestimates me for my size, but you don't, so I don't think I can use that technique on you."

Her ginger and white mentor stayed silent, taking her words in before saying: "That is very smart, Rainpaw. I think you've earned your way to training with the older apprentices now."

Rainpaw immediately shot up to her paws, her heart pounding in her ears with excitement. "Finally!?" She knew that Skypaw had been training with the older apprentices since *ages* ago. But she also knew that Brightheart wanted her to complete her own technique so that she would stand a fighting chance.

"Yes." Brightheart confirmed with a prideful purr. "You've clearly come to accept and use your situation to your advantage."

"I always have!" Rainpaw protested, her paws battering the sandy ground underneath her. "You just couldn't see it!"

Brightheart's whiskers twitched with mild amusement. "I'm sure you did." She relented, before leading Rainpaw back to camp. "Have something from the fresh-kill pile and take a nap. You've been up since dawn doing nothing but train and it's now sun-high!"

"Skypaw!" Rainpaw yowled as she barreled straight into camp.

"Eep!" Skypaw yelped with surprise as his sister barrelled straight into him.

"I get to train with you guys now!" Rainpaw announced as she eagerly pounded her paws on the floor.

Skypaw blinked at her, *still* recovering from the scare. "What?"

"I get to train with you guys!" Rainpaw repeated with a squeal before circling him while bouncing around excitedly.

Skypaw's jaw dropped open. "You're joking?"

Rainpaw immediately frowned. "What do you mean, 'you're joking'? Were you doubting me!?"

Skypaw blinked at her again before he seemed to realise his mistake. "No! *No*! I never doubted you!"

Rainpaw couldn't help but feel the hurt settling into her bones. Even her own *littermate* was doubting her. "And I thought you would be the one cat who would never doubt me." She spat crossly before stomping away to the apprentice's den, passing the fresh-kill pile on the way, *great, now he's ruined my appetite too!* She thought sourly before she curled up in her nest and hid her face from underneath her paws and tail.

"I'm sorry, Rainpaw!" Skypaw's voice said as a nose began to prod at her flank. "I didn't mean it, I'm sorry. I just thought that Brightheart would be harder on you and I didn't expect you to win her over so quickly."

Rainpaw was even more offended at this. So to her, the only logical thing to do was well, curl up even tighter. So that was exactly what she did.

~ Timeskip ~

Rainpaw let out a yawn as she awoke from her nap. She padded out into the sun-light clearing and stretched luxuriously. Sitting down, she blinked the blurriness out of her eyes as she turned over to clear her fur of moss and rumples.

"Here, let me help you with that." Hollypaw offered, quickly padding over and helping reach the hard to reach spots.

"Thanks, Hollypaw," Rainpaw said, quickly accepting the offer.

"I heard you got into a squabble..." Hollypaw hesitated before continuing with her sentence. " ...with Skypaw..."

Rainpaw scoffed. "If that's what you're concerned about, I am perfectly capable of washing my own pelt, thank you." Rainpaw got to her feet and before Hollypaw could say anything to defend herself, she padded away to the fresh-kill pile.

Shuffling through the prey, Rainpaw found a some-what fresh mouse and plucked it from the pile by the tail. Looking around, she found a nice sunny spot by some rocks and settled herself there to eat.

Immediately, before she could even take the first bite of her mouth, Lionpaw padded right up to her. She looked up at him expectantly.

"I...errr..." Lionpaw seemed lost and looked over his shoulder at something.

Rainpaw followed his gaze to find Skypaw and Hollypaw at the other end of camp.

"Right...umm..." Lionpaw trailed off again before he seemed to collect himself together. "About Skypaw—"

"Don't even," Rainpaw interrupted. "If it's about Skypaw and I, then you can forget it. Might as well get a move along since all you came to do was act as Hollypaw's puppet."

Lionpaw's mouth opened and closed as if he wished to speak but couldn't find the words—or his voice, he then walked away with his head lowered.

Rainpaw let out a *tsk*, why were they so concerned? It was normal for littermates to get into arguments, they needn't make a scene out of this one.

When Rainpaw had finally managed to eat half of her mouse, Cinderpaw came up to her with a small sparrow.

"Can I join you?" The gray she-cat asked, setting the sparrow down.

"Why not, I'm no StarClan cat dictating what you can or can't do." Rainpaw sniffed.

Cinderpaw merely settled beside her without a word. Rainpaw became suspicious of this. The two of them weren't even close, so what business did Cinderpaw have, suddenly wanting to eat with her? Was Hollypaw trying to interfere?

"Hollypaw didn't send me you know." Cinderpaw meowed, somehow knowing what was on her mind. "I came of my own accord."

"So you say."

"I just thought it'd be nice to have another friend. Other than Hollypaw."

"Well I don't know what made you pick me." Rainpaw retorted with a shrug. "There's Lionpaw, Jaypaw and Skypaw too, you know."

Cinderpaw's blue eyes seemed to light up with amusement. "But they're *toms*, they never understand half the things we she-cats do." She purred.

"Fair enough." Rainpaw relented, her whiskers twitched in mild-amusement, but she still wasn't convinced. "What do you really want?"

"Nothing. I swear." Cinderpaw promised. "Are you always this suspicious of cats who want to be your friend?"

"Well not every cat is as nice as they let on." Rainpaw retorted. "And if you haven't noticed, *Jaypaw* is currently my only friend."

"What about Icekit and Foxkit?" Cinderpaw asked, tilting her head to the side.

Rainpaw stiffened. "Of course, but it feels wrong since we were practically raised together for half our lives, so we all felt like littermates. But now that I'm six moons and an apprentice, there seems to be a gap. They were always a part of ThunderClan, and here I am, a stray kit, becoming an apprentice before them."

"They don't think that." Cinderpaw promised. "They miss you."

Rainpaw laughed sourly. "That was only half of it, Cinderpaw. I was a kit less than half a moon ago and I still remember thinking that you and Hollypaw seemed so honourable and mature compared to me. But now you treat me as your equal, so what am I supposed to do? Go ahead and act like I'm above them? Or act my age and prove to my Clanmates that I wasn't ready to become an apprentice?"

"You have matured a lot in the time that you've become an apprentice." Cinderpaw admitted. "It seemed like you were never a kit."

"See? Even you agree with me." Rainpaw mewed bitterly. "Maybe I *should* have waited a moon and become an apprentice with Icekit and Foxkit."

"But that would've proven to every cat that doubted you that they were right." Cinderpaw pointed out.

Rainpaw swallowed her last bite of mouse and rolled onto her back, staring at the sun that was slowly lowering towards the west. "See? Everything's way too complicated. Like for StarClan's sake, we could all just get along without borders, have a council of leaders instead of just one chosen cat to make every decision, all our prey would be shared, everything would be okay! Yet we make everything so complicated."

Cinderpaw laughed. "You would be right. But what about the fact that only RiverClan likes getting their paws wet? ShadowClan likes their murky pine forests, WindClan loves the moors and we love our tall sheltering forests of many trees?"

"I never said we would be in one camp." Rainpaw pointed out. "We *could* co-exist. So what if a WindClan cat wants to hunt under the trees? Let them! In my ideal world, we work together, share everything and everything is peaceful. In my ideal world, borders wouldn't exist. WindClan and ShadowClan cats can come and go for visits as they please."

"That's a lovely world you have in your head, Rainpaw." Cinderpaw sounded almost in awe. "But I'm afraid such a world only exists in one place, StarClan."

"I know, but StarClan is amazing." Rainpaw felt her consciousness being pulled backwards, away from the present. "It's beautiful, there's always prey, every cat gets along and there are—"

"No borders." Cinderpaw finished for her.

Rainpaw felt a rush in her head as everything seemed to pull back into the present. "Exactly." Suddenly her mind went blank.

"Rainpaw!" Cinderpaw yowled, shaking Rainpaw.

Rainpaw blinked, then feeling the urge to shake her head, she complied. "What were you saying?" She asked after she had rather violently shaking her head.

Cinderpaw blinked her blue eyes in surprise. "N-nothing?"

"You don't seem too sure about that." Rainpaw snorted with a roll of her eyes. "Anyways, I think I should probably go check on the Elders, I've been napping since sunhigh!"

As Rainpaw happily padded away, Cinderpaw's eyes were left watching her. What Rainpaw hadn't known was that she had been staring into space, both her eyes glassy, and not only for a moment, but for so long that Cinderpaw had nearly called for Leafpool.

*Third Person Jaypaw POV + ~ **Timeskip** ~*

Jaypaw was utterly frustrated. He had been so occupied with trying to find logical ways that Rainsong and Rainpaw could be connected that he hadn't paid a single bit of attention to Leafpool's instructions all day. In result, he had accidentally given Leafpool sorrel leaves instead of watermint for Thornclaw's bellyache.

How could they possibly be connected? He wondered. Perhaps Rainsong would one day visit him in his dreams? He could only hope so, since he could only will himself into StarClan when he dreamed, he couldn't summon StarClan cats. Or...perhaps he could?

Third Person Rainpaw POV

"*Excuse me?*" Rainpaw spat in disbelief. "You want *me* to make the journey to the Tribe of Rushing Water?"

Brambleclaw was looking rather uncomfortable in his pelt as he shifted from paw to paw and wouldn't look down at her in the eye. "Yes."

"Why?" Rainpaw immediately shot back.

"Because Firestar has ordered it." The large and fearsome deputy's voice had a touch of pleading, as if he would far prefer if she just accepted with ecstasy and left the conversation to be forgotten eventually.

"Well tell him I reject his offer." Rainpaw said with a roll of her eyes. She was about to pad away when Brambleclaw's voice stopped her.

"He says you don't have a say in this." His voice was small.

She whipped around in outrage. "I *beg* your pardon? I *don't* get a say in this!? Who does he think he is!?"

Brambleclaw seemed to have found the courage that had left his body when he had come to talk to her. "He is your Clan leader and you will do as he said." He said in a rougher tone.

"Found your courage did you?" Rainpaw sniffed. "I still don't want to go."

Only moments ago, two strange cats had appeared in ThunderClan's camp and claimed that Stormfur and Brook were needed back at the Tribe.

Rainpaw had barely given them a second glance at the time, but when Firestar and his little group had returned from a private discussion, Brambleclaw had immediately come up to her and told her she was to make the journey to the mountains with them.

"Firestar has ordered you to go, and we *will* be leaving with you."

Brambleclaw stated firmly, straightening to his full height, yet his eyes still wouldn't meet hers.

"Oh yeah? And what are you gonna do about it, if I don't leave with you?" Rainpaw challenged, looking straight at him with unblinking eyes.

Brambleclaw finally locked his eyes on hers. "You will either come with us willingly, or we'll knock you out with a few poppy seeds and drag you along with us. Either way, you're coming, but you have a choice in whether you want to be a burden or some help."

The audacity... Rainpaw thought silently. "Fine." She harrumphed.

Brambleclaw let out a relieved sigh and sat back onto his haunches. "Thank StarClan," He murmured under his breath, unaware that Rainpaw had very clearly heard. "We leave in the morning." He added in a louder voice.

"I thought so." Rainpaw sniffed, padding away with her tail dragging on the floor.

~ In the Morning ~

"Rainpaw's coming?" Lionpaw's voice was leaking with surprise.

"Firestar ordered her to come." Squirrelflight said in a curt tone.

"What!?" Came Hollypaw and Lionpaw's synchronised reaction.

"We had to fight for our place to come, and she just gets to come?" Lionpaw whined.

"Don't worry, I'm just as unhappy about it as you." Rainpaw spat, shooting a dirty look at Breezepaw's turned back.

"It's still not fai—" Lionpaw started.

"Life's not fair, so deal with it, Lionpaw." Rainpaw snapped. "I just woke up and am being forced to journey over a mountain with you three plus that one—"she used her tail to gesture at Breezepaw— "I don't yet have the energy to deal with your whining."

Lionpaw immediately shut up after that.

"Thanks." She added curtly to Jaypaw who had silently put her travelling herbs on the ground in front of her. She quickly swallowed them down, eager to rid the bitter taste from her mouth.

~ You'll see a lot of these for the rest of the chapter ~

"This is crazy! Taking a blind to-be and a kit all the way to the mountains!" One of the mountain cats murmured, frankly Rainpaw couldn't care which it was.

"I know. They'll never be able to keep up." The other mountain cat agreed in a soft voice.

"Jaypaw will manage just fine," Squirrelflight meowed. "He's as good at tackling new territory as any cat. Have you never put a paw in the wrong place, Talon?" she added.

"And I am *not* a kit!" Rainpaw added in a dignified tone. "I am an apprentice, and since you two aren't even capable of knowing the difference between a kit and an apprentice, that suggests to me that you two aren't too knowledgeable either. So if you dare suggest one more time that I am *incapable*, I hope you enjoy the rest of your life without your—" Rainpaw was interrupted as Brambleclaw covered her mouth with his tail.

"She doesn't mean it." Brambleclaw promised in a tone that suggested he wasn't too sure himself if what he was saying was true.

"I do too!" Was what Rainpaw tried to say, but it came out muffled thanks to Brambleclaw's tail and sounded more like: "I oo doo!"

For a while, they continued travelling with his tail covering his mouth. When he finally removed his tail, he told her: "Do *not* threaten just any cat anytime you want."

"I will too, and you can't stop me." Rainpaw argued.

Brambleclaw sighed and padded away.

Rainpaw was left feeling very triumphant.

~ Hmm ~

Rainpaw watched the interaction between the Clan cats and the kittypet, Purdy with mild tolerance. If she was being dragged along on this journey, she wanted it to be over and done with, not taking a break just to talk to some old friend.

But she did giggle when she saw Hollypaw, Lionpaw, Jaypaw and Breezepaw flinch away from him.

Apparently, the old kittypet wasn't actually as deaf as he seemed, because he appeared to hear her giggling and turned to her. "Who's this little one?"

Rainpaw felt her neck fur beginning to bristle at his comment. "I am *not*—"

She was interrupted as Brambleclaw shoved her forward with his tail. "This is Rainpaw. She's another ThunderClan apprentice."

"She ain't' yours too, is she?" Purdy asked, sniffing her up and down.

"No..." Brambleclaw answered, trailing off to find an explanation for her presence.

Good luck with that, Rainpaw thought with a snort of amusement, *I don't even know why I'm here*.

"She's a close friend of Jaypaw's." Squirrelflight cut in.

Rainpaw's eyes shot open. "*Close!?*"

"No she's not!" Jaypaw protested, his face fur tinted with red.

"We are *not* close friends!" Rainpaw agreed.

Squirrelflight shot her a look of annoyance. "She..."

"Wait, why *is* she here?" Breezepaw sneered, butting in on the conversation.

"For StarClan's sake, I don't even—" Rainpaw started.

"She's here because Firestar ordered for her to be." Squirrelflight snapped, staring down the apprentices.

Breezepaw immediately cowered away, while Rainpaw stood her ground and looked up defiantly at Squirrelflight.

"Let's just get a move on..." The ginger warrior sighed soon afterwards.

Rainpaw smiled smugly to herself, padding along with the rest of the group, as far from Purdy as possible.

~ End of Chapter A/N ~

I know I cut it off really awkwardly but I really wanted to update. So school is back in session from me, so updates will be less frequent, sorry about that. But anyways, thank you guys soooooo much for 2k+ views! You guys deserve a special, but I don't have any ideas for that yet, so suggestions would be nice. OuO If you all don't want anything specific, I'll just try and finish that Cloudtail's POV What If thing I had somewhat written. So yeah, SUGGESTIONS PLEASE!!!!

Thank you guys so much again, best wishes!

~ LittleOwl

Important Notice

Okay, so how do I start this?

Firstly, I want to address the growing amount of views on this fanfic, it's hit 2.5k and I'm in absolute awe of you all. I am so grateful for all your support, and even though y'all are the silent kind, the support you've shown me through the reads has really pushed me to thrive to become a better author. And personally, I think I have. I will be eternally grateful that my first experience on Wattpad was not only a positive one but also one that helped me grow and learn. So thank you all so very much.

Secondly, I am so sorry for the decision that I have reached concerning the future of this fanfic. After many restless nights of thought, I will be leaving this fanfiction incompleted. Originally, when I started writing this, I didn't think too much about its future, and I was just so in love with the idea of Rainsong being a character. But now, writing this fanfiction just feels like a chore and the plot just seems like past-me wanted to drag out the plot as much as possible. I apologise deeply for my decision.

Maybe soon, when I remember, I'll post a chapter with a list of key events that would've happened.

Such a bad 2.5K+ reads special, am I right? Haha...

So unfortunately for you all, this isn't a joke. And I am being dead serious. However, if this fanfic blows up, maybe I'll come back. But don't get your hopes up as it might not be till a good four years later.

So getting back to the point, thank you so much for the support and I wish you the absolute best on your journeys.

Signing out,

~ LittleOwl

Announcement!

I have amazing news!

I mean, I think it is.

So a good lot of you have commented that you hope that I would finish this fanfic.

So at the moment, I don't know if "finish" will happen, since finish could be at the end of the Omen of the Stars timeline to some of you or finish could be till Rainsong's death to another some of you.

But!

The good news?

I'm gonna continue writing Falling with the Rain!

For the record, the next chapter still won't be out for possibly another couple of months.

But I've been turning the idea of continuing Falling over in my head for a while now, and I'd like to finish what I've started, at least to some extent. Unfortunately, the schedule won't be amazing, but I'm looking to release 2 chapters a year at least.

In summary, I'm going to be writing 2 Falling with the Rain chapters per year (at least, there could be more if I have time).

Yay!

Anyways, I just wanted to let you guys know so that when I do release the upcoming chapter, it won't be like it came out of a void.

See y'all soon!

- LittleOwl

P.S. The new chapters will be as similar to the old format as possible, but my writing *has* matured, so some things will unfortunately not be so much the same.

Announcement Part 2

Hi! Sorry for taking up your time again. (This was a spur of the moment decision, not planned)

But! I have very suddenly realised this fanfic actualy hit 7.5K views wayyy too quickly.

So! While you all wait for the next chapter to be posted, I want to give you guys a special! To celebrate both 7.5K views, 200+ votes and the fact that I'm continuing Falling after having said I was going to discontinue it.

So here are your options for the special:

1. A bonus what if scene in Cloudtail's POV (which could totally have Part 2s and 3s in the future if you guys like it) The what if would be: What If Rainsong Gave Up Her Life? (basically having listened to Firestar's order to stay at Sunningrocks)

2. A different kind of bonus scene (you can request one! Obviously has to be in relation to this fanfic of course, maybe something like, Rainsong as a kit or apprentice? Or maybe some little mention of her youngerself that you wanted to see in more detail?)

3. Any kind of request! Maybe something like a Q&A or a sneak peak at another project I have up and coming (you all very well know I'm hoping to get a bigger Warriors fanfic out with a friend right now, maybe I'll be willing to give a few spoilers? ;)) This obviously has to be within reason and should respect my humanity and privacy as a person.

4. No! No special! Just get along with the next chapter already! (<-- Obviously my favourite option, jk)

So please! Leave a comment about what you might want, and if there isn't a majority, I'm going to choose for you all (and it will

likely be option 4! Hehe).

Lots of love,

LittleOwl

~ What If?... Rainsong Never Gave Up Her Life? ~

Presenting to you...

Your 8.5K reads special...

A What If? spinoff chapter!

In our amazing boi, Cloudtail's POV.

Enjoy!

Third Person Cloudtail POV

Cloudtail stared hesitantly at the entrance to the Elder's den. Should he go in? Or would it be just as pointless as the other times he had visited? He looked over his shoulder at Brightheart who nodded at him encouragingly.

Sucking in a deep breath, Cloudtail squeezed into the small den bravely. Stepping over sleeping Speckletail's stray tail, he padded over towards the back of the den.

Frostfur looked up, a small smile on her face, turning to face a smaller hidden cat, she called out softly, "Rainsong, Cloudtail's here to visit you."

When the mostly hidden from sight she-cat gave no reply, the little bit of smile on Frostfur's face faltered. "Rainsong, won't you at least listen to what he has to say?"

Cloudtail's heart fell when still there was no reply. "I...I can come another time," he mewed sadly, his tail drooping.

Frostfur shot him a look of determination before turning back to her

sister. "Rainsong. You *will* listen to what Cloudtail has to say. You can stop looking after yourself and stare at the wall all day if you please, but if Cloudtail comes to visit with good news, you *will* pay him some attention out of at *least* respect for your Clanmate."

Frostfur's small speech was first met with silence before there was a soft sigh and the sound of shuffling moss. The white-furred elder smiled triumphantly at him, "I'll leave you two to it." She got up and walked out of the den with a happier skip to her step.

Cloudtail turned to find Rainsong lying down glumly in the nest at the back of the den and her single eye trained on him with an expectant look.

"Hi..." He trailed off, unsure as to how to start.

Rainsong continued to stare blankly at him.

"Umm... Rainkit, Sootkit and Sorrelkit became apprentices today," he commented, but when the elder he loved so dearly had no reaction but to continue staring at him, anger began to burn in his belly. "You know, Whitestorm's kits?" He wanted to eat his words but it was too late, the damage was done.

Goldenflower shot him a dirty look from the other side of the den. Guilt pricked at Cloudtail's pelt when he noticed the look of sheer anguish in Rainsong's blue eye. He knew he shouldn't have said it, but the lack of reaction and ignorance from the pale tortoiseshell in the past few moons was finally getting to him.

"I... I'm sorry, you didn't need that," he apologized. "What I came to tell you was that Rainpaw was apprenticed to me. So...I'm a mentor now!"

The hurt had disappeared from Rainsong's eye but now she continued to stare at him blankly before she eventually turned onto her side with her back to him.

Cloudtail was crestfallen, nothing seemed to matter to Rainsong anymore. After ThunderClan's last deputy, Whitestorm, had died in the battle against BloodClan, she had become much less willing to

participate in patrols and aiding in the training sessions for the apprentices. And once her sister, Frostfur, had decided to retire to the Elder's den the pale tortoiseshell warrior had been quick to join in on the decision. Ever since then, she was rarely ever spotted about the camp and spent most her days silently staring at the back wall of the den or sleeping.

"She's tired," Frostfur softly mewed from behind him, her white tail resting on his white shoulder. She must have returned when he wasn't paying attention. "You must understand, that was her trying. It hasn't been easy for her since the battle."

Cloudtail slid out from under the elder's tail, "It hasn't been easy for *all* of us since the battle, Frostfur."

Before the white-furred elder could reply, he left the den in a hurry. When Brightheart looked at him with a hopeful look, he didn't have the heart to shake his head and just looked away.

His mate padded over to him and gave him a comforting lick on the ear. "She'll come around eventually, you'll see."

Cloudtail leaned his head against Brightheart's, "I don't know anymore, Brightheart. So many of us have been trying so hard for the past few moons. How much longer is it going to take? Will she ever come back to us?"

Brightheart paused for a moment before answering, "We can only hope that StarClan will give her the strength she needs to come back to us."

"Don't answer with *that* nonsense," he snorted in response. "What can a dead cat do that we can't?"

"A *lot* more," she snipped back. "And you must remember, Rainsong has some of the strongest faith in StarClan amongst our clanmates. So even if you refuse to believe, you should at least let the rest of us believe for her sake. Who knows? Maybe Bluestar will appear in her dreams and give her the spark of life she lost."

He rolled his eyes, "Yes, I'm *very* sure that Bluestar will be visiting

Rainsong's dreams and somehow restore her to the cat she used to be."

"That's not what I said," Brightheart argued back, shaking her head in disagreement. "Rainsong's been through too much loss and grief to be the cat she used to be again. Think about it, if you had never been taken by those two-legs, do you think you'd be the same cat you are today?"

Cloudtail paused, putting some real thought to her question. "No, being taken by the two-legs was what taught me that the Clan and the warrior code mattered most. If I hadn't been taken, I think I might be a kittypet today!"

"Exactly. Now look at all the thing's Rainsong's lost," she challenged. "You, Ferncloud and Ashfur weren't the only ones who were so deeply affected by Brindleface's murder. If you remember what the elders have said, she and Rainsong used to be like a fly on a spider's web, inseparable. Not to mention, Bluestar was her mentor and Whitestorm..." A cloudy look appeared in Brightheart's single blue eye. "I don't know what kind of relationship he and Rainsong shared. I was too young to know, only the older cats knew the history between those two. But I imagine it was special and precious." Her gaze hardened. "It had to be for Rainsong—the strongest cat we've ever known—to react in such a way. I can't imagine she'd ever be the same cat again after all that loss."

"I guess you're right," he conceded. "She *has* been through too much to ever be the same cat again. Hey, maybe we've been approaching her in the wrong way—"

He was cut off by a sudden commotion happening behind him at the entrance to the Elder's den.

"What do you mean I *can't* visit Rainsong?" Dustpelt hissed, glaring at Goldenflower who blocked the way into the den.

The golden-furred she-cat shook her head. "She's too worn out right now, she's sleeping and shouldn't be woken or bothered right now."

"Let me talk to Frostfur! She'll let me in to see my *sister*," the brown

tabby demanded, his amber eyes lit with fury.

Goldenflower shook her head once more, "I'm only telling you what Frostfur told me to tell you. Rainsong's having a hard time right now and needs rest. I can't and won't let you through, if you want to get through, you'll have to go through me. And I will warn you Dustpelt, I may have retired but my claws are still sharp and I can always wake up Speckletail if I have to."

At the mention of waking up the notoriously grumpy elder, Dustpelt grunted and padded away, but not before shooting Goldenflower with a sharp glare.

"Poor Dustpelt," Brightheart murmured from beside him. "Rainsong's presence is so important to so many cats." She turned back to face him. "Anyways, you were saying?"

"Oh, yeah," Cloudtail nodded, recollecting his thoughts. "I was just saying, what if we're approaching this all wrong? We've been doing our best to remind Rainsong about happy times before, well, *all* of this. When, maybe, instead, we should be trying to pull her out of the past and into the future! Give her something to hope and live for, something to look forward to instead of reminding her of what she's lost."

Brightheart's gaze brightened, "That's a great idea Cloudtail! I can't believe none of us have thought of that yet! I can't wait to test it out once we have a good subject to test it with!"

"Hopefully it'll be soon, it's sure to work," he purred happily. Had they finally found the missing piece?

...

Cloudtail frowned, his mind busy with worry over his mate. He and Brightheart had been discussing Rainpaw's training for the day when she had suddenly begun to feel unwell. He and Rainpaw ended up having to leave her behind in camp to get checked out by Cinderpelt while they went out hunting.

"Cloudtail! Look! I've caught a vole!" Came Rainpaw's prideful yowl

from behind him.

He turned to find the dark grey apprentice bounding over to him with a fat vole in his jaws.

"Great job, Rainpaw," he purred, proud of both Rainpaw *and* himself. Cloudtail hadn't been sure he would be able to do as good of a job of teaching Rainpaw without Brightheart, but clearly both he and the apprentice were settling well into their new roles! "I think we've caught enough for now. I'm very proud of you! If you've already caught your first piece of prey, it won't be long enough until you're a warrior!"

Purring, he and Rainpaw made their way back to ThunderClan camp with prey in both their jaws.

After he had dropped off his prey and sent Rainpaw to do some chores, he looked around for Brightheart. He quickly found her waiting for him by the medicine cat den. He padded over with a worried expression. *Was something wrong?*

"Brightheart?" Cloudtail called as he came closer to his mate. "Are you all right? I kept waiting for you to come and find us, but..." He trailed off wondering why Brightheart was keeping suspiciously silent. A smile slowly started to spread on her face. "Brightheart? You're scaring me."

"Cloudtail," she started, her voice shaking with excitement and nerves. "Cloudtail, you're...we're...we're having kits!" She finally managed between purrs so strong she could barely speak.

Shock flooded Cloudtail's body, his eyes stretching wide and his paws growing roots into the floor as he began to comprehend what he had just been told. *Kits? As in the baby cats? He and Brightheart? KITS? He was going to be a father!*

Immediately he ran over to her, nuzzling her and purring so strongly he could barely speak. "I can't believe it! I can't believe it!"

Brightheart let out a *mrrow* of laughter, "I hope you can believe it, because it's happening! Are you okay?"

Cloudtail twined his white tail with her ginger-patched white one, "Brightheart, believe me when I tell you that this is the happiest I've ever been!" He pressed his flank to hers affectionately, *he was going to have kits with Brightheart!*

Brightheart's expression suddenly brightened even more, "Cloudtail! This is perfect!"

He frowned, confusion replacing his excitement, "Yeah! Of course it's perfect...why wouldn't it be..?"

She turned to him with even more excitement buzzing in her smile, "We can use this to test your idea about how to approach Rainsong! She's always loved spending time with kits, and they'll be her kin as well since Frostfur's my mother. Two of the things that she loves the most!"

It was Cloudtail's turn to brighten up, "That's right! There's no way this isn't going to at least get her a little bit out of her slump!'

"What are you two talking about?" A suspicious voice asked from behind them.

Brightheart peered over his shoulder, her eyes flashing with recognition, "Dustpelt! Cloudtail and I were just talking about maybe some different ways to get Rainsong out of the...err...state she's currently in."

Dustpelt padded over to sit himself beside Cloudtail, "Oh? I don't really see anything getting through to her anymore." He shrugged, a rage-like emotion flashing in his eyes. "But I suppose it might be worth a try, so let's hear it."

"Well, we don't know what you've been doing, but Brightheart and I have been trying to get her back into a routine that's a lot like her life before she left ThunderClan for her 'betrayal'. But, now, we realised that it might be only reminding her of what she's lost. So instead, we're going to try and give her news that gives her something to hope for!"

The brown tabby warrior looked at him with a raised brow, "What

do you mean by 'news that gives her something to hope for'?"

Cloudtail looked over at Brightheart with a questioning look, she nodded back in response, a light twinkle in her eye. He turned back to Dustpelt, "Well...Brightheart's carrying kits!"

Dustpelt's eyes opened wide with surprise, though it was quickly replaced by one of happiness but also of confusion. "Congratulations, you two! But...I'm not seeing what that has to do with Rainsong."

"We're hoping that maybe the news of some new kin will maybe get her out of that slump, even by at least a little bit," Brightheart clarified, looking down at her belly with an adoring look.

Dustpelt's expression darkened, "I hate to break it to you, but it's not going to work. Don't get me wrong, it's a lovely and beautiful thing, having kits. But...I've tried that." He looked over at the nursery before turning back to them, "I did the same exact thing that you two are planning to do now, back when Ferncloud first found out she was carrying kits. It didn't work at all. She just gave me that same empty stare she gives you both now."

Cloudtail could feel the despair start to set in, but then anger flashed through him as he remembered how lost so many cats in the Clan were now that Rainsong was basically as good as dead to them. "But that was only like what? Just a couple of moons after the battle. She's had time to grieve since then, maybe she'll respond better this time," he argued, he was so sure that this was the piece they were missing, the piece that would bring her back to all of them.

The tabby warrior got up onto his paws, "You're both free to try, however, I am warning you, it might not work as well as you thought or even at all. But congratulations again!" He turned and padded away leaving Cloudtail and Brightheart slightly crestfallen.

"I...I think it's still worth a try," Brightheart murmured, her voice now uncertain compared to her earlier confident tone.

"Don't worry," he mewed as he pressed his pelt to hers and gave her

a comforting lick on the ear. "Even if she doesn't respond, she'll still be alive, and then we'll still have all the time to try again."

A defiant look appeared on the she-cat's face, "You're right. Sure, she might not respond, but we can always try again."

"That's the spirit!" Cloudtail looked over at the Elder's den where Goldenflower—who had been guarding the entrance since that morning—finally entered into the den. "Look! Goldenflower left her post, I bet that means that we'll be okay to visit now."

Together, he and Brightheart padded over to the den, he looked at his mate with a reassuring expression, "Ready?"

A smile spread upon Brightheart's scarred face, "Ready."

Cloudtail poked his head through the entrance of the dark den, "Frostfur?"

Immediately, a white-furred head shot up from among the mossy nests. "Cloudtail! Come in, come in! Rainsong's been looking for you!"

Shock and confusion hit him in the face as he padded further into the den to make room for Brightheart to join him inside. "*Really?*"

"Well..." Frostfur hesitated, her eyes flicking down to look at the nest beside her for a moment. "Well not *really* but she's definitely been looking for *some* cat. Even if she won't admit it, she's been looking at the entrance to the den every time some cat passes by all morning. She usually just stares at the wall. I figured it was either you or Dustpelt that she was looking for."

"Rainsong's been looking for some cat?" Brightheart asked hopefully as she squeezed into the den.

The white-furred elder's face lit up at the sight of her daughter, "Brightheart!"

While both mother and daughter greeted each other happily, Cloudtail padded deeper into the den and peered into the mossy nest by the back wall of the den. Inside, he found Rainsong curled

up tightly and staring with her single eye straight at him. There was something else too, a flash of recognition in her gaze. He was stunned, for the first time, in who knows how many moons, Rainsong had shown some emotion. Perhaps it wasn't the uplifting smile she used to give so many cats before, but it was something compared to her usual blank and dead stare. It was progress.

He smiled down at the pale tortoiseshell elder, "Hi, Rainsong."

She blinked at him with her single eye before shifting to a more open-for-conversation position.

"Rainsong!" Came Brightheart's cheery mew from behind him. "It's so good to see you again!"

Confusion clouded his thinking at her attitude before he realised what she was trying to do. "Yeah! Frostfur was telling us that you were looking for me?"

Rainsong's eye flicked upwards for a moment, she knew what they were talking about.

Hope began to rise like a fierce lion in Cloudtail's chest. "Why were you looking for me?"

An uncomfortable expression appeared on Rainsong's face, and he realised his mistake. His question was open ended, she would either not respond at all, or she would use her voice. Beside him, Brightheart sucked in a nervous breath as they awaited how she would react.

Both his heart and expression plummeted when Rainsong shifted in her nest, curling up tightly. He turned and was about to walk away when a voice started speaking.

"The air is different."

Cloudtail whipped around to find Rainsong looking at him with a meek expression. It was her voice. The voice that used to laugh and tease him as a kit, the voice that scolded him when he did wrong, and the voice of reason in his head that guided him his whole life. Though, he was surprised that there was no rasp or roughness at all

to the elder's voice from the lack of use. Her voice was just as soft and sweet as before.

"Y-you spoke," he mewed, still stunned at her unexpected action.

Rainsong's single blue eye flicked upwards to meet his gaze, "The air is different."

He blinked, only now realising what she was telling him. "The air is...different?"

All she did was blink back at him in response.

He looked over at Brightheart to see that she was just as confused as he was. He shrugged when she met his gaze to see if he knew what Rainsong was saying.

"Well," Brightheart bent downwards to press her muzzle to Rainsong's head. "I don't see what made the air different today. But we do have some news to tell you."

The pale tortoiseshell she-cat shifted again, resting her head heavily on her crossed forepaws. She stared at them expectantly.

Brightheart looked at Cloudtail with an excited expression that mirrored his own feelings. Was this going to be their breakthrough?

"What we came to tell you was that, well, I'm carrying Cloudtail's kits," Brightheart finally told Rainsong with a happy purr.

Cloudtail watched as emotion welled up in Rainsong's face. But before she could really react much more, the emotions left her face as she sighed contentedly before closing her eyes. "I was right."

He and Brightheart both waited expectantly for the elder to open her eyes again. But she never did.

Horror fell upon Cloudtail's face, his jaw dropping, "Is she dead?"

Brightheart's white paw cuffed him on the ear. "Of course not!" She hissed, "She's sleeping!"

He immediately picked his jaw up from the floor. "Right, she's sleeping," he murmured, licking his chest fur in embarrassment.

"That's the best she's been in a while!" Came Frostfur's voice very suddenly from behind them, making him jump and bump his head on the low roof of the den. He had forgotten that the white-furred elder had never left the den.

"I reckon that was," he agreed, rubbing his paw on the sore spot on top of his head. "She hasn't talked in moons." A giant smile spread on his face, "I heard her voice again."

"Congratulations by the way, both of you, on behalf of Rainsong and myself," Frostfur purred happily as she settled into her own nest right next to Rainsong's. "I am *so* happy for both of you! You're both going to make such wonderful parents."

With that, he and Brightheart left the Elder's den neither of them completely satisfied nor upset.

Cloudtail smiled, remembering the look of simple content upon Rainsong's face. Such an amazing sight after having been forced to see the pain and despair so clearly written in her expressions for so long. Maybe Rainsong hadn't yet gone back to an active life in the Clan after being told that new kits were coming. But that was unfair of them to expect that much after the amount she had been through. So while they would have to keep trying, he was glad to have finally gotten through to her. Progress had been made, and for now, that was all that mattered.

~ End of What If? Spinoff Chapter ~

So, that was terrible. I don't mean the content, because well, idk about you guys, but I think the content was pretty great. But that writing, oof, I'm still grimacing. CLEARLY, I am out of practice and I apologise for not giving you guys my best. I've been stuck in a pretty bad slump lately so my motivation to do anything other than what is necessary was kinda gone. And I am very out of practice with the Warrior cats writing style, and writing in general right now.

But! I'm still super happy I was able to get this out. Because 1, you guys deserve something after all the support and love you've given this trashy fic! T-T I don't know how you're all still sticking around, those first chapters are absolute cringe! But thank you guys so much nonetheless and I hope you enjoyed everything till now despite my terrible writing. Secondly, I'm so glad I didn't give up on this, because there's actually so much I could develop from this What If? and I'm so happy I got a chance to basically write a fanfic of my fanfic! And also, if you've been keeping up with my announcements (which you should, because that's where I post when updates can be expected + occasional sneak peeks at other projects) you'll know how bad it got writing this special. I got slapped in the face by my own bad planning and had to re-write this whole thing. Which I still actually did AND finished!

I hope you've been all so well, and not to worry, some of the next chapter (I don't even know what number this is) is already written so hopefully won't be too long till it comes out.

Lots of love,

LittleOwl

~ To the Mountains ~

Third Person Rainpaw's POV

"I'm not scared of dogs." Lionpaw muttered.

Rainpaw scoffed quietly, of *course* he should be afraid! Rolling her eyes, she padded away from him and Breezepaw, not wanting to be dragged into this nonsense.

Instead, she padded over to Jaypaw, "Your brother is about to pull some nonsense."

"Let him," Jaypaw replied with a shrug of his shoulders. "He can learn his lesson."

"Thought you would say that, that's why I didn't go to Hollypaw." Rainpaw agreed.

Sure enough, Lionpaw, Breezepaw and Hollypaw left the patrol, heading towards the barn.

After the three other apprentices had disappeared from her line of sight she shook her head disapprovingly before asking Jaypaw, "Do you want to tell them, or should I?"

"I'll do it," he sighed, increasing his speed to catch up to the warriors.

Rainpaw continued padding along behind the older warriors as she slyly listened in on the conversation happening among them.

"Oh no doubt they'll be causing trouble, you should have seen what troubles Hollypaw, Jaypaw and Lionpaw got themselves into when they were still in the nursery!" Squirrelflight purred lightheartedly, no doubt reminiscing about when the three apprentices had still been kits.

"Squirrelfli—"

Tawnypelt's fretting cut off Jaypaw's attempt at warning his mother about their wandering travel mates. "I hope they'll listen well, poor Snowbird. I left her alone with those three *and* she's due to have her own any day soon!"

Rainpaw could see Jaypaw getting even more frustrated as the two she-cats kept tittering on about kits.

"Squirrelflight!" Jaypaw finally managed to yowl, causing both Squirrelflight and Tawnypelt to halt both their talking and their walking. "Lionpaw, Hollypaw and Breezepaw have wandered off!"

The old kittypet named Purdy must have been eavesdropping, for he immediately told Brambleclaw and Crowfeather that they must have doubled back towards the barn.

"You all stay here, Purdy, Crowfeather and I will go fetch them." Brambleclaw ordered, bounding away after Purdy with Crowfeather at his heels.

Rainpaw rolled her eyes as she stretched out on the forest floor against a hedge to rest her paws. She eyed Jaypaw as he tasted the air and began to wander away. "Where are *you* going?"

"I'm going to find herbs in case any of them got hurt," Jaypaw answered in a matter-of-factly tone.

"Do you want help?" Rainpaw offered, tasting the air herself for any familiar herb scents. Only the faint scent of chervil just a little deeper into the trees made its presence clear to her.

Jaypaw shook his head, "No, I've got it."

"Alright," she murmured, tucking herself in a little closer to the roots of the hedge where the shade was the densest and protected her best from the slightly too-warm rays of sunlight.

Jaypaw prodded at her with a paw soon after she had dozed off by accident. "We're leaving now."

Rainpaw grunted and crawled out from under the hedge, stretching her sore limbs. She and Jaypaw silently treaded along next to each

other, both too grumpy to talk.

When Brambleclaw finally announced that they would be resting for the night, Rainpaw felt ready to collapse.

"I'm going to go hunt, Jaypaw, do you have a preference in what you eat tonight?" She asked eagerly, ready to loosen up her tight muscles before going to sleep.

Jaypaw shrugged in reply, "Nothing in particular."

"Fine, I'll be back soon."

Bounding away, deeper into the forest, Rainpaw felt glad to finally have the familiar cover of trees over her again. She was also glad to be met with the rich scent of lively prey. Tasting the air, Rainpaw quickly found recent traces of vole that lead to a small hole at the base of a tree.

Crouching low, she nimbly slid across the forest floor till she was only a tail-length away from the hole in the tree. Tensing her hind legs, she pounced, one forepaw neatly sliding into the hole of the tree. Inside, she could hear—and feel—the vole scrabbling around trying to find a way to escape. Gritting her teeth, she flailed her paw around inside of the tree with her claws unsheathed. After successfully trapping the vole under her paw, Rainpaw used her toes to snap the rodent's neck, instantly killing it.

Dragging it out, she was pleased to find no blood on it from her slightly desperate scrabbling. With a small smirk, she carried it in her jaws, trotting back the way she came.

When she reached their resting spot, she found Jaypaw stretching close to the roots of a tree. Behind him, at the base of another tree, Lionpaw and Breezepaw snored loudly, fast asleep. She let out a small *mrrow* of laughter around the fur of the vole before placing it at Jaypaw's feet and settling down to eat.

"Excited for the mountains?" Rainpaw questioned, swallowing a bite of vole as she watched Jaypaw do the same.

Jaypaw shrugged before letting out a huge yawn. "Not really, but I

am tired."

She snorted in reply, "Really? I hadn't noticed."

He shot her a dirty look with his bright, unseeing blue eyes before taking a couple more bites of the vole in silence.

Soon enough, they were both even grumpier and the vole had disappeared into their now-full bellies.

Half-dragging herself closer to the roots of the tree, Rainpaw curled in on herself, resting her tail and a paw over her muzzle. The last thing she felt as she fell asleep was Jaypaw settling down right beside her.

... (no more timeskip notes now that I realised I can just use the lovely three dots)

Rainpaw officially decided that she hated the mountains. Not only were the pathways so thin even she—the smallest in the group—was struggling to not fall off, but the wind! She had never felt such cold and fearsome wind in her life. Not even in the coldest leaf-bares and not in WindClan territory.

Her nose quickly became cold as the frost-bitten wind blew straight into her face once more. Spitting, she squinted her eyes even harder to try and block out the wind. While Brambleclaw was a fairly large cat, even travelling behind him didn't block the wind from crashing into her.

They eventually came up on a gap where every cat would be forced to jump. The two tribe cats, Talon and Night leaped over the gap first with ease. Brambleclaw followed right after with a powerful jump.

Rainpaw spat bitterly. The gap was big enough to swallow her whole! Shaking her head, she took a couple of pawsteps back before running at full speed and leaping high into the air. It was clear that she was going to make it, that is, until the wind suddenly blew again.

It crashed fully into her body like running straight into a wall. She

let out a shriek as her body twisted around to face the horrified faces of Lionpaw and Hollypaw in midair. *I'm about to fly away*, she realised, dread filling her bones. Thankfully, before the wind could fully blow her away, teeth grasped firmly into her scruff and pulled her back onto the firm stone path on the other side of the gap.

Rainpaw let out a gasp of relief, her heart racing and pounding against her chest. She had nearly died. She twisted around to find Brambleclaw with the same mixed look of shock and relief on his face.

"I thought you were about to grow wings and become a bird there for a second," he said with an exasperated but relieved smile.

She blinked, still in shock that she hadn't joined Feathertail in the Tribe of Endless Hunting. *Wait, what?* , Rainpaw frowned, *who was Feath*—her mind went blank to whatever thoughts she had just had. Shrugging, she stood back up on her paws, "I thought I was about to join StarClan," she confessed in reply to Brambleclaw's weak attempt at a joke.

"I *would* have joined StarClan if we'd gone home without you," Brambleclaw replied with a small twitch of his ear. "Dustpelt and Cloudtail would have lined their nests with my pelt."

Now *that* was a funny joke, "Then I'm glad ThunderClan gets to keep its deputy!" She purred.

Carefully, Rainpaw manoeuvred her way around the tabby tom and waited while the other cats made the jump.

As they continued, they seemed to be in the clear until Hollypaw exclaimed her excitement just a bit too loudly, which alerted a nearby group of the strangers.

Rainpaw stayed silent as Brambleclaw somehow managed to get them past the strangers without a fight breaking out.

"Well, they're just an absolutely lovely bunch," she muttered darkly from beside Jaypaw.

The silver tabby's ear twitched in slight amusement but otherwise

stayed quiet.

When they finally reached the entrance to the cave, Rainpaw's spirit plummeted. The way in was an even thinner path that sloped in a maddeningly steep manner. If she even put one paw in the wrong place, she would go tumbling into the stream and down the waterfall. She let out a groan out loud, if StarClan had wanted her to join their ranks, why couldn't they have let her be blown away by the wind?

Somehow, by some miracle, Rainpaw had managed to make it into the cave. In fact, she had done it without even slipping or catching her paw once, it almost felt like she'd walked the thin path hundreds of times! Unfortunately, the same couldn't be said for Jaypaw, who got stuck being carried down by his father.

She watched carefully as the others made their way down when something flickered at the edge of her sight. Rainpaw turned to see what it was and found the most peculiar of sights before her. In the shadow of the waterfall, there was a silver tabby-patched and white she-cat pacing anxiously and looking around like she was lost. Rainpaw peered at the mysterious cat, noting how no one else seemed to pay any mind at her pacing. Perhaps the pacing was a usual occurrence?

After staring and studying the pacing silver and white cat a little longer, she came to a conclusion. It wasn't that the other Tribe cats were used to the pacing, but they were outright ignoring the mystery cat.

"Rainpaw!" Lionpaw called, interrupting her thoughts.

She turned to find him and Jaypaw waiting for her as the rest of their travel group was being led away by a grey-brown tabby she-cat. Rainpaw scrambled to her paws, paused as she glanced one more time at the pacing cat before racing to catch up with her fellow Clan cats.

~ End of Chapter AN ~

That was a really short chapter, I am aware. However, I really

wanted to get this out to you guys at midnight on Jan 1, 2025 (Happy new year!) but I didn't have time to write anymore. The ideas were clear and I knew what I was going to write, but time just did not allow me. I will say that I am going to *try* and get y'all another chapter or two in the 2025 year, but quite frankly, Warriors isn't all that exciting to me anymore.

I've finally committed myself to an original story that I plan on ACTUALLY publishing and so I want to use as much of 2025 to get the first draft up and running (worldbuilding is not a joke guys, it's taken me out like 5 times because I underestimated it). However, I do intend to see this fanfiction through. I'm probably going to end it at series 4, Omen of the Stars, even though I did have plans beyond it. Updates will not be frequent since I am entering that stage in my life where school matters an insanely great amount (who am I kidding? updates for this were never frequent).

If I'm able to start getting myself into a better schedule, I promise that I WILL be working Falling with the Rain (and Project Starfae if you're curious) into it so that y'all can maybe have a chapter a month for both or one of the two. Wiltedblossom's Love will remain with its chaotic unplanned messy schedule :).

Thanks so much to you all for being here and supporting Rainsong and I through this crazy almost 3 year journey!

Have a great 2025! And hopes for many chapters to come XD!

~ LittleOwl